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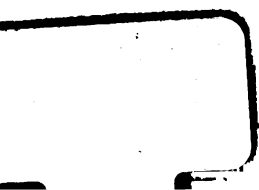
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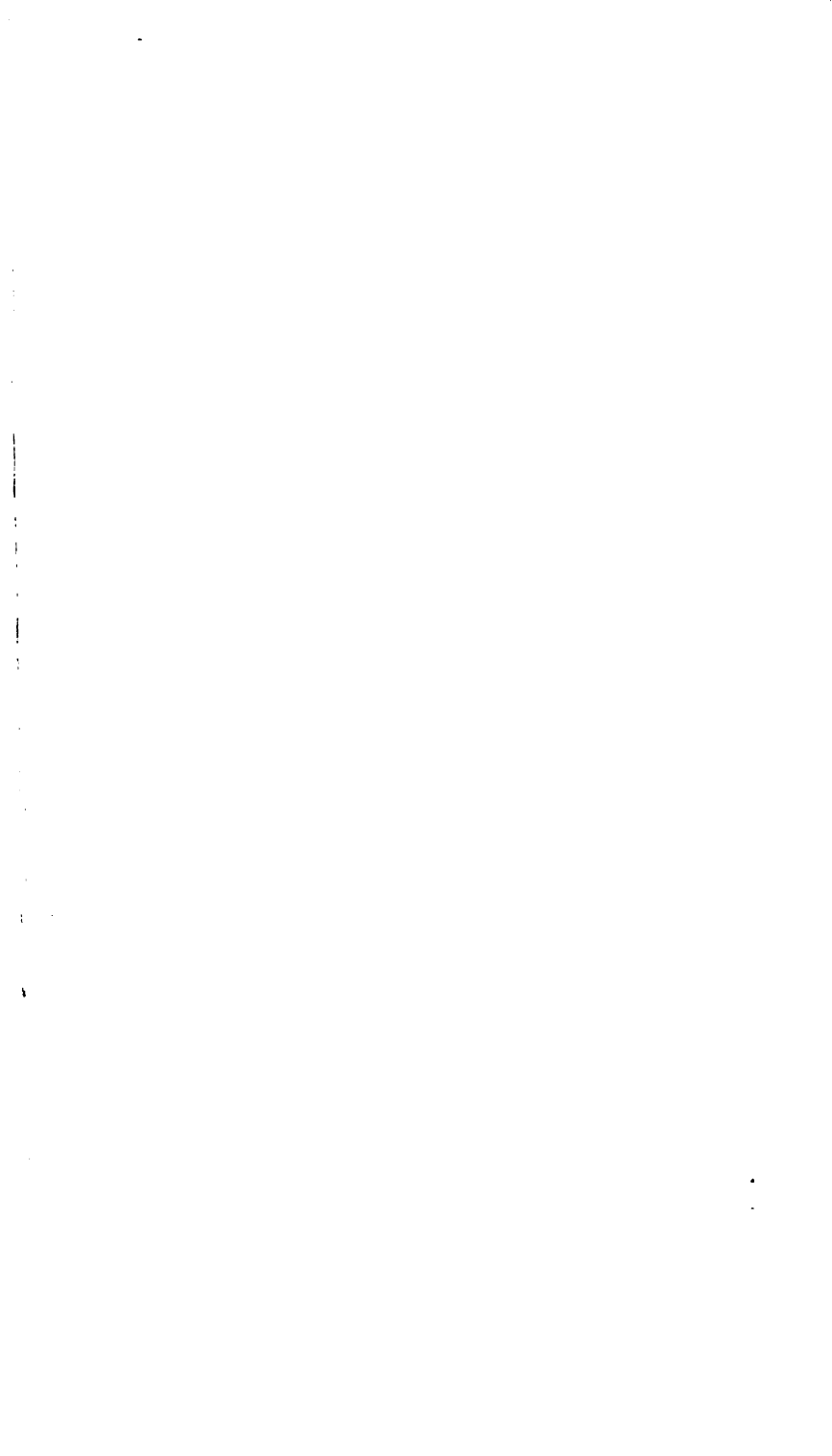


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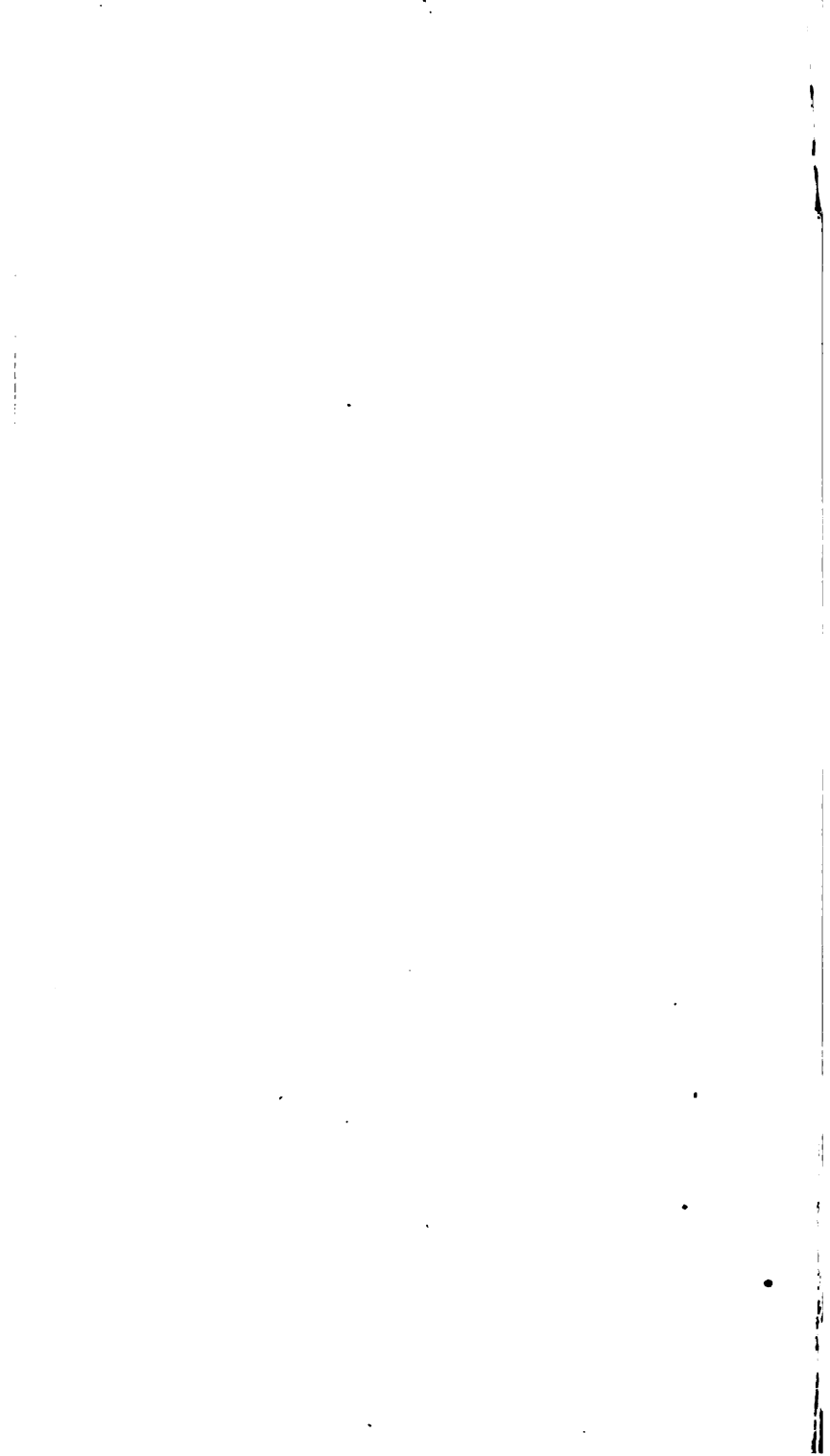
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THE 10th REG'T. INFANTRY
 1st BRIGADE, 1st DIVISION, 1st REG'T.

Wm. M. W.

OUR IN IRELAND:

EDITED BY THE REV. J. H. W. L. L. L. L.

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A

TOUR IN IRELAND;

WITH

MEDITATIONS AND REFLECTIONS.

BY JAMES JOHNSON, M.D.

PHYSICIAN TO THE LATE KING,

&c. &c. &c.

~~~~~  
"Laugh where we must—be candid if we can."  
~~~~~  
POPE.

L O N D O N :

S. HIGHLEY, 32, FLEET STREET.

1844.

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they not been restrained by the wand of a magician and the miracle of a monk. It has seldom been the lot of a traveller to stand, as I did, on the sacred hill of Tara, surrounded by *three hundred and fifty thousand* "wild Irishmen," harangued by the most eloquent "Conspirators" that ever addressed an inflammable populace,—without seeing a broken head, or hearing an angry expression!

With ample food and field for thought, in every direction;—and with little inclination, and less talent, for scenic delineation, itinerary details, or collection of anecdotes, I have, as on former occasions, and other tours, confined myself almost exclusively, to observations and meditations on the more striking objects that presented themselves to my senses, or to my mind's eye.

It is impossible to travel through Ireland, without occasionally indulging in reflections, moral, political, and polemical, on those great questions that have convulsed that fine, but unhappy country, for many years—I might say, centuries. That I am "slave to no sect," and wedded to no party, is not a very great assumption of merit, as will probably be proved by the censure which this little volume will receive from very different and opposing factions. To this, however, travellers may make up their minds, and that in proportion to their own freedom from party-spirit and sectarian animosity. But there is still a large class of impartialists in the world, and the sanction of these is all that we can reasonably expect or hope for.

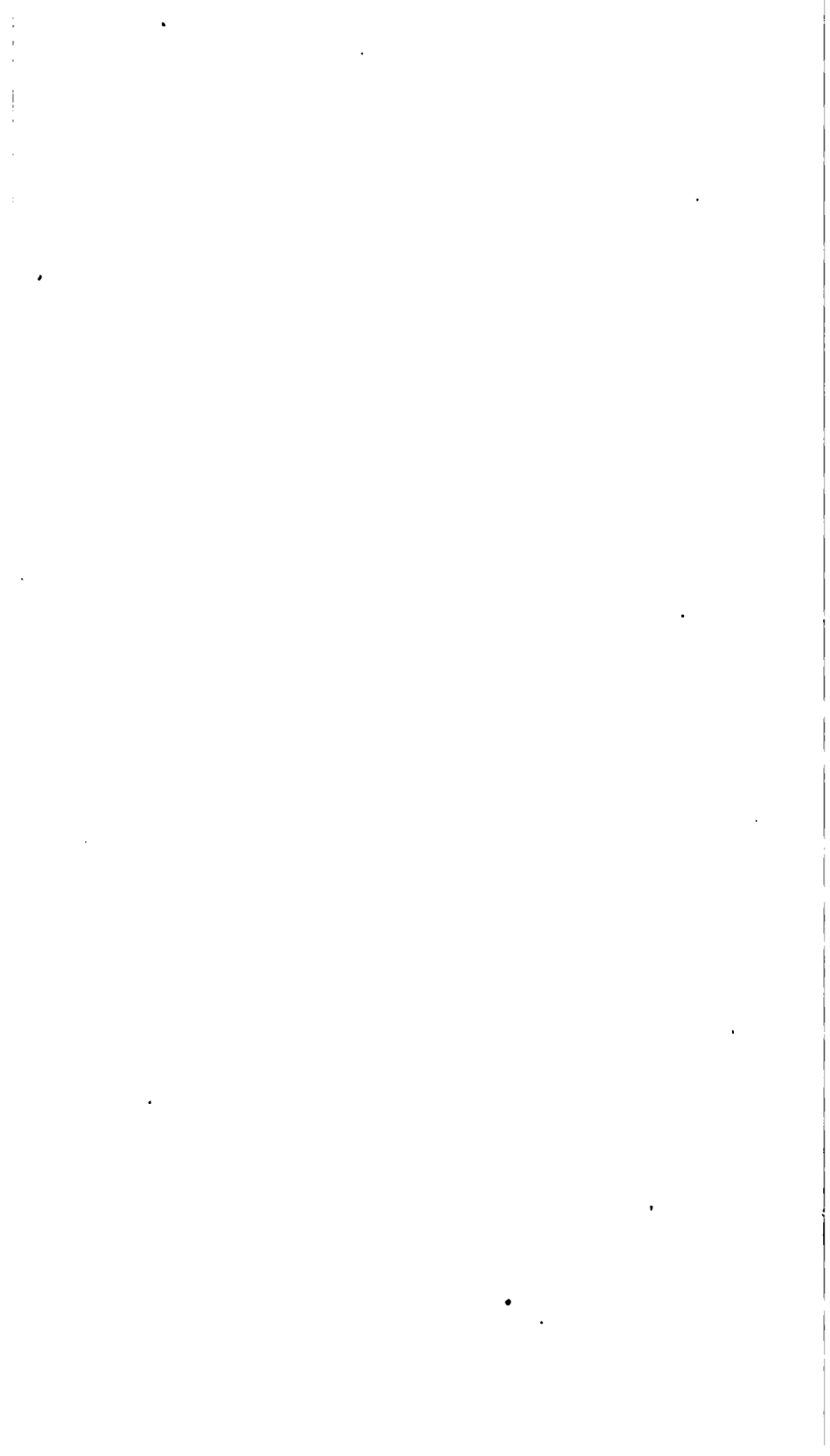
If I have dipped my pen rather too freely into the

serio-comic, or the serio-satiric, I trust I have mixed very little gall with the ink. The fact is, that the atmosphere of Ireland, besides hydrogen and other inflammable and luminous materials, contains a large excess of "LAUGHING GAS," which strongly affects the temperament of every one who inhales the air of Erin. I doubt whether the Mussulman, from the banks of the Bosphorus, would not smile at his own solemnity, while smoking opium and quaffing poteen on the banks of the Liffey or the Shannon. Even Sawney M'Gregor, from Glasgow, with his pack of remnants on his back, soon acquires a sprinkling of humour—I had almost said wit—among his Milesian customers. JOHN BULL, himself, loses much of his taciturnity, and becomes almost a sociable traveller on the car; while the Frenchman's sentimentality soars to the sublime, or sinks to the ridiculous at every step.

Some allowance, also, may be made for the release of a prisoner from captivity among scenes of sickness, suffering, and death, to enjoy the free air of Heaven among the mountains, lakes, and valleys of Green Erin.

JAMES JOHNSON, M.D.

*Suffolk Place,
May, 1844.*



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A

TOUR IN IRELAND.

LETTERS OF INTRODUCTION.

MR. INGLIS informs us that, when he started on his tour in Ireland, he carried with him 130 introductory letters, besides numerous others picked up on the road! I think I may claim credit for some courage, in venturing through a land of Savages, Murderers, Rebels, Assassins, Agitators, and Abductors, without a single letter of recommendation, or even a passport from the Arch-fiend, the LIBERATOR. I calculated, as Jonathan says, that I had two eyes in my head—(albeit the worse for wear, yet still serviceable)—a pair of ears, not too *long*, nor too large, to get in and out of coach and cabin doors—a couple of legs that had carried me over many a mountain and moor—a tongue, though it spoke very little Irish—and last, not least, a mind as free and independent as the air of Heaven—a mind that cared not a fig for Pope, Priest, or Pretender—for Whig, Tory, Radical, or Repealer—for High Churchman, Low Churchman, or No Churchman—for Orangeman, Ribbonman, Beggar-man, or even BIG DAN. But I make a mistake. I had one, and only one letter of introduction, and that was a CHIT from my excellent friends, the Messrs. Coutts, in the Strand—a Chit that has procured me the most

heartly welcome, the choicest fare, the best accommodation, "Where'er I chanced to roam," whether on the banks of the Rhine, the Rhone, the Po, the Tiber, the Elbe, or the Danube. A CHIT from the COURTS's will never prove a *Check* on the traveller's peregrinations, but will afford him every facility that he can desire. It will draw the cork of the best bottle of Lafitte in France—of Lachrymæ Christi, in Italy—of Johannesburg, in Germany—of Schnapps, in Holland—of Glenlivett, in Scotland—of Poteen, in Ireland. Some of our Ministers of State could certify, that the little "Billets" from the Strand have unlocked secrets that no other letter of introduction could effect.

Now, Mr. Inglis acknowledges, that the information which he procured from the proprietors of the soil in Ireland, respecting the state of the people, was generally tinged with political bias, or sectarian prejudice, and could not be depended on. He was, therefore, under the necessity of examining with his own senses, when he wished to gain the truth. He had, very often, to unravel in the cottage, the web of theory which he had wove in the castle.

No doubt many of our Tourists will not take this trouble, and will greatly prefer to drink claret without expense, and suck the brains of their Hosts for an ample supply of erroneous information. Let all such take especial care to procure 130 letters of introduction before they start—and, even then, they will be wise to take with them the CHIT from the Strand, as "the one thing needful"—the golden master-key that will open every lock, from Bantry Bay to Cushendal, without the necessity of going miles out of their way to deliver letters at the mansions of the gentry or aristocracy.

STEAM NAVIGATION.

Two gods of different elements, have been in opposition, conflict, or even war, since the Creation—ÆOLUS with his winds, *versus* NEPTUNE with his waters. It must be acknowledged that the *former* has always been the aggressor—the Great AGITATOR, and has had the upper hand of his adversary—whom he has compelled to carry on his shoulders, man and his merchandise from Pole to Pole—“from China to Peru.” But things do not always run smooth. In the contentions between the windy and the watery gods, man and his vessels have too often foundered. A memorable example happened some three thousand years ago, when Admiral Æneas nearly perished off the coast of Algeria, then vulgarly called Carthage, with a great part of his fleet. The conflict between the two gods was fomented by a jealous termagant, of the name of Juno—and Jupiter himself was obliged to interpose his authority. It was on that occasion that Neptune, alarmed for his dominions, raised his head above the ocean, and brandishing his trident, uttered the famous declaration of independence—

“ Non illi imperium Pelagi sævumque TRIDENTEM,
Sed mihi sorte datur.” —————

Æolus, though generally friendly to man in his navigations, is an uncertain ally—sometimes sending forth Boreas, when Auster was wanted—sometimes Zephyrus, when sailors were imploring for Eurus. It must be confessed that it would be difficult for the God of the Winds to please all parties who importuned him, considering that he has only eight myrmidons at his command, and there are 32 points in the compass.

It was not till after a lapse of six thousand years or more, that the inventive genius of man—and that man a Briton, called into

existence, or at least into action, a new power—the progeny of implacable enemies—**WATER** and **FIRE**—more potent than either of its parents, and capable of opposing, and actually conquering, both the one and the other. The force of this agent (**Steam**) is so gigantic that it would rend the solid frame of the earth, if kept too long imprisoned. Its birth is necessarily fatal by exhaustion, to both its parents. It bursts its iron bonds—darts upwards into the air—and instantly expires. But another and another still succeeds, like falling hail; and at each liberation the Hybrid offspring, a dwarf in stature, but a Cyclops in strength, gives to the vessel of its master an impulse so prodigious, as to instantly overcome the united opposition of winds and waves! Unlike the Frankenstein monster, **STREAM**, during its short span of existence and imprisonment, works with all the energy, union, and power of 500 horses for the benefit of its jailor and oppressor! Unlike that monster, too, when the term of its captivity and services is at an end, it becomes harmless as the dove, powerless as a butterfly, and vanishes into air, without leaving any trace of its existence, except the labour which it has performed!

If the wonderful qualities of this element had been known to the Ancients, it would have been deified—and it would have merited that honour much more than many of the celestial aristocracy. Yet its presence was recognised, though its powers were unsuspected:—it was visible, tangible, audible—in all ages and nations. It hissed, as in scorn, from the tea-kettles of China—the rice-pots of India—the flesh-pots of Egypt—the urns of Greece—the balnea of Rome—the sauce-pans and stew-pans of every cooking country from Pekin to Mexico! But a Watt or a Fulton detected the *latent* capabilities of this vapouring idler—imprisoned it in their iron cylinders—and made it the willing slave and the faithful servant of ten thousand masters! The more it is oppressed, (within certain limits), the harder it works

—emancipate it from its dark and narrow cell—let it taste of liberty and the pure air of Heaven, and its power as well as life is at an end. It must be confessed, however, that there are limits to its utility and safety. The worm which we tread on, will recoil against the oppressor's foot—and, when, by the cupidity or negligence of its master, the element in question is loaded beyond all reasonable bounds, it will (though rarely) tear open its adamantine prison—scatter its fragments with terrific force in every direction—and destroy the lives of others as well as that of itself, at the same moment!

Of the thousand ways in which this wonderful agent labours for the use of man, it is unnecessary to speak. It performs more work in one minute than Hercules did in twenty years. The theatre of its operations is alike on land and water. It is intended to give it *wings*, and make it “scale the fields of air.”

Meantime, as it has urged our bark forward, against winds, waves, and tides—and that at the rate of ten miles an hour—we cannot grudge it this passing tribute of admiration and gratitude.

STEAM-SHIP *versus* STEAM-CARRIAGE.

THE “CHEMIN DE MER” has numerous advantages over its sister Steam—the “CHEMIN DE FER.” The former requires no act of parliament to compel landlords to part with their grounds at double the value—no surveyors to select the worst “*line*,” and estimate the expense at half the real amount—no “cuttings,” except what the steamer herself can do by means of her own cut-water—no “levellings,” except what that able engineer, Sir Hydraulic, effects gratuitously—no “borings,” except through the Atlantic billows, with a head sea and a foul wind; or when we have a sea-sick passenger in the next berth, with a

hectic cough—no “embankments,” to roll over, except the Doggerbanks, or the banks of Newfoundland—no “dining stations,” for a ten minutes’ “snatch” at cold potatoes and tough beef; instead of an excellent TABLE D’HÔTE, where beards may wag for a couple of hours, without stopping the paddles—no burnings *in, à la Versailles*;—and, if burnt *out*, it will not be for want of a good supply of water—no “landslips,” to entomb a whole train; but only a few slips down the companion-ladder, in a lee-lurch—no “tunnellings,” through primeval granite or diluvial strata, dark, damp, and dismal, like a transit to the realms of Pluto, amid infernal thunder and lightning, contrasting greatly with the light, airy flight of the Steamer, skimming over the waves, between two long lines of snowy, feathery foam, resembling the wings of some huge aquatic bird, half-flying, half-swimming, along the surface of the ocean.

But it would be uncandid to place all the advantages on the side of the steam-ship. 1st. The steam-carriage will run where the steam-ship dare not venture. But that argument cuts both ways. It will be long before the railway extends from Dover to Calais; and equally long before the steamer ploughs her way from London to Birmingham. 2ndly. The steam-carriage occasions no sea-sickness, so that no opium-plasters on the stomach are necessary for the journey. 3rdly. DROWNING is not to be anticipated on the rail-road—and if we should happen to be precipitated into a river or canal, we are still likely to have Christian burial, and not made food for sharks in the dark abyss. 4thly. The velocity of our progression by rail is at least double that by paddles. 5thly. The geology of the rail-road is rather more interesting and varied than the hydrology of the ocean. 6thly. The journey, while it is much swifter, is also much shorter, by the rail than by the paddle.

PARALLELS.

EVERYBODY knows, or says, that the Bay of Dublin is an exact counterpart, or, in exohequer language, counterfoil, to the Bay of Naples. What everybody says must be true. Thus, VESUVIUS with his long black wreath of smok, is compared to the Wicklow SUGAR-LOAF with his bonnet of mist—ST. ELMO finds its representative in the tower of HOWTH—CASTLEAMARE in DUNLEARY—Iscchia and Procida in "Ireland's Eye" and the Island of Dalkey—Herculaneum, being under ground, may find its counterpart in the gold mines of Wicklow—the rolling clouds and drizzling rains of Ireland may compete or contrast with the dazzling suns and azure skies of Italy—the translucent wave of the tideless Mediterranean may be compared (or *contrasted*, which is all the same in Irish) with the foamy billows of St. George's Channel—PARTHENOPE climbing up the steepes of a volcanic mountain, with DUBLIN, stretching along the banks of the lazy Liffey—a corps of lounging Lazaroni, basking in the sun or swallowing macaroni, as a set off to an army of mendicants swarming on the quays and wrangling for coppers.

But there are many other points of resemblance between the classic soil and the land of St. Patrick, too tedious to notice. The bandit and his stiletto might match Captain Rock and his pike. The POPE would not be more than a tie for the LIBERATOR. The priests are not merely similar but perfectly identical all the world over—the conical hats and long cloaks of the Maremma and the Appennines are seen in the bogs and mountains of the Emerald Isle.

Yet there is more of verisimilitude between Naples' and Dublin Bays than I expected to find. It was on a beautiful morning, early in August, that we approached the Bay of Dublin, and the

rising sun striking against the white houses of the grounds stretching upwards from the shores to the mountains, produced a most powerful effect, and protended a magnificent prospect.

The harbour of Kingstown is not very prepossessing or imposing. It contained a small armed steamer, and four or five coasting craft, besides our own vessel. The Obelisk on the Pier, erected to commemorate George the Fourth's DEPARTURE from the Emerald Isle, conveys a somewhat equivocal compliment to the worthy successor of HENRY the EIGHTH, of pious memory! Had it been placed on the spot where the monarch first landed in his Irish dominions, there might have been less doubt on this point. There is no doubt, however, that George the Fourth was rapturously received by the Irish; and that being the case, how could ministers entertain any apprehensions respecting the reception of our lovely and amiable young Queen, on the shores of Erin?—Why Queen VICTORIA might travel unguarded, or even unattended, from Wicklow to Connemara—from Derrynane to Donaghadee—with the crown on her head, and all the Tower jewels in her crown—with infinitely greater safety than she could drive in her barouche from Buckingham Palace to Hyde-park Corner! And if Her Majesty permitted it, her carriage would be cheerfully drawn by human muscles, strong and willing ones, too, the whole length and breadth of her Irish kingdom, while millions of her warm-hearted subjects would kiss the very ground over which her chariot wheels rolled? Such is and was the people whom Her Majesty was counselled to mistrust, as assassins, murderers, and rebels!

Waiting till the hurley-burley of landing passengers was over, and till the army of beggars had dispersed, we took a car instead of the train, and entered Dublin through a favourable suburb of the Irish metropolis.

DUBLIN.

DUBLIN is like a magnificent sparkling gem—an enormous “PIGOTT DIAMOND”—set in a great broad ugly wooden frame, rent and split, in all directions—worm-eaten, mouldering, patched and plastered—unsightly to the eye—unsavoury to the taste—and not very grateful to the olfactories! The city itself, with its public buildings, is the diamond—the “LIBERTIES” form the frame. Napoleon used to say “there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous.” Here there is but one step from magnificence to misery—from riches to poverty—from royalty to beggary—from the splendid palace to the squalid hovel—from the embroidered livery of the aristocracy to the tattered rags of mendicity—from the Bacchanalian revelry of the lordly mansion, to the sordid cells, the living sepulchres, of hunger, sickness, and death! In no other city have I ever seen these disgusting contrasts in such close proximity. Every day and every hour, in Ireland generally, as well as in its metropolis, the hopeless, the listless, the heartless peasant and pauper,

“ Sees the contiguous palace rear its head,

To shame the meanness of his humble shed.”—

It would require philosophy—and “something more,” to convince the sufferers or even the bye-standers, that this stupendous inequality in the lot of mankind, is the fiat of the Almighty, and not the effect of some injustice in human laws!

CARLYLE BRIDGE.

THIS may be considered the shew-shop of Dublin, as it commands most of the more prominent features of the City. The LIFFEY runs under our feet, and presents as many bridges to the

West, as it does ships to the East—a melancholy contrast with the Thames! In one respect, however, it offers an example which I could wish to see followed by the British Metropolitans—the embankments on each side of the river, forming pleasant and cheerful promenades. The borders of the Thames, from Vauxhall to Deptford, are a disgrace to any civilized country.

Sackville Street rather disappointed me. It is hugely over-rated by painter and tourist. Though broader than Regent Street, and with a magnificent building—the Post-office—and Nelson's monument in the centre—yet its effect on my senses was far inferior to that produced by a view from the Duke of York's Column in Waterloo Place. The shops will not bear a comparison with those of London, and although the architecture of Regent Street is constantly varying in details, there is an evident and governing uniformity of plan, from St. James's Park at one end, to the Regent's Park on the other. The splendid Club-houses—Waterloo Place—the Circuses—the Quadrant—and the immense strada stretching from the Quadrant to Portland Place, leave all other "STRASES" and "PLACES" in Europe at an immeasurable distance behind!

The Custom-House from this spot, has a very fine and imposing effect, not unmixed with an air of solitude or desertion. But of this edifice I have taken a separate notice.

NELSON'S MONUMENT.

This fine Column, or rather the statue on its summit, will attract the eye of the contemplative traveller more than any other object presented to his view from Carlyle Bridge. There stands the hero of many a bloody battle! He is elevated high on the pillar of fame, and bedecked with all the insignia and honours conferred on him by so many potentates, and which he wore in the last and greatest of his combats with the Gallic foe! These insignia, of

which Nelson was so proud—perhaps vain—were the cause of his death. Had he dressed himself in a sailor's jacket and trowsers on the quarter-deck of the *VICTORY*, and even pointed a gun occasionally, the result would not have been less decisive, and he might, in all human probability, have survived the battle for many years, instead of standing, as he now does, a lifeless stone on an Ionic column in Sackville Street! But no! The hero adorned his person, from head to foot, with all the orders, stars, garters, medals, crosses, and ribbands, he had ever won and received—and that, too, when he was going into the fierce and bloody conflict in which he fell. His insignia attracted the eye and pointed the rifle of an inglorious Frenchman, and Nelson fell, in the midst of triumph, a victim to his own vanity! And let me add, that the eve of a naval or military action, where human carnage must necessarily ensue, does not appear the most appropriate moment for even the most heroic heart to deck out the perishable piece of clay in honours and decorations, which a small atom of lead may dissociate for ever from the proud but feeble bearer!

ROYAL EXCHANGE.

REMEMBERING the buzz, and din, and Babel confusion of the Bourse, both in Paris and on Cornhill—bearing in mind, also, the fondness for *change*, which characterizes the Irish, I was preparing to muffle my ears while ascending the steps of this noble structure. On entering a magnificent rotunda, I was not a little surprised to find the most profound silence, as well as complete vacuity! Not a human being, in fact, met my eye—save and except one—and that was *GEORGE* the *THIRD*, who stood as mute as the fluted columns at his side! When I made my obeisance to the venerable monarch, he did not utter even his accustomed ejaculation—"What! what! what!" The solitude of this scene

is really distressing ; and when the tread of my own foot-steps echoed round the hall, and was reverberated from the lofty dome, it was impossible not to exclaim mentally—" the times are out of joint."

FOUR COURTS.

A TRANSITION from the ROYAL EXCHANGE to the FOUR COURTS would surprize the most apathetic traveller. In the rotunda of the *former*, Morpheus might make his bed, and take his nap without the slightest chance of being roused from his pillow, by the foot or the voice of a human being ; whereas, in the hall of the *latter* " there is a perpetual buzz, like the growling of an incipient volcano."—*Hall*. In respect to the voice of a young volcano, I cannot speak, never having been present at the birth of one of these rough customers. But I can easily conceive that the fire, smoke, ashes, and lava, emitted from these four forensic *Ætnas*, have destroyed a few smiling estates—unroofed some splendid mansions—and cut down a few acres of waving forests in their time. Over the grand portal of this edifice *MOSES* stands majestic, with *JUSTICE* on one side, and *MERCY* on the other. In the interior, are several very eminent and celebrated personages—as Liberty, Wisdom, Prudence, Eloquence—and last, not least—*PUNISHMENT* ! The officiating Priests of this Temple were seen, in considerable numbers, sauntering about the halls, or passing to and fro, in great haste, and with pale, if not anxious, countenances. They are a numerous fraternity. Their costume is sable and ermine—heads like swans, and bodies like ravens—shadowing forth, I suppose, their double vocation—that of making black appear white, and white black, according to the desire or the wealth of the *novices*. Here *facts* are always elicited through the agency of *fictions*—error is consecrated by precedent, and

thenceforth takes rank with truth—feuds and quarrels are adjusted by fresh infusions of animosity—words are manufactured and sold by the score or the foot—brevity is practised on the most approved system of circumlocution—and the scales of Justice are held in *equilibrio*, by the blind goddess, indicating that neither of the litigants shall gain by the suit; but that the profits shall be equally divided among the officiating templars. The meshes of the criminal net are generally too fine to catch any but the small fry of sinners—the large ones go smack through the net—magnitude of offence being too often a security against severity of punishment.

Yet within these walls we daily hear the finest specimens of oratory, eloquence, and ingenuity. The prizes are, fame and fortune. The disputants, by the laws of their order, are not allowed to choose their subject—nor even the side of the subject which they are to support. They are bound to defend vice, infamy, and crime, with the same ardour and enthusiasm, as they would advocate the cause of virtue, honour, and probity in distress. Though their objects are selfish, their feelings artificial, and their passions feigned; yet their intentions are pure, their actions conscientious, and their labours beneficial. Thirteen arbiters sit on the adjudication. The judge pretends to be deaf to the arguments and orations on either side; yet takes upon himself to sum up the merits of the case, leaving the decision, however, to the other twelve. Thus, between a deaf judge—a brace of hired orators—and a dozen of arbiters (who are often no judges at all), the property, the liberty, the honour—nay the life of the subject is summarily disposed of! Yet the engine is supposed to work well. It has certainly worked long; but a mighty legislator is now at work in contriving a simpler apparatus, and a cheaper one for the distribution of justice. So much for law—and now a word or two for

PHYSIC.

In no country of Europe is there a better supply of physic, and a worse supply of food, than in Ould Ireland. Here in Dublin, we have excellent schools for teaching the healing art—and noble as well as numerous hospitals and infirmaries for practising it. In almost every village we see a “Dispensary” for the gratuitous relief of the sick—but alas! for two thirds of the people, only half-boiled potatoes as food! What good can physic do among such a half-starved population?—But I will go farther, and declare my conscientious opinion, founded on long observation and reflection, that if there was not a single physician, surgeon, apothecary, man-midwife, chemist, druggist, or *DRUG*, on the face of the earth, there would be less sickness, and less mortality than now obtains. When we reflect that physic is a “*conjectural art*”—that the best physicians make mistakes—that medicine is administered by hosts of quacks—that it is swallowed by multitudes of people, without any professional advice at all—and that the world would be infinitely more careful of themselves if they were conscious that they had no remedy from drugs—these and many other facts will shew that the proposition I have made is more startling than untrue. But, as it is, drugs will be swallowed by all classes—rich and poor—with the hope of regaining health and prolonging life—and also with the expectation of being able to counteract the culpable indulgence of the appetites and passions!

“*Hinc subitæ mortes et intestata senectus!*”

Having alluded to law and physic in Dublin, it might be expected that I should touch on

DIVINITY.

But this is a ticklish topic—and especially in Ireland. In

sanctity, this is still the "INSULA SACRA" of the ancients—at least, if we can judge by the number of churches, chapels, meeting-houses, convents, and monasteries that may be counted from Carlyle Bridge. It would be impious to apply the dogma which I broached respecting Physic, to the sacred subject of Religion:—but I think it may be safely said that it would be happy for society in general, and for Ireland in particular, if there were but one religion—provided that were the true one. Yet, in every clime, from the rising to the setting sun, the true religion may be found, and found *only*, in the creed of the spot where we make the inquiry. All other forms of faith, we are assured, are idolatry, or worse!

"Who shall decide, where all pretend to know?"

In this unhappy country, RELIGION, instead of cementing Christians together in one common faith and friendship, appears to be a corrosive agent that dissolves all cementing ties, and repulses man from man! "Throughout Ireland (says a modern traveller), persons in the same grade of life, deriving equal advantages from education, station, and *fitness* in all respects, are divided, too generally, by a bar—RELIGION—more insurmountable than that which, in other countries, separates the patrician from the plebeian—an evil for which a growing intelligence, a more universal spread of knowledge, and a more evenhanded dispensation of justice, do not appear to be providing a sufficient remedy."—*The Halls*.

This is the Upas poison that permeates every vein of society, and destroys the sources of the social system. It is a double poison—the odium theologicum united with the odium politicum. In England, and other countries, men of different religious persuasions may unite in one political sentiment; and *vice versa*—but not in Ireland. There the religious and political streams

almost always run in the same channel—and then the torrent is most turbulent! We are told by one party that the present agitation is religious—by another, that it is political. It is neither the one nor the other, purely; but a mixture of both—and the religious portion is the stronger of the two.

This politico-religious odium mixes itself up with the most common concerns of life, and has a constant tendency to induce that barbarous system—party-dealing. Thus the Protestant baker's bread is disrelished by the Catholic—while Romish-made candles are not allowed to burn on the Protestant's table. These two sects of Christians will sometimes have their separate stage-coaches on the same road—the Protestant passenger disdaining to sit in the vehicle of a Papist, and *vice versa*. Such are the lamentable effects of religious creeds—especially in Ireland, and the day, I fear, is far distant when we may look for a cessation of the evil!

DUBLIN CASTLE.

PASSING under an arch near the Royal Exchange, where a sentry was placed, I looked around, and found myself in a quadrangular court of common-looking brick buildings, connected with another court of the same kind.

The edifice appeared to me like a large alms-house, or a second-rate hospital; but, on seeing JUSTICE, with her balance, above, and a soldier, with his musket, below, I felt, at once, that I was in the seat of power—indeed, of Vice-royalty. In no part of the world through which I have travelled, did I observe so many emblems of JUSTICE, as in Ireland. Why, they are as numerous in this land of saints, as virgins or crosses are in Italy! And yet, O'Connell has been crying out "*Justice for Ireland*," during the last twenty years! These Justices, in fact, were so mul-

titidinous in Erin, that the Lord Lieutenant was absolutely ashamed of them, and ordered a considerable number of them to be taken down.

These emblems of JUSTICE have often puzzled me much. The goddess wears an immense bandage over her eyes and ears, so that sight and hearing are completely prevented. Now, I take it that the very essence or foundation of JUSTICE is truth—and that, in the investigation of truth, as distinguished from falsehood—virtue from vice—merit from demerit—in short, good from evil, it is little less than insanity to close up the two principal avenues of our senses—the eye and the ear! Then, again, the scales of Justice are always in perfect equilibrio. Truth and falsehood—good and bad actions, all seem to be equal in the scales of Justice! But then it may be argued that JUSTITIA is a goddess, and requires neither eyes nor ears in the investigation of truth. Why does she place a bandage over those organs, if her divine nature renders her incorruptible? I strongly suspect that the symbolic figure, so prevalent in Ireland, bodies forth a satire instead of a compliment—that it is meant to furnish a companion for the “*wild justice of the savage*,” in the “*blind justice of the sage*.”

On closer inspection of the Castle, I found that it consisted of three parts, not merely contiguous to each other, but in actual contact—a palace, a prison, and a church. Of this tripartite edifice, I confess that the centre one—the Conciergerie—jammed in between the Court and the Cathedral—occupied most of my attention—and engaged most of my sympathies. It is the only relic of the original castle, and is more than eight hundred years old. Its very name (the Birmingham Tower) is associated with tyranny, crime, and cruelty. Sir W. Birmingham being there imprisoned, together with his son, was led out to execution, while the son twice made his escape, and underwent the most romantic

vicissitudes and strange adventures—ultimately eluding the executioner.

We can easily imagine the feelings of incarcerated wretches in this tower, when the shouts of Bacchanalian revelry burst on their ears from the castle on one side, or the solemn tollings for the interment of some brother captive—liberated at last from his dungeon—came from the chapel bell on the other! Fortunately, this tower has now lost its office. From being the place of dur-
ance for state *prisoners*, it is now the depository for state *papers*—many of which, I fear, are best in darkness! Some of them, had they tongues—

“ Could a tale unfold,”

not very creditable to the memory of former times and men, in this unfortunate island.

CUSTOM-HOUSE—WITHOUT CUSTOM.

If Ireland had been as large as France—the Liffey as broad as the Thames—and had Dublin extended to the foot of the Wicklow mountains, the present Custom-house would be in keeping—perhaps more than in keeping—with such an extension of territory, population, and trade. But the Irish are the most sanguine and desponding people on earth. It is all *couleur de rose*, or *sable deuil* with them. I have observed them in all countries and climates. They are fiery and impetuous as the French, in desperate attacks, or as a “ forlorn hope ;” but let them experience defeat—be cooped up in a blockaded fortress—or suffer under pestilence, and they will not exhibit half of the *sans souci* of the French, or of the sullen passive fortitude of the English or Scotch. What Falconer applied to his countrymen, the Northumbrians, is not very inapplicable to the Milesians—

“ tumultuous in war,
But drooping and relaxed in climes afar.”

The same character attaches to them at home in the affairs of life—moral, political, religious, or commercial. Look at the public buildings. The Custom-house is superb and capacious enough to make a *DOUANE* for Europe, while the Parliament House, when it was built, might have contained the States General, or the National Convention of France, with ample room for the Lords and Commons of Ireland besides ! It would be difficult, perhaps, to offer a more forcible—almost ridiculous illustration of the sanguine temperament of our Milesian brethren, than a project now in actual operation—the construction of a new House of Parliament in Dublin—*BEFORE* the *REPEAL* of the *UNION* ! I admit that a man ought to build a house before he takes up his residence in it ; but I submit that he ought to purchase or rent the ground before he raises the edifice. What would be thought of a Gay Lothario, of 70, ordering a bridal-cake, before he had even selected a lady-love to whom he might pay his addresses ?

But to return to the Custom-house. This splendid temple is surmounted by Britannia and Hibernia embracing—and holding the emblems of *Peace* and *Liberty* ! Let that pass ! It is dedicated to four divinities—but there is one, (the most important of all,) that is wanting. I do not know that the ancients appointed a god to take Custom-house oaths, and superintend certain delicate transactions that are often going on in such temples. I would suggest one—*MERCURY*, the god of thieves, rogues, and robbers—

“ Calidum quicquid, placuit jocoso
condere *furto*.”

If we translate *furto* by *frauds* (which is not far from the mark), we have Mercury's office at the Custom-house, exactly defined.

In this land of saints—and indeed in other lands, these temples of commerce ought to have a Priest and a Confessional, for sprinkling holy water on the disburthened consciences of those who have been sacrificing to Mercury at his altar within.

This quondam Temple of Commerce may now boast of its freedom from the frauds which disgrace similar temples in other countries—because the means and opportunities are withdrawn.

“ The rooms (say Mr. and Mrs. Hall) of the Custom-house are deserted ; a mariner’s step is seldom echoed by its walls, and ‘ bills of lading ’ would startle almost as much as the drapery of a banshee.”

The Dublin Custom-house is not the only *house* that puts a good face on a bad business. In walking down Regent Street we see the old-fashioned panes of glass—18 inches by 12—transformed into magnificent mirrors—7 feet by 3—throwing a pretty clear light on the important operations that are going on in the interior. This light is rendered dazzling, when, a few months afterwards, we read, in huge letters, six inches long, such gratifying intelligence as the following :—

“ PRODIGIOUS SACRIFICE !! BANKRUPTS’ EFFECTS SELLING
OFF—FOR NOTHING !”

The Dublin Custom-house has lost all custom ! but—

“ HOPE, the charmer, lingers still behind”—

or rather at the summit of the cupola ! There she stands, resting on an anchor, and looking wistfully on the Liffey, which river presents little else than a few colliers from Shields and Sunderland !! Her face is turned towards the Corn Exchange and “ CONCILIATION HALL”—as placing all her expectations on agriculture and a domestic legislature !

As for “ DOCKS,” though these are sufficiently numerous in Ireland, they are on a small scale in point of dimensions. They are less frequently occupied by merchantmen than by candidates for elevated rather than enviable *posts* in their own country, or “ *holdings*” in New South Wales or Norfolk Island. On their appointments they afford excellent subjects for eloquent and

“impressive” sermons from the BENCH on moral obligations, rewards, punishments, and other exciting topics.

CORN EXCHANGE.

KNOWING that Ireland was eminently an agricultural country, I entered this building, expecting to see magnificent samples of barley, wheat, oats, and rye. But my surprize was great to find a number of landlords and farmers busily employed, not in buying and selling corn, but in selling and sowing a kind of *tares*, under the name of REPEAL SEED! I thought to myself that next years' crop would be a curious one! We have heard of sowing the wind, and reaping the whirlwind—of sowing dragon's teeth, and reaping grenadiers—but now we are sowing REPEAL, with the pleasant prospect of reaping Rebellion!

Yet there was one personage on 'Change, who appeared to be selling and sowing his tares to considerable advantage. He was a portly, or rather corpulent figure, somewhat stricken in years, but very little the worse for wear, having a countenance beaming with arch humour, and exhibiting in his speech no small share of fluent eloquence and great earnestness. He was receiving remittances and money-orders from all parts of the country for his Repeal-seed; and, to say the truth, GEORGE ROBINS could not more forcibly and poetically paint the beauties of an estate under the hammer, than did this TARE-MERCHANT embellish and magnify the rich harvests of “corn, wine, and oil,” free from rent, tithes, and taxes, that were to result from the culture of his Repeal-seed.

Here the FARMER-GENERAL read a letter that he had received from Fieschi Cloots, a sansculotte member of the Anti-monarchical Association of Paris, transmitting therewith a sample of grain, which he called “REGICIDE RYE,” and which he strongly recom-

mended the Irish Farmer to mix with the Repeal-seed, as likely to render the crop more vigorous. He also offered his personal assistance in sowing the mixture upon Irish soil. He inclosed a five-franc piece, which the Gallic Association subscribed as a mark of their sympathy in the cause of the Hibernian Repeal Farmers. The Farmer-General observed, that he had returned his most grateful thanks for the five-franc piece, but declined the visit of his friend Fieschi, for the present, as well as the Regicide Rye, having determined to try his own Repeal-seed, for another year, at least.

There were several other farmers exhibiting samples of their tares; but none of them seemed to have much demand for their seed, the Farmer-General appearing to have the complete monopoly of the article to himself. There was one of the tare-farmers, however, who arrested my attention. He was a tall gaunt figure, whose forehead was stamped unequivocally with the impress of care—if not sorrow. He was, in fact, the “KNIGHT OF THE RUEFUL COUNTENANCE.” The most prominent feature of his face certainly proved that it had flourished in an æra anterior to the mission of Father Mathew. He was denominated the “PACIFICATOR;” but how or why he had obtained that office, or how he discharged its duties, I could not ascertain. He was one of the magnates of the repeal-movement; but perhaps agitation and pacification may be synonymous in Erse. In Africa, the French give the term *Razzia* to pacification; and they maintain that it is a very proper term, as it signifies the erasure from the soil, of man, woman, and child—of horse, ass, goat, and cow—of everything, in short, that could furnish the materials or the sinews of war! The Romans had set an excellent example by identifying peace and a dreary desert!

TRINITY COLLEGE.

THIS edifice, as compared with University College, London, is a magnificent structure. In that respect it is in keeping with all the other public buildings in Dublin—for *they* would go to indicate that England was a small colony belonging to the Emerald Isle. It is called TRINITY, I suppose, because it opens its education, degrees, and honours, to Protestants, Papists, and Dissenters. The article RELIGION, indeed, cannot be supplied here, without the ingurgitation of thirty-nine other articles, however indigestible they may be to stomachs theological.

TRINITY, nevertheless, is distinguished for liberality. She permits her pupils to qualify for Law, Physic, and the Arts, and to practise the same under her diploma. She does not mulct the Papist or the Presbyterian for non-attendance at Protestant service—nor does she cram roast beef down the throat of the Catholic during Lent, nor even compel him to pay for the carnivorous propensities of his heretic condisciples. Another distinction of Trinity is, that she does not enjoin residence within the walls on all her alumini, nor consign them to those

“Awful cells,

Where heavenly pensive Contemplation dwells,”

over port wine, hot suppers, long bills, unpaid debts, and ruined tradesmen, as at Oxford and Cambridge.

In respect to the important process of “PLUCKING,” I believe that TRINITY is as expert an operator as any of her Saxon sisters; but then she is so gentle, and full of blarney in her manipulations, that the victim scarcely feels the loss of his feathers at the time, though he suffers from the want of them afterwards. Occasionally ALMA MATER has made a mistake, and “caught the wrong sow by the ear.” Thus she once “plucked,” as she thought, a

goose, which turned out to be a porcupine, the sharpness of whose quills she felt long afterwards. Inexorable time, however, emptied the porcupine's quiver, and

"SWIFT expired a driveller and a shew."

But the grand characteristic of Trinity, accorded by Victoria—is the permission which the FELLOWS enjoy of marrying without forfeit of the income! This is a dangerous indulgence. It tends to augment a population already redundant—and it deprives talented and learned aspirants of all reasonable prospect of the Fellowship.

TRINITY has, for some time, been "going a-head" of Oxford and Cambridge, in its proper appreciation of living languages and modern science—articles which the old Universities seem to hold in contempt, as compared with Hebrew, Greek, and Latin. The London University appears to take a more rational view of this subject than its prototypes of the old school.

The Library of Trinity is prodigious, colossal! It would charm the heart of a DOMINE SAMPSON, who would require a tolerably long life to read the title-pages of this vast collection—and who would then be little wiser than when he left the breast.

I traversed the Refectory; but only saw tables without anything on them, except the marks of impatient scholars' knives. The same kind of edifice at Maynooth presented a very different aspect, being well covered with substantial fare, while the kitchen seemed like a huge slaughter-house, piled up with carcasses of oxen and sheep.

BANK.

[QUONDAM PARLIAMENT HOUSE.]

THIS elegant structure is more changed in name than in function. Formerly, and before the Union, it contained the REPRESENT-

SENTATIVES of the people:—it now contains the REPRESENTATIVES of the sovereign—a much more numerous as well as efficient corps. They are powerful agents of good and evil. There is scarcely a vice or crime committed in the whole Island, in which these representatives of our amiable sovereign are not aiders, prompters, or accessories! On the other hand, they aid and support almost every religious, charitable, and philanthropic institution in the kingdom! Unfortunately they have no fixed principle of action; and I fear that, among them, evil greatly predominates over good. Thus, they will lend themselves to the midnight assassin, and purchase for him his dagger or pistol, with as much alacrity as they would clothe the naked or procure food for starving indigence. Their predecessors in the House were, no doubt, corrupt enough, but the Representatives of Majesty now, are constantly employed in corrupting others. They incite to agitation, and even to rebellion, against their own Sovereign! Nothing is more common than to see them go over in scores or hundreds, to the Corn Exchange, to lend assistance to the Repealers. No class of visitors or members are more welcome to Daniel than these same representatives of our Queen! Whenever they enter, especially if in considerable numbers, they are greeted with loud cheers by the Association. They are contributing largely to the erection and embellishment of the “NEW PARLIAMENT HOUSE”—and it is hinted pretty broadly by the LIBERATOR himself, that THEY, and they only, shall *qualify* the 300 members for a seat in the Repeal Senate! They are the most active agents of the Association. They print the speeches and proclamations of O’Connell and his tail—despatch messengers in all directions—remunerate the wardens throughout the Queendom—and even pay the “rint” of the Agitator-general! They have been scattered profusely among the members of the long-robe, and, if Fame be not a liar, they have bribed, if not

corrupted, some of the Queen's counsel, in their silk-gowns, on the late state trials! This is "too bad!"

THE LIBERTIES OF DUBLIN.

A TEN minutes' jingle, on a jaunting-car, will transport you to the Antipodes—from Sackville Street to the "LIBERTIES." Liberties indeed! There is more variety of these articles here than would satisfy all the slaves of Siberia, and all the refugee Poles in Europe. Thus the winds and the rains have *liberty* to enter freely through the windows of half the houses in this locality—the roofs themselves take the *liberty* to descend under the shelter of the gables and side-walls—the pigs have *liberty* to ramble about without rings in their noses, there being nothing but stones and gravel to plough up. The tax-gatherer has *liberty* to enter the houses (half of them without doors) and distrain the bundle of straw or the empty potato-pot. The landlord has *liberty* to take possession of most of his tenements, without the process of a formal ejectment—the dogs have *liberty* to eat potato skins—if they can find them—the silk-weaver himself has several kinds of liberty. He has the *liberty* to starve—to go into the workhouse, which he considers a worse measure, being starvation and imprisonment combined—to go in search of work, which, itself, has travelled so far that he has no prospect of overtaking it! Lastly, he has *liberty* to beg—for there is no vagrant act—a profession so congenial to the Irish character, that the silk-weaver and broken-down artizan generally embrace it when other trades fail.*

In fine, the "Liberties" of Dublin might be pitted against

* It is here, however, that the Tabinet Weavers still maintain the remnant of their empire. Imitators have so spoiled the trade that there are not more than 150 looms at work in Dublin and its vicinity!

Saffron Hill, Saint Giles's, the Wynds of Edinburgh or Glasgow—and, lastly, the Old Town of Limerick, for filth, poverty, and depravity!

OUT OF TOWN.

HAVING taken a glance at the principal dead lions of the Irish metropolis, I set out to see the living animals of that genus. But, to my great grief and mortification, I soon found, that "DUBLIN WAS OUT OF TOWN"—the streets deserted—and most of the houses shut up! The Viceroy had let his "lodgings in the park" to the under-secretary, while he went to drown the cares of state and the agitation of repeal in the Sprudel at Brighton—the few nobility, who live at *home*, had gone *abroad*, for change of air. The lawyers had left the "Four Courts" on a shooting excursion among the Courts of Arbitration—the doctors had followed their patients to the coast, to warn them against the dangers of the water-cure—the shopocracy and bureaucracy had rushed to Clontarf, the Black-rock, Dunleary, and Bray, where they were taking to the water as natural as—DUCKS.

It is astonishing, indeed, to observe the irresistible propensity which the Irish, of all ranks and classes, evince for sea-bathing, notwithstanding the almost daily shower-baths which they have *gratis* from the clouds! It would seem that the superabundant supply of fresh water during nine months of the year, induced a craving for the salt water of the season—and that the *latter*, in its turn, gave the Irish a keen relish for Father Mathew's champagne till the return of Autumn.

I fear that one of the elements of this *Balneo-mania* in Ireland, is to be traced to that ambition which universally pervades the whole population, from the peasant upwards, but especially the shopocracy—to *appear* greater than they really *are*. The sar-

castic observation of the old Roman satirist is, I apprehend, but too applicable to the Irish :—

————— “*hic vivimus ambitiosa
Paupertate omnes.*”

Doubtless this propensity has existed in human nature from its first creation ; but propensities of all kinds vary in degree, among nations, and tend to distinguish them from each other. The Irish exhibit this “*paupertas ambitiosa*,” in a remarkable degree, for we shall find that, if the grocer, the tailor, the stationer, and even the baker, do not keep their family-coach, viz. the *JAUNTING-CAR*, they will be apt to lose caste—while the aristocracy of the above classes are obliged, for the same reason, to keep a suburban villa, during the Summer, at an expense which they can badly afford. In short, while the English merchant aims at the realization of a “*PLUMB*,” the Irish only aspires to the plucking of a strawberry. The commercial men of both countries are capital fellows ; but the English have most capital.

THE LIONS OF WICKLOW.

EARLY one fine morning, I engaged a good horse, car, and driver, at the heavy sum of ten shillings per diem, and soon “found myself” (to use a most ridiculous Gallicism) trotting along the dustiest road in Europe. Granite powder is bad enough for the eyes, but pulverised limestone is far worse. The Irish never, I believe, water their roads, even in the immediate vicinity of Dublin, where innumerable cars and carriages are ever grinding the stones into an impalpable powder. In this, as in most other cases, they trust to Providence ; and it must be confessed, that they are seldom disappointed. The clouds, in the Emerald Isle, save the inhabitants a heavy tax, by watering the roads, and keeping down the dust, according to their own account, every day

in the year, except the 31st of February. They had not calculated, however, on my usual good luck in weather, and the Autumn of 1843, rendered the roads remarkably inimical to the eyes, and even the lungs.

An uncontrollable presentiment occupied my mind that I should be disappointed in **BWISKERRY**, the **DANGLE**, and the **WATERFALL** of Powerscourt. Painters are, by the very nature of their profession, exaggerators and embellishers. If an artist produced a faithful portrait, he would be kicked out of doors, when he brought it home—or, at all events, he would never again be employed by the same family or their friends. So, if a landscape painter gave anything like a real and natural representation of a scene, his plates would soon be sold for old copper, and the letter-press for waste-paper. The Tourists, who are generally heroes of the brush, and romantic in their sentiments, take the cue, and follow, if not improve upon, their leader. I quite agree with the late Mr. Inglis—and that from more ample scope of observation than his, in the following passage:—

“It is a pity that all * * * should deal so largely in exaggeration. Every thing is wonderful, sublime, stupendous! If it be a hill that chances to be the subject of the writer’s eloquence, it is ready to overwhelm the traveller, who is struck with awe and consternation. If a cavern be spoken of, the affrighted and daring visitor is lost in wonder, and fears the hungry waves are about to engulf him for his temerity. Every rock is gigantic—every headland sublime—every ruin a prodigy—every thing awful and wonderful—and the traveller is the most courageous of men to tempt such frightful dangers! This is all very silly.”—
Vol. 2, p. 186.

So it is. But not so silly as Mr. Inglis imagined. They all have their objects in view—and none more so than the Bib-

liepolists, who do not share the responsibility—but only the profits!

Listen, Tourist, to the following tidings, and make haste to secure your passage to Dublin.

“ We must be content so to stimulate the appetite of the Tourist, that he may long for the rich banquet which Nature has abundantly provided for him. Wicklow is the garden of Ireland; its prominent feature is, indeed, sublimity—wild grandeur, healthful and refreshing; but among its high and bleak mountains there are numerous rich, and fertile, valleys, luxuriantly wooded, *and with the noblest of magnificent rivers running through them—forming, in their course, a series of cataracts.* Its natural graces are enhanced in value, because they are invariably encountered after the eye and mind have been wearied from gazing upon rude and uncultivated districts, covered with peat, upon the scanty herbage of which the small sheep can scarcely find pasture. It is to this peculiar feature—its richly adorned borders, and the rugged character of its interior—that Dean Swift referred, when he likened the county to ‘ a frieze mantle fringed with gold-lace.’ The chief attractions of Wicklow are its glens—‘ splits,’ as it were, in the mountains, through which the hill-torrents have burst; every one of them falling, repeatedly, from immense heights; often, for considerable space, without encountering a single break. Down the sides of each, the perpetual dripping of moisture has nourished the growth of trees and underwood. Usually, the work of Nature has been improved by the skill of Art, and it is impossible to imagine a scene more sublime and beautiful than one of these ravines, of which there are so many.” *

Those who do not like the trouble, the expense, or the danger

* Hall, vol. 2, p. 193—4.

of winding through the KYBER PASS, on their way to CABUL, have only to take a car from Dublin to ENNISKERRY, and the defiles of Affghanistan will hide their diminished heads, in comparison with the "SCALP," a chasm in a *mountain*—alias a *hill*, some four or five hundred feet in height, where, a Scotchman would say, a "*whcen*" of granite fragments descend, at an angle of 45 degrees, to the road on the left, while a somewhat steep precipice is seen at some distance on the right, forming a good military pass, such as we see fifty times in the Highlands of Scotland, and not half so romantic or wild as that of Killicranky. The SCALP is eight Irish miles from Dublin, and two miles farther on, we come to LION the SECOND—ENNISKERRY—a little straggling village in a shallow valley, with a rivulet and a bridge at one end. This same ENNISKERRY, we are told, is built on a "steep-hill," which required fifteen or twenty minutes, at an easy pace, to ascend, when I came to some stone steps leading to a field on the borders of the far-famed DARGLE. I was congratulating myself on having escaped those tax-gatherers and ear-wiggers—the "Guides"—and on having the satisfaction of exploring the place myself, when a long-legged, red-haired Milesian pounced upon me, and soon convinced me, that it would be cheaper as well as easier to bear his company, than to get rid of him. So he was inducted in his office, and his palaver commenced. I descended along the northern slope, and stood on the bank of the rivulet. The Dargle has been monstrously over-rated. It is a small and a crooked ravine, with trees on the declivities, and a small stream at the bottom, sufficient, perhaps, to turn a mill—and this is the far-famed Dargle! But, "*audi alterum partem.*"

"As the Dargle is, usually, the beauty of Wicklow first introduced to its visitors, and as, in consequence of its short distance from Dublin, many travellers examine no other portions of the

county, the glen has attained to greater celebrity than others—more solemn, magnificent, and picturesque; yet, it may be a question whether, in variety, it is any where surpassed. The ravine is of great depth; the hills on either side clothed by gigantic trees and underwood, out of which, occasionally, protrude steep and rugged rocks; the slopes are not precipitous, but may be easily ascended to the summits, or descended to the river, natural seats being formed, here and there, by the moss-covered banks, upborne by huge trunks of oaks. At times, however, the sides are exceedingly steep, and in some instances perfectly barren; very often they are completely overhung by the branches of aged trees, impending directly over the current, and forming a natural bridge to connect the two sides. The thick foliage produces continual screens, so that the river, although heard, is often unseen; but a step or two in advance, and its full glory meets the eye—breaking over masses of granite, topped by its spray, raging and roaring onwards in a succession of falls, sometimes so narrow that a child might leap across it, and anon widening out into a miniature lake. Nearly in the centre of the glen is a large crag, covered with herbage, ‘the brightest of green,’ called ‘the Lover’s Leap;’ it hangs over the torrent, and from this spot the best view of the valley is to be obtained.”*

As I contemplated the scene around me, the guide clearly saw that there was little chance of my breaking into a fit of the sublime, and only observed that, by stepping over the rivulet, he would shew me a spot—the “LOVER’S LEAP”—which all the great travellers (and some of them, he said, had declared that they had been as far as the Isle of Man) acknowledged to be superior to any scene on the face of God’s earth. But “how am I to get over,” said I. “Och, sure, I’ll show your honour the

* The Halls, vol. 2, p. 203—4.

way, in the twinkling of a handspike." So saying, away went Long-legs, with a hop, step, and jump, from stone to stone; but, unfortunately, one of these, in the very middle, slewed right round, as he popped upon it, and down went LONG-SHANKS on his beam-ends, in the water! There was no danger of drowning, and so he puffed like a porpoise (for he was grievously asthmatic) and scrambled up the opposite bank, while I was obliged to sit down, having nearly dislocated my ribs with laughter. "And how am I to get over," I again said. "Och, your honour, and sure I can't be wetter than I am, so I'll carry you over on my own shoulders." Not so, my good guide, I replied;—and making a spring, I skipped from stone to stone till I crossed the stream, and that without wetting the sole of my boot.

We ascended to the "LOVER'S LEAP," where again I viewed the scene with perfect composure. The guide seemed now convinced that there was not the smallest prospect of my bursting with admiration, bounding over the precipice, like the lover in despair, or shrinking back in horror, at the yawning gulph! He folded his arms across his chest, and, doubtless, bewailed my total insensibility to the sublime and beautiful of the Dargle. The fact is, that there are two classes of travellers who botch the business—those who have seen much, and those who have seen little. The *former* are apt to depreciate, the *latter* to exaggerate the scenery of Ireland.

On climbing up above the "Lover's Leap," a very beautiful prospect bursts on the view, not only of the Dargle itself, but of TINAHINCH, POWERSCOURT, the Sugar-loaf Mountain, and a rich expanse of varied—I had almost said—romantic scenery.

LION IV.—WATERFALL OF POWERSCOURT.

FROM LION THE THIRD, I drove to LION THE FOURTH—a distance of two or three miles—and stood at the foot of the far-

famed WATERFALL. There is no unmixed happiness in this world. The fine weather which I carried with me for many weeks in succession, had so dried up the sources of the mountain-stream here, that, instead of a Water-fall, I found a complete WATER-FAIL!

"The rapidity and fury of the descent is almost incredible; accompanied by an absolute roar, amid which the sound of a trumpet would be scarcely audible *at the distance of a yard.*"*

Unfortunately I had not the good luck of a torrent of rain—nor of the substitute which George the Fourth intended to enjoy—a number of labourers pouring buckets of water down over the rocks—so the drums of my ears were not cracked with the Neptunian artillery of POWERSCOURT—for I could hear the ticking of my watch at the very bottom of the cascade! We now turned to the mountain, and ascended "LONG HILL," as it is very properly named, with the Sugar-loaf (the CROAGH PATRICK of Wicklow) on our left, and some of its subordinates on the right. As we mount towards the summit of this truly "long hill," the circle of vision extends, and a glorious prospect of mountain and vale—of sea and land, is the result.

LION V.

LUGGERLAW was the next Lion on the list; but, having got an Irish—which is tantamount to a wrong direction—I left my car a mile sooner than I ought to have done, and toiled at least three miles up a tiresome and rugged mountain, before I had the pleasure of looking down, with bird's-eye view, on the far-famed LUGGERLAW, its brace of lakes—its silver stream—and its encircling steeps. One of these is rude and bare—the other clothed with trees of various hues and great dimensions. I now perceived

* The Halls.

that, had I proceeded a mile farther with the car, I might have saved myself a most laborious walk, and kept the road all the way. I got, however, a better as well as superior view of LUGGELAW than I could have had from any other position, besides laying in an ample stock of fatigue for a sound night's sleep at Roundwood.

One of the two lakes here (the Tay) takes the appellation of LUGGELAW; but, from my airy perch, I could not entirely realize the description of Loch Katrine, as given by Walter Scott:—

“ And thus an airy point he won
Where gleaming with the setting sun,
One burnished sheet of living gold,
The LUGGELAW beneath him roll'd.”

I very much doubt whether either of the sister lakes ever saw the rising or the setting sun since they first rolled down the mountain sides in trickling rills.

Though the beauty of LUGGELAW, like that of almost every place else, is greatly exaggerated, yet I am not disposed to quarrel with Mr. Latouche's taste, for his selection of this sequestered vale as his TUSCULUM. It is less over-praised than most other valleys in Wicklow; and that is saying a great deal. For my own part, I cannot say that I should like to pitch my suburban tent on the border of “a small dark lake in the midst of perpendicular mountains”—even should that be Lough TAY or Lough DAN.

O the mountain air is the air for me,
Where my heart is light, and my step is free!

Luggelaw bears a considerable resemblance to Glendalough. Each has its couple of gloomy lakes—and its still more gloomy mountains. They are very appropriate abodes for monks, or hermits—being huge natural graves, where human ties and sym-

pathies are dissolved—where visionary enthusiasts dream of other worlds—and

“ Leave the warm precincts of the cheerful day,”

without fulfilling any of the duties for which they were created ! They are also silent and solemn retreats for the merchant, the banker, the lawyer, and legislator, where meditation and devotion may usefully supersede, for a short time, the cares and perplexities of active and laborious avocations.

Retracing my steps, I regained my car, the driver of which began to fear I had toppled down headlong into one of the lakes. We reached ROUNDWOOD, a neat little village, where a temperance band played me to sleep after a hearty supper. As I approve of the old rule—“ after supper walk a mile,” I strolled through the village by beautiful moonlight, and learnt some of the sentiments of the peasantry, on the topic of REPEAL. At first, the lower orders are shy of speaking on that subject to strangers ; but when they think they have met with a person who sympathises with the poverty of the country, and their alleged grievances, they almost invariably ask this question :—“ Och, your honour, do you think we will get the Repeal ?”—Many and many a time has my heart bled, when I shook my head, and replied that I feared they would not get the Repeal : but hoped that they would get what would be far better for them—just and equitable laws. In their turn, they shook their heads—and many of them observed that they had no hopes of such equity, while the laws were made in an unfriendly country !

LION VI.—GLENDALOUGH.

Early in the morning I was on my way to church—or rather to seven of them. Churches in the olden time must have been much more *gregarious* than in our days. The reason is pretty

obvious. There were not then the heresies, schisms, and separations, which now prevail among our churches! They had only one creed, as Paganini had but one string—so that their notes must have been tolerably in accordance on all occasions. In passing the village of Anamoe the ruin of a water-mill was pointed out to me, where Sterne underwent a rough kind of baptism, by falling into the mill-race, whence he was carried right under the wheel, without damage! The country through which we travelled, was picturesque, and, at a sudden turn of the road, my eye caught the first round-tower I had ever seen, raising its tall and time-worn form far above the sacred ruins at its side—anon, the lake—

———— “ whose gloomy shore.

Sky-lark never warbles o'er”—

was seen reposing, like a glassy mirror, between barren and precipitous mountains, whose rude and lugubrious features were reflected from its placid breast. The solemnity of this scene of desolation accorded with the scattered fragments of antiquity that strewed the ground, and the mysterious character of the tower, whose origin and office are shrouded in the mist of remote ages! “ Churches unroofed and crumbling—oratories levelled to the height of humble graves—sculptured crosses shattered into fragments—broken pillars, corbels, and mouldings of rare workmanship—gorgeous tombs of prelates and princes confounded with the coarse head-stones of peasants—and the mysterious round-tower—comparatively untouched by the destroyer, standing high above them all.” Such a sight cannot but raise a host of melancholy reflections in the philosophic mind, on the vanity—the nothingness of human wishes and human ambition!

Tradition—perhaps rather than authentic history—tells us that, in this valley of the two lakes, a holy man—St. KEVIN—founded a monastery, or seminary of learning (in the fifth or sixth century)

which, in time, attracted so many people from various parts, that a "CITY" was built, the walls and streets of which left traces of their existence down to a recent date. This monastic establishment, including seven churches, exhibited a college for the study of theology by holy men—a sanctuary for the oppressed—a hospital for the sick—an asylum for the poor. Over this institution St. KEVIN is said to have presided nearly a century—dying at the patriarchal age of 120 years—when he was born a second time, viz: "to the blessings of another state." St. KEVIN little expected that, some seven or eight centuries afterwards, this celebrated city would become "waste and desolate, a den and nest for thieves and robbers; so that (says Ware the historian of that day) more murders are committed in that valley than in any other place in Ireland, occasioned by the vast desert solitude thereof."—Day by day these ruins are mouldering to decay, and a century hence there will probably be nothing visible above ground, except the tall round tower, and a huge old cross, some ten or eleven feet high, standing nearly upright in the midst of a grave-yard crammed with the bodies of saints and sinners—of priests and their flocks !*

Among the crowd of guides, I soon recognized GEORGE WYNDER, with his red beard, but not with bare feet, as drawn in the second volume of Mr. and Mrs. Hall's highly amusing

* Mr. Titmarsh thus ridicules the small scale of the religious establishment at Glendalough. "There are seven churches, whereof the clergy must have been the smallest persons, and have had the smallest benefices, and littlest congregations ever known. As for the cathedral, what a Bishoplet must have presided there! The place would hardly hold the Bishop of London, or Sydney Smith! There must have been a Dean no bigger than Mr. Moore—a Chapter no bigger than that Chapter of Tristram Shandy, which contains not a single word—mere pop-guns of canons—and a beadle about as tall as Crofton Croker."

work—a publication with which many find fault, but which, with all its faults, is the best that ever appeared on Ireland.

“GEORGE” had lost none of his volubility of tongue, whatever he might have done of the wit, which Mr. Hall has celebrated. I verily believe that he “can coin laagends enough over night, to entertain the quality all the next day.” GEORGE has a smattering of Latin, in addition to a tolerable knowledge of his native Irish. He is, decidedly, one of the most amusing and intelligent guides I have ever met with on any part of this earth’s surface. Three mortal hours did we spend in exploring the relics of a spot far more interesting than IONA,—as well as far more ancient in the records of Christianity. When we tread on the graves of the illustrious dead—of those who have tended to elevate the mind, humanize our rugged nature, delight the imagination—and, above all, to spread the light of Christianity over a barbarous land, we forget, for a moment, the consideration of self, in gratitude or regret for those who lie beneath our feet! In this sequestered spot—desolate, dreary, and secluded from the world—holy men dedicated their lives, for centuries, to the preservation, exposition, and diffusion of the divine precepts of our Redeemer, while, as at Iona, “harassed and encompassed by savage clans and roving barbarians.”*

After long meditations among the tombs, and examination of the ruins (on one of which—St. Kevin’s Kitchen—there is a round tower in miniature), during which George Wynder’s legends were lost in air, we went to see the rocky bed of the stony-hearted saint. It is some thirty feet above the lake, and requires some scrambling to reach it. It is not more than four feet square, and its sides are covered with the names and initials of those

* Johnson’s Journey to the Hebrides.

venturous wights, who climbed the rock, in order to transmit to posterity some record of their existence.*

KATHLEEN is still there—not to tempt the saint, but to help the female visitors up to the retreat of the cruel anchorite, and woman-hater, whose barbarous murder of his faithful KATHLEEN, the poet has “damned to everlasting fame.”

“Where the cliff hangs high and steep,
 Young ST. KEVIN stole to sleep—
 ’Twas from Kathleen’s eyes he flew :
 [Eyes of most unholy blue]:—
 East or West, where’er he turn’d,
 Still her eyes before him burn’d.
 On the bold cliff’s bosom cast,
 Tranquil now he sleeps at last.
 But, ev’n now, while calm he sleeps,
 KATHLEEN o’er him leans and weeps.
 Ah ! your saints have cruel hearts !
 Sternly from his bed he starts—
 And, with rude, repulsive shock,
 Hurls her from the beetling rock !”

Whether St. Kevin ever committed this murder or not, his memory is tarnished to the end of time, notwithstanding his reputed sanctity. It is curious that, about his day, another famous saint of the Glendalough school—ST. COLUMBA—migrated to the Hebrides, and finally pitched his tent at IONA. The Hibernian expatriot and saint, seemed, on leaving his native shores, to have divested himself of the natural gallantry of his countrymen ; for, so mortal an antipathy had COLUMBA to the

* I was rather surprized to recognize here the initials of the “GREAT UNKNOWN,” among a legion of *little unknowns*—who will remain unknown till the last sound of the trumpet !—Since 1825, when Sir Walter visited Glendalough, he changed his name to “THE GREAT WELL-KNOWN.” I wish the ROUND TOWER would shew some sign of its origin, age, and avocation.

fair sex, that “ he detested all *cattle* on their account, and would not permit a *cow* to come within sight of his sacred walls.”

“ Where there is a *cow* (said he) there must be a *woman*—and where there is a woman, there must be *mischief*.” Now it was rather unchristian in Columba to exclude females from his sermons, since, by his own account, they were not out of the need of reformation ! The ruins of a convent, however, in this locality, shews that Columba either altered his mind, or that his successors considered the fair sex as eligible tenants of this holy ground.

The sanctity of Glendalough has, for the last forty or fifty years, attracted an immense number of dead bodies, as well as living, to the grave-yard, where there is scarcely a vacant foot of ground. During the funerals, a number of unmarried females accompany the corpse, from long distances, in order to span the old cross above alluded to with their arms. If they can make their hands meet, they are to be married within a year from that time.

I learnt here, for the first time, that priests are buried differently from their flocks. The *former* are always interred with their heads to the *EAST*—pointing to the Holy-land, where they are to meet Our Saviour :—The *latter* lie with their heads to the *WEST*—so that, when both rise on their feet, the priest and his congregation will face each other.

ROUND TOWER.

But the chief object of my attention was the tall and solitary stranger that stands aloof from the wrecks and ruins of mouldering churches, monasteries, and mausoleums—and who, though wounded by the war of the elements, appears to defy the hand of *TIME*. The cloud of mystery that envelops their origin, age, and construction, adds not a little to the curiosity as well as the veneration they inspire. A host of writers and antiquarians have

filled volumes with dissertations on these remarkable edifices, but, like the riddle in the Sphinx, there is still wanting an *ŒDIPUS* to expound it. While gazing at the Round Tower, a sudden thought struck me, and I immediately followed up the mental suggestion. Wynder, said I, what is your opinion of these buildings of the ould time?—"Och, your honour, I can tell you the theories of Webb, Weld, O'Connor, O'Brien, Valentia, Vallancy, Petrie."—Stop, stop, Wynder, I know them already—I want to know your *own* candid opinion. "Well, indeed, your honour, every one of the explanations appeared to me the right one, when I first read or heard it; but the next altered my mind, and now I am lost in conjecture, and left without any opinion at all at all." Then George Wynder, listen to me, remember what I say, and I will put another wrinkle in your horn. I think you know a little Latin? "Troth, your honour, I was a 'poor scholar' in my youth, and, I fear I am still one; but I did pick up some of that language." Well, look at that tower. "I need hardly do that, for I know every stone in it from top to bottom." Tell me, said I, the meaning of this sentence—

"Causa latet—vis est notissima."

Wynder scratched his head, and looked rather discomposed; but suddenly a gleam of intelligence lit up his ludicrous countenance, and he exclaimed—"I have it, your honour." Well, what is it? "Why I think it manes this:—The origin of that tower is unknown, but its durability is unquestionable." By my faith, Wynder, there is not a scholar in Maynooth, who could have translated the passage better. "Thank your honour for the compliment."

Now Wynder, the *cause* of that and of all the other round towers, was *RAIN*. "What! is it *RAIN* your honour means." Yes. "Then, bedad, there is no scarcity of that article in this country, any how; and I'm thinking that, if *rain* built the

round towers, there ought to be one in every parish of Ould Ireland." Softly, George. I did not say that rain *built* these towers, but that rain was the *cause* of their being built. "Och, I beg your honour's pardon." Listen, then. You are well aware that the first settlers in this country came from the cradle of the human race—from Mount Ararat, in fact, and its neighbourhood, being the immediate descendants of NOAH, and with the stupendous events of the Flood fresh in their memory. But Ireland was not then what it is now—a mere fragment of an island. It occupied a great portion of the Atlantic Ocean, and its name was ATALANTIS, according to the testimony of Plato, who, no doubt, had ocular demonstration of what he stated. This island, or rather continent, was then "great, glorious, and free." It was *great*, in forests, lakes, and mountains—*glorious*, by anticipation—and *free*—from inhabitants of every kind, as well as from toads and serpents. The new settlers were at first delighted with the verdure of the country, and the fertility of the soil; but, although the bow in the Heavens promised them that no repetition of the Great Deluge was to be apprehended, yet, when they found that the rains were almost incessant—and that the LAMMAS FLOODS threatened to imitate that of their ancestor, NOAH, they immediately set about building these round towers in various parts of Ireland for protection against the expected inundation. The door there—some 12 or 15 feet above the ground—shews the height to which the Lammas floods rose in those days!

It fortunately happened, however, that no other floods than those in question occurred, and the towers were applied to other purposes than those for which they were originally designed. The chief of these was the worship of the SUN, through the emblem of fire. Their forefathers, the Persees, to this day, pour forth their orisons to the orient luminary on high places, and with lighted fires. In so rainy, foggy, and hazy an atmosphere

as that of Ireland, where the rising sun would not be visible once in a month, the height of the round tower was almost essential to obtaining a sight of the god of their idolatry—the great source of life, light, and heat. You see they have four windows at the top—for east, west, north, and south. At the eastern window, they worshipped him when emerging above the horizon—at the south, when he was in his meridian—at the west, when he was setting—and at the north, when he was obscured by the shades of night.

Whether this diluvial hypothesis was considered as a quiz on the clashing, and sometimes preposterous theories that have been broached respecting the round towers of Ireland, I will not positively say; but Wynder listened to it with great gravity, and seemed to think it at least as good as some of the hypotheses that had proceeded from higher authorities. On one point, indeed, he ventured to hint a doubt. “ Well, your honour’s explanation is the most novel and ingenious one I have ever heard; but I’m thinking, your honour, that these first settlers might have been safer from the flood, if they had built the tower on the top of LUGDUFF or DERRYBAWN there.” Ah, Wynder, you have little idea of the age of that tower. Have you never heard the comparison—“ Old as the hills ? ” “ Many a time, your honour.” Why, man, that tower was built a thousand years before Lugduff or Derry-Bawn was heard of. “ Sure, your honour, if that be the case, it affords the best proof in the world of the *antiquity* of the Round Tower of Glendalough.”

But to be serious. I examined six or seven other Round Towers, in the course of my excursions, and the conviction on my mind is that they were built anterior to the now ruined churches, in whose vicinity they generally stand. They are interrogated and claimed by Pagan, Christian, and Dane; but they disdain to answer interrogatories! They have been considered as

belfries to call the people to prayers. Where was the bell placed? On the top of the cap? That is all but impossible. Inside of the cap? Then they *muffled* their bells, after going to immense expense and trouble in erecting these towers! If Christian structures, from whence did they take examples for the rotund and columnar form of the edifice? Certainly not from any Christian nation. They could not have been constructed as places of worship by Christians, since they are totally unadapted for any religious ceremonies except the simple one of fire-worship. Were they signal-towers, erected by the Danes? If so, it was on the principle of "*lucus à non lucendo*"—for the Beacon of Glendalough could only be seen by the people on the neighbouring hills! Were they *REFUGES*, in cases of danger or assault? Places of retreat, in such cases, might have been built at much less trouble, and much more effective for the purpose.

The Christian advocate tells us, that they are almost always found in the vicinity of churches—*ergo*, they were built contemporaneously with, or posterior to, the said fabrics as places of protection. This is a *non sequitur*. Was Edinburgh Castle built by the inhabitants of Auld Reekie as a safeguard to the town? or did the town nestle under the walls for security afforded by the Castle? The latter is the universal opinion. But that the Christians should have selected the vicinity of round towers for the erection of churches, is very natural and very probable:—first, because the site was already consecrated ground, and, secondly, because these same towers, though not the best places of refuge, in case of danger, did afford security, and saved the labour of constructing other places of retreat. If the Christians built them for this purpose, they were the most egregious fools that ever took trowel and plummet in hand; for a common Martello Tower of half the height would have afforded double the security. It is acknowledged that, wherever there are towers there are also the

ruins of churches; but how is it that, *per contra*, there are numerous and extensive ruins of churches, priories, monasteries, &c. without any round towers? This ought not to be the case, if the towers were built for security to the churches. The towers are in accordance with oriental places of fire-worship—but unfit for, and incongruous with, the religious edifices of Christianity.

At the rock of Cashel we see three different kinds of constructions for worship—all in actual contact. First, the round tower—second, a heathen temple, with horrible gods and demons—and, third, a Christian cathedral. Did the worshippers of our Saviour, build here a Pagan temple, and also a Persee round tower? Preposterous supposition! The round tower was the first—the heathen temple the next—and the cathedral the youngest of the three sisters.

The architecture of the round towers is very various. That at Glendalough is built of different kinds of stone, of all shapes and sizes, and without any regularity. Yet it stands 110 feet high, very perfect, the cap having been only recently knocked off. Some of them, as at Devenish Island, are built with hewn stone, in regular layers—and as remnants of the flooring are found in some, and holes or projecting stones in most of them, there can be no doubt that they had floors or flights corresponding with the windows. It is not a little curious that St. "KEVIN'S KITCHEN"—the most perfect of all the churches in Glendalough, has on its top an exact epitome of the adjacent ancient tower, with windows, cap, and all. This is a very puzzling circumstance, as I have seen no such appendage to any ecclesiastical edifices of the olden time in Ireland.

From the upper four windows always corresponding with the cardinal points of the compass, there is great reason to believe that these towers served for astronomical purposes as well as fire-worship. Of late years, it has been proved, beyond cavil, that

they were also places of sepulture for magnates or priests. Skeletons have been found interred with such peculiar care, deep as the foundation, and covered over with various strata of different densities and materials, so as to leave no doubt as to their sepulchral office. Add to this, that urns for the ashes of the dead, and lachrymatories for the tears of survivors, have been discovered in the depths of these mysterious structures.

Altogether, the vale of Glendalough, with its mouldering ruins—its vast and crowded Necropolis—its innumerable and, in most instances, illegible tombstones—its gloomy mountains—its dark and imprisoned lakes—its rocky and murmuring stream—its wild and romantic legends—and, above all, its tall, silent, and solitary tower, standing there, in all probability, before the advent of our Saviour—combine to form a theme for reflection in the most thoughtless and apathetic breast. No other spot in Ireland made a deeper or more lasting impression on my mind than did the Vale of the Seven Churches.

INSULA SACRA, OR THE HOLY ISLAND.

A thousand years, or more, before the Christian *Æra*, and when Britain was only faintly known as a tin-mine in Cornwall, Ireland had attained such celebrity for sanctity and religion, that it was called the SACRED or Holy Isle. The Phœnicians, who were then the carriers of the world, hawked about the GODS and RELIGIONS of the various countries with which they had commercial relations, in the same way as they did the other articles of their traffic. Ireland appears to have offered an excellent market to the Phœnicians for images of gods and formulas of superstition. Temples were erected high, in the shape of ROUND TOWERS, for the worship of Apollo, under the symbol of fire. All the elements, indeed, air, earth, water, and fire, were made subjects of adoration, and altars were erected for their service—or, at least, the service of the

PRIESTS. But the Magi, the Druids, and the numerous sects of that day, did not quarrel, and fight, and hate so heartily as they now do. The Irish imported, through the Phœnicians, the creeds and religions of the Persians, Celts, Goths, Greeks, Indians, Ægyptians, as we now do the spices, gums, rice, cottons, silks, &c. from all parts of the globe; and no one found fault with his neighbour's religion, any more than we now do because one of our friends prefers tea to coffee—another, rice to tapioca—and a third, opium to arrac.

Happy had it been for “Ould Ireland” if, when St. Patrick introduced the true religion and abolished idolatry, the Irish had kept to the TRUE FAITH;—or if, when they split into various creeds, they had imitated their Celtic and Milesian ancestors in mutual forbearance towards each other on the subject of religion!

It would be curious and interesting to know what were the articles which the Irish returned in exchange to the Phœnicians for the gods and superstitions, as well as the more substantial goods, carried to the Irish shores by the indefatigable merchants and navigators of the East?—What were the chief exports from the Emerald Isle in those days?—Were they pigs,* potatoes, poplins, or poteen? The extensive pasturages of Erin did then, probably, as now, furnish abundance of hides, tallow, butter, and beef to their Milesian and Phœnician customers. The Britons, however, had one great advantage over Ireland, in a commercial point of view—namely, that they could pay in metallic currency, or, as Jack Sheppard would call it, in “TIN”—for their goods from abroad.

But Ireland deserved the epithet of *holy*, long after the above-mentioned period. When St. Patrick had served his seven years'

* In a tumulus excavated in the county of Meath, where an immense number of animal bones were found, the skeleton of the pig was the most conspicuous.

apprenticeship, or rather slavery, in the county of Antrim, and afterwards took holy orders on the Continent, he returned to Ierne, to preach the Gospel of Christ there. Notwithstanding the power of the Druids and the dark superstitions of the people, the Saint made instantaneous converts wherever he went—and even those who rushed out with uplifted arms to slay him, dropped their weapons, and embraced his doctrines! Now this affords an early proof of the tendency in the Irish character to receive religious impressions, and their discrimination in so readily embracing the truths of Christianity, and abandoning the errors of Paganism.

Their fidelity and attachment to the original forms and ceremonies of their holy religion, is also a favourable trait in their theological character, instead of forming a subject for complaint or aspersion. It may be a question whether *one*, though a somewhat imperfect creed might not be preferable to a multiplicity of “modes of faith.” Thus, we have Protestants, Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, Anabaptists, Moravians, Unitarians, Trinitarians, Puseyites, and half a dozen other dissentients. These cannot all be right—perhaps not one of them is completely so!

THE MAIDEN MOTHER.

While walking up a hill on my return from Glendalough, my eye was drawn towards a very small cabin built in the ditch, close to the road, and I stopped to examine it. The smoke was issuing through an old tin kettle without a bottom, stuck in one corner of the roof, and a pig was standing in the door-way. The quadruped seemed to have more intelligence than pigs in general, and certainly more politeness, for the moment he saw me turn down towards the hovel, he civilly made way for me, and walked to one side. By this time the good woman came to the door, and welcomed his honour, though she was ashamed to ask him in

to her humble cabin. She was far more decently attired than the female peasantry usually are in Ireland, and, on entering, I found the habitation more clean and comfortable than I expected. I therefore took an exact survey of its internal economy. It was twelve feet in length, by eight in breadth—the walls of mud, and the roof composed of wattles, thatch, and sods, black with smoke and soot. There was a little fire-place, in one corner, under the tin-pot chimney—a few shelves in the other corner—and I found that the bedstead, which was raised a foot from the ground, occupied exactly half of the cabin. It was therefore eight feet in length (being across the hovel) and six in breadth. The bed consisted of heath and hay, covered by a clean coarse cloth. On this bed eight people slept at night—the woman—six children—and the child of a neighbour, whose parents were down in the fever! I asked her if her husband were living? She replied that she never had a husband—that the children were those of her sister, lately dead, and who had been a widow for some years before her death. On the demise of the mother, the maiden sister took charge of this large family, and by dint of great exertion, industry, and some little assistance from charitable neighbours, she was bringing them up decently, and training them to every kind of work which they were capable of performing. Add to this, her benevolent support of a female child whose parents were on the bed of sickness!

On leaving the hovel I gave this poor creature a shilling, and saw that she was completely overwhelmed by her own emotions of gratitude for such a trifle. At length she got out a benediction which I shall not readily forget. “May God Almighty send your honour’s sowl to Heaven—and may you find it safe there when you die.”

The strangeness or rather mystery of this blessing astonished and puzzled me not a little, and I attributed the incongruity of the prayer to the confusion of the poor woman’s emotion at the

time. While trotting along the road, I mentioned the benediction to the driver, a shrewd and intelligent fellow, and asked him if he understood the meaning of it. "To be sure I do," said he, "for I heard the woman myself. It was no BULL—no mistake. What the grateful cratur meant to pray was, 'that your honour's sowl might go direct to Heaven when you died, instead of passing through purgatory, and that your honour might find it safe there at the day of the resurrection.'—And it was no wonder," he added, "that the poor woman gave your honour so valuable a blessing, for I am sure that she has not been visited in her cabin by a single stranger, like yourself, or received a penny from any traveller to the Seven Churches, for many a long year."

Reader! If you should ever go on a pilgrimage to Glendalough, pray look out for the MAIDEN MOTHER'S cabin:—you will find it about a mile, or a mile and a half on the Dublin side of the valley, and you will recognize it by the tin-pot chimney. If the pig has not paid the debt of Nature—or the rent of the cabin—he will welcome you with a hearty grunt—the only mode of salutation which he understands—and politely make way for your entrance into the HUT of poverty, indeed, but the noblest MANSION of true Christian charity, and ardent filial piety, you may ever again behold!—And do not despise the prayer of the Maiden-mother and six orphans for your safe passport to or through PURGATORY—lest you should "go *farther* and fare *worse*."

MEETING OF THE WATERS.

THE SEVENTH LION of Wicklow I did not see—having been deterred by the roarings of that noble animal. I was well aware that painters, poets, and tourists are, by their very nature—or, at all events, by their avocations, such exaggerators, that they are rarely to be trusted. And when I reflected that my friend MOORE had depicted the "MEETING OF THE WATERS,"

————— "when life itself was new,
 And the heart promised what the fancy drew"—
 when I learnt from his own words that—

"'Twas not the soft magic of streamlet or hill,"
 which gave enchantment to the view; but the "friends of his
 bosom" who accompanied the poet, it required no ghost to
 predict that disappointment would be the result of a visit to the
 "VALE of AVOCA." Mrs. Hall, herself, has acknowledged this.

"The genius of Moore has immortalized the spot; but those
 who approach it with imaginations excited by the graceful and
 touching verses of the poet, will be inevitably disappointed."

I was quite aware of this. I knew that what was said of
 Goldsmith, was true of Moore—

"Nullum tetegit quod non ornavit"—
 and I was determined not to efface, by personal examination, the
 beauty of a scene so adorned by a poet—and that poet, THOMAS
 MOORE!

"There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet,
 As that vale, in whose bosom the bright waters meet;
 Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
 Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart!
 Yet it was not that Nature had shed o'er the scene
 Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;
 'Twas *not* the soft magic of streamlet or hill—
 Oh! no—it was something more exquisite still!
 'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom were near,
 Who made every scene of enchantment more dear—
 And who felt how the best charms of nature improve,
 When we see them reflected from looks that we love!"

LION VIII.—VALLÉE D'ENFER.

It was rather curious, if not ominous, that immediately after
 receiving the Heaven-directed benediction of the Maiden Mother

and her orphans, I found myself, almost unconsciously, on my way to the "Devil's Glen, or Devil's Den!" Having visited several of his Satannic Majesty's country seats, of this kind, in various parts of the world—and not being very superstitious—I did not order the driver of the car to turn his horse into another road. Again, however, as at LUGGELAW, I took a wrong route, in consequence of an Irish direction, and overshot the entrance into this infernal ravine. By crossing some fields, I came on the Glen, on its south side—and by descending along a precipitous steep, came upon a very romantic path, cut out of the face of the precipice, and about mid-way between the crest of the ridge and the foaming rivulet at the bottom of the valley. This is Mr. Singe's side of the Glen, which is clothed with trees of all kinds and dimensions, and commanding a very fine view of the opposite or craggy side of the ravine, together with the river beneath. This path is full a mile and a half, and ends at Mr. Singe's castle, whence it dives down by tourniquets to the edge of the stream and eastern exit of the valley. I have no hesitation in saying, that this "VALLÉE D'ENFER" is much superior in scenery and beauty to its more celebrated namesake in the Black Forest, which requires a three weeks' journey from London, while the Wicklow Tusculum of the *Nether-land* monarch may be reached by the Metropolitan cockney in twenty-four hours. Having sent round my car to the abovementioned point, I took a couple of hours to examine the beauties of "GLEN-DEVIL," which is as much superior to the Dargle, as Chamouni is to Glencoe. "Nothing," says Mrs. Hall, "in the county of Wicklow astonished, or gratified us so much as the Devil's Glen; with its roaring river, its huge precipices, its circuitous paths, and the noble and graceful 'FALL,' that seems as a crown of glory at its head." I was so unlucky in having fine weather throughout the whole of Ireland, that the Devil's Crown was in any thing but its

glory; yet the other features of the scenery made ample amends for the tameness of the cascade.

Such a picturesque and romantic ravine could hardly exist, without a legend, and Mrs. Hall has occupied four or five quarto pages with the "tradition." The story, though long, is easily told—the *dramatis personæ* being a NUN, a PRINCE, and the DEVIL. The last of this precious trio got worsted in the end, by means of a cross, and some holy-water. On being put to flight, he fell on a finely-wooded mountain, and split it in twain—thus leaving a magnificent ravine for the admiration of posterity. The holy-water leaped, like Curtius, into the yawning gulph—and has continued to run through the Glen ever since! All this is "true as Holy Writ," says the ignorant, superstitious, and credulous peasant. And so it is, says the learned, the enlightened, and the philosophic sceptic. Thus all extremes approximate!

VALLIS SALUTIS, OR THE BIRTH-DAY.

The natal festivals, levees, and balls of royalty may now hang their diminished heads. To these a few hundred of the aristocracy, indeed, annually repair, together with their wives and daughters, to shew their loyalty—or rather their stars, garters, feathers, and jewels! But all these exhibitions have been thrown into the shade by a single "*levee en masse*," in the Vale of Health (Baltinglass) among the Wicklow mountains! Yes—a *spalpeen* from the wilds of Kerry, can, or at least could, by a wave of his magic wand, call forth myriads of hearts and hands, ready and willing to celebrate his birth-day, and to execute his commands, even at the hazard of their own lives!

It was on an Autumnal morning, in the first year of a new æra—"the year of the Repeal"—that the beautiful valley of Baltinglass—termed the "VALLIS SALUTIS"—saw unnumbered multitudes come rushing and swarming from every point of the

compass—to celebrate the anniversary of their LIBERATOR's birthday. Perhaps there never before was accumulated such a dense mass of human beings in so narrow a compass—or with such an unanimity of enthusiasm, whether religious or political! It appeared as though one soul or spirit pervaded the monster multitude—and that one head directed the energies of three hundred thousand hearts! Gratifying as such a scene must have been to the prime mover, it could not but conjure up many profound reflections in his own mind.

The “*Grand Climacteric*” itself, which the Liberator had now passed, and which was the object of celebration, is a period which few can contemplate without triste emotions, and a melancholy consciousness that the journey of life is fast drawing to a close, and that the valley of the shadow of death is almost at our feet in the down-hill march! The remnants of altars scattered through the vale, and which long smoked with human gore, were in his view, and must have reminded him of the oblivion which soon overwhelms the passions of man, and even those systems of religion that were once considered imperishable as the gods themselves! But these meditations were common to all. The AGITATOR must have had feelings, doubts, forebodings peculiar to his own unparalleled position. The mighty power which he wielded was not greater than the awful responsibility that hung over his head. It was not his own life alone that was perilled; but the lives of thousands and tens of thousands of those who confided in his judgment, not merely as to the *justice* of the cause, but the *prudence* of the means employed. We know, indeed, that treason, if successful, is *not* treason; but sedition, if unsuccessful, becomes treason, and that treason is death! True it is, that future good often results from present evil; but it is small consolation to the actors and sufferers in the evil, to be told that posterity will benefit by their ruin! In the intensity of the flame

that separates the pure metal from the sordid dross, the materials of the fire are consumed and destroyed. And so, in political revolutions, the master-spirits that guided the popular torrent are often overwhelmed in the stream before the storm subsides into the expected calm! Although an insight into the future would be generally injurious to man, yet, on some occasions, and especially on the one in question, the second sight of the Seer in the "VALLIS SALUTIS" might have proved a valuable acquisition.

Remounting my car, I drove through very beautiful scenery to NEWTOWN-MOUNT-KENNEDY, where I dined on potatoes with the *bones in them*, of which I shall speak afterwards, and bacon at hard as the hide of a rhinoceros, with eggs and bad bread. A few miles farther on, we came to the ninth of the Wicklow Lions.

LION IX.—THE VALLEY OF THE DOWNS.

The evening was beautiful—the air delicious—and the scenery romantic.

"The Glen is formed by two abrupt hills, between twelve and thirteen hundred feet high—clothed with most luxuriant foliage, from the base to the summit of each. To describe the scene would be but to ring the changes on the terms sublime and beautiful; but to no part of the county could they be more justly applied. All along the valley, as elsewhere, we are accompanied by the murmuring rivulet, and the noise of waters rushing over the slippery rocks. The Glen is of considerable extent."

There is no exaggeration in this; but Mrs. Hall has not remarked that, at every turn of the valley we catch a glimpse of our old fellow-traveller—the SUGAR-LOAF, who raises his lofty head, and cheers us on our journey. In fine, the VALLEY OF THE DOWNS has no equal in Ireland for *beauty*; but it is surpassed

in *grandeur* by many other vales or glens—as, Killarney Glengarif, &c.

LION X.—BRAY.

BRAY, besides being a considerable town—and that within ten or a dozen miles from the Irish metropolis—is one of the best of the watering-places in the vicinity of Dublin. It is curious that Ireland is singularly defective in the golden sands so plentifully scattered round the coast of England. At Kingstown, Blackrock, Clontarf, &c. the metropolitan bathers are obliged to dip and disport in artificial structures, into which the sea-water is pumped or flows at high-tide, instead of having machines to run out into the azure deep. Even here, at Bray, I could see no machines, except sentry-boxes perched on the highest parts of a coarse shingly beach, in which the habiliments of the bathers were deposited, while they, themselves, advanced into the waves over pebbles of a pound weight, rounded, indeed, by the incessant plashing of the surf, but still more uncomfortable to the feet than were the unboiled peas in the shoes of Peter Pindar's Pilgrim. From BRAY-HEAD, a jutting headland, ending in a perpendicular precipice that overhangs the waves, a most splendid view is obtained of earth and ocean—to the coast of Wales on the east—and over a sea of conical mountains to the westward. Another magnet of no mean attraction here is QUINN'S HOTEL—one of the best in Ireland, as well as the best regulated. The comforts of this hotel—the beauty of the avenue leading from it to the beach—and the invigorating air of the ocean itself, render it a favourite resort, not only for the loungers and shopocracy of the Liffey, but for LOVERS, who come fresh from the Hymeneal altar—not to take the Lover's leap from the Bray-head, but to spend the honey-moon on safe and substantial fare in the excellent *salle à manger* of Mr. Quinn.

FLY-BOAT—GRAND CANAL.

BETWEEN six and seven o'clock, one fine Summer's morning I was cantering across the Liffey, on my way to PORTO BELLO. Even at this late hour, when the streets of London are as brisk as Champagne, those of Dublin were as flat as Spanish black-strap. Scarcely a human-being was visible or audible, except the chimney-sweeps, whose melodious voices broke the silence, while the aroma from their bodies perfumed the morning air. At Porto Bello, however, the head of the Grand Canal, the scene changed, and there was bustle enough. Passengers, of all descriptions, with their diversified luggage, were tumbling into the FLY-BOAT on the quay. This same boat is a curiously constructed ark, and a very slight inspection of it would prove its Hibernian origin. In all other boats—even canal boats—in England, the best cabin is in the stern; but here is on, not under the fore-castle. The captain's cabin is midships—and the cabin of the crew, with caboose, and all kinds of stinkables, and filth, is in the stern. The cabin of the passengers, though rather small, is far from uncomfortable, and, in fine weather, you may sit outside on a small fore-castle or platform. When passing the locks, however, which are numerous, or rather innumerable, all hands are crammed into the cabin, and the door is closed, to prevent the spray from coming in, while a regular cascade tumbles headlong down, close to the head of the boat, and splashing over the fore-castle.

The horses were put to, and away they went, at full gallop, exactly at seven o'clock. But the locks, on the first ten or fifteen miles, are very numerous, though it must be confessed that they pass them with wonderful rapidity. They will get through a double lock, even on the ascent, in five minutes—and on the

descent, towards the Shannon, in three minutes, or less. The dress of the postillions, the measured canter or gallop of the horses, the vibrations of the rope, the swell that precedes the boat, and the dexterity with which the men and horses dive under the arches of the bridges, without, for a moment, slackening their pace, all produce a very curious and picturesque scene, such as I have never seen equalled in Holland on any of its canals.

At Newbury, a station near Edenderry, I debarked, and spent two or three days at the hospitable mansion of Newbury Hall, with my excellent friend Mr. Wolstenholme and family, where I also met my amiable friend, Mrs. Evans, of Portrane.

A HERO'S CRADLE.

My kind host conducted me to an eminence near his mansion, where stands the dismantled chateau of the Wellesley's—"where fancy seeks in vain to connect the early thoughts and habits of the great men (Marquess and Duke) who issued from it to amaze the world." Little did the neighbours of DANGAN Castle imagine, that the young harum-scarum, devil-may-care, break-neck ARTHUR, would, one day, at the head of a British army, combat and repel the greatest general that this earth ever produced—prostrating his eagles in the dust—scattering his banners in the air—and driving the mighty Napoleon into that sea, where the haughty Emperor often threatened to drive the English leopard!

Dangan may now take the brevet rank of a ruin. It is beautifully situated, and commands a very extensive and variegated prospect. Several Danish Rathes are traceable on the same eminence, all presenting the air of desolation and solitude.

TARA.

The harp that once through TARA's Halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls,
As if that soul were fled.

THE "HILL OF TARA," three or four miles from Navan, celebrated as not only the site of an Irish city, many centuries before the Christian *Æra*; but the seat of learning, laws, music and philosophy, is now again marked in the annals of fame by a new *Convocation*, not very different from, though more numerous than the assemblages of princes, nobles, and priests, &c. called together by King OLLAMH FODHLA, and his successors—entitled the "TRIENNIAL CONVENTION of TARA." These conventions consisted of the Monarch, the Druids, and the people. They were convened together for the making and passing of laws and regulations. So we see there is nothing new under the Sun! King DAN, the priests, and the people assembled on the venerable Hill of Tara, to commemorate *Conventions* of the same kind held on the same spot, between two and three thousand years previously, and which were continued for many centuries! This hill must have called up strong emotions in the mind of the Liberator, and of those of his followers who have read the page of history. Some of those reflections might fairly partake of pride—but others of sorrow.

The "Hall of Tara," in the reign of Cormac Ulfada, in the third century, is described as being 900 feet square—containing 150 apartments and 150 dormitories. Its height was 27 cubits, and there was an average of one thousand daily guests, "besides princes, orators, men of science, musicians, and artists." They

consumed two oxen, two sheep, and two hogs at each meal. The Chronicles do not say how much whiskey was drunk; but they state that there were 150 drinking horns in the palace; which, no doubt, were often emptied and replenished in the course of the feast. Of this splendid palace, and the city itself, only a few tumuli or mounds remain—the largest being about 80 yards in diameter—and cannot be distinguished from a Danish rath or fort. So far the recollections may excite feeling of pride, not unmixed with melancholy reflections on the *vanity* of human hopes and wishes. But there is one mound there, which is calculated to excite anything but pride—the tumulus, or trench, under which lie the bones of many who were called *patriots* by their friends, but *rebels* by their government, in the Insurrection of '98!!

I do not think a more ugly object could present itself to the eye of an AGITATOR than the tumulus in question, with its barbarous designation—"The CROPPERS' GRAVE." It must have been as unwelcome to DAN, as was the intrusion of BANQUO on a feast, of which he could not himself partake, and which he would not permit MACBETH to enjoy! It is possible, however, that a glance at the "LIA FAIL," or "Coronation Stone" of the ancient Irish kings, standing in silent solitude on the summit of TARA HILL, and now as the headstone of the horrid trench, may have conjured up strange thoughts in the breast of the *Repealer*, not entirely dissimilar to those which flashed across the mind of Macbeth, when the Weird Sisters propounded their mysterious riddle of his future greatness!

There stands the "LIA FAIL," the mute historian of Royal ACCESSIONS,

"And points to the mementos scattered round,"

for the sequel! If the LIA FAIL had a tongue, it could recount

some tragic tales since its official coronation duties first commenced. We are told by Gibbon that, at the foot of the Byzantine Throne, the grave was always kept ready dug,—and was seldom long without its royal tenant. Ireland was not far behind her eastern contemporary, in her “brief paroxysms of sovereignty.” “Out of some thirty-two kings (says Moore) who are said to have reigned during the interval between OLLAMH FODHLA and the royal builder of EMANIA, not more than three are represented as having died a natural death, and the great majority of the remainder fell by the hands of their successors.”*

The LIA FAIL is not one of those prophetic wizards—

“Who palter with us in a double sense,”

but yet its present attitude and former office may have suggested some ideas of a new and startling nature to a less powerful personage than the great LIBERATOR. Whether the two words—“DANIEL the FIRST”—vibrated on the mental tympanum of the Regenerator, when surveying the countless army of Repealers that swarmed on the Hill of TARA, in sight of the Coronation Stone, I do not pretend to determine. He, of course, will repudiate indignantly the idea. So did Cromwell—so did Napoleon—even the Bishop, when offered the mitre, meekly but firmly replies—“Nolo Episcopari”—“I will *not* be episcopized :”—and yet a little gentle persuasion generally leads the holy man to encircle his brows with the insignia of his sacred office!—And who knows but the pure flame of patriotism glowing in the Liberator’s breast—the bright hope of freeing his bleeding country from Saxon thralldom—and the ardent prayers of seven millions of oppressed Milesians, might overcome his personal repugnance to the purple, and induce the patriot to found the glorious dynasty of DAN the DELIVERER!

* Moore’s History of Ireland, Vol. 1, p. 113.

It must be conceded that the **LIBERATOR** has not, as yet, evinced any disposition, by word or action, to—"wade through slaughter to a throne." On the contrary, he is one of the most peaceable and *legal* agitators, that ever kindled the flame of political enthusiasm through the whole extent of an inflammable and excitable people. But no man is a complete judge even of himself.

"Manners with fortunes, tempers change with climes :—

Tenets with books, and principles with times."

There is little doubt that many a worse and many a weaker man ascended the **LIA FAIL** on Tara Hill, than Daniel O'Connell ; but, be that as it may, we may here allude to a curious fact in history, connected with this celebrated locality. One of the best and wisest kings of Ireland (Cormac) that ever assumed the diadem on the **LIA FAIL**, having received an injury which precluded him from continuing on the throne, retired to solitude, and the cultivation of religion, philosophy, and literature. In his seclusion he wrote letters to his son and successor, containing various moral and political maxims, breathing wisdom, morality, and philanthropy. One only of these I shall here allude to, as not quite insignificant at the present time. "Hearken to the instructions of the wise—be *deaf to the mob*." Whether the **LIBERATOR** considers this maxim as indicative of the "wisdom of our ancestors," I cannot say ; but one thing is certain that, whether he be deaf or not to the mob, the mob are not deaf to him.

While on my passage from Dublin to the Shannon, in the fly-boat, I stopped at the house of a friend (Newbury Hall), and next morning started at six o'clock for **TARA** (15th August), in order to see with my own eyes **THE** "monster-meeting" expected to assemble at that celebrated spot—distant from the canal 21 Irish miles—18 miles from Dublin—and three or four from

Navan. Until we got to Enfield (some seven or eight miles from the hill) we overtook only a few stragglers, but all proceeding in the same direction as ourselves. At every mile, however, from Enfield to the grand scene of action, the plot thickened, and, although at the early hour of eight to nine o'clock, the last four miles of the road were actually crammed with people—almost wholly males—decently dressed—some on cars—some on horseback—but the majority on foot. They proceeded very orderly, chatting together—some smoking their pipes—and evidently in good spirits—but without any gibes or jokes! Father Mathew has destroyed nearly the whole of Irish wit and humour—bad luck to him for *that*! These most valuable of Hibernian articles are now confined to their hereditary possessors—the **BEGGARS**—whom even the Apostle of Temperance could not eject from their “**HOLDINGS**.” The moving mass consisted, I might say, exclusively of tradesmen, artizans, and peasantry, in their frieze coats. We did not overtake a single carriage of any respectable appearance. Our smart post-chaise, with two gentlemen, attracted considerable attention, not only from the pilgrims on the road to TARA, but from the cottiers along the line, who greeted us, from time to time, with hearty plaudits, and evidently set us down as **REFALERS** of the first water!—Wherever it was possible, they made way for our carriage—the pedestrians jumping over the hedges for that purpose, and the equestrians actually riding into the ditches, in order to facilitate our march! At length we approached the foot of TARA HILL, and here a scene of the most indescribable tumult, rather than confusion, presented itself! We were glad to find a retreat for our carriage, and we commenced the ascent of the sacred mount amidst thousands of other scramblers, like ourselves. As we ascended above the level of the surrounding country, a magnificent panorama opened on our view, and trains of people were seen, in all directions, not only along

the roads, but across the fields, converging to the same point. We gained the summit—pressed through a crowd of more than a thousand people into the Danish rath—and reached the LIA FAIL standing at the head of the “Croppies’ Grave.” This was about ten o’clock in the morning, and there were more than ten thousand people already congregated on Tara Hill. At the LIA FAIL, however, the spectacle which I witnessed will not easily be eradicated from my memory. The whole mound or rath was encircled by the Drogheda trades with their band of music and twenty-four banners, which waved there during the whole day. The “Croppies’ Grave” or huge trench, was covered with men on their knees—all praying for the souls of the “murdered patriots”—and many of them with tears in their eyes! As soon as any of them had finished their Ave Marias and rose from their knees, their places were instantly occupied by others, eager to perform the same sacred offices to the manes of their countrymen, whose bones were mouldering beneath! A solemn Mass was also celebrated at the LIA FAIL, as a requiem for the repose of souls that had flitted to other regions nearly half a century ago.* This was not all. The summit of Tara produces grass of a red colour and spear shape. This was carefully picked

* The “Holy Sacrifice of the Mass” was offered by the Rev. Francis Flinn—on the spot where the Patron Saint of Ireland first preached the Gospel of Salvation before the assembled princes of the land; and where the idols of paganism crumbled before the blaze of truth that burst from the uplifted cross!—Several Masses were afterwards celebrated by different priests, and, at one of these solemnities, Father Coghlan, after inculcating temperance as a moral assistance to their spiritual advisers, and political leader, called on the multitude to kneel and offer up a prayer to the Mercy Seat for the prolongation of the life of him who was leading them to a bloodless and stainless victory. The countless mass joined in this prayer, and, with uplifted hands, implored a blessing on their leader, and freedom for their country!

up, after the prayers and genuflexions, and preserved in their bosoms. On inquiry, I learnt the universal belief that such grass was never seen on the sacred mount, till after the *murder* of the patriots—and that it was their blood which caused the grass to grow red, and also to take on the figure of the pike!—Now these circumstances may give some idea of the sentiments and feelings that pervade the masses of the peasantry, tradesmen, and artizans of Ireland.

On getting out of the density around the LIA FAIL, our ears were greeted with songs corresponding with the scenes we had just witnessed. I subjoin a verse or two of one of them sung by a Stentorian, to a tune so lugubrious and dismal that it resembled the funeral dirge of Keeners.

“ Good people now draw near,
 And the truth you soon shall hear,
 How your fathers and their brothers they were tortur'd;
 Look on the Croppie's Grave
 For that will not deceive—
 It was made on the sacred Hill of TARA!
 It is forty yards in length,
 And deep they did it sink,
 And filled it with the bodies of our heroes!
 When our precious blood did run
 The Tories thought it fun,
 And then our foes cried “ murder all the Papists!”

The enunciation of these and similarly inflammatory sentiments were sure to call forth the sympathy of the multitude, in the shape of cheers or groans, as the case might be. Thus, whenever the name of—

————— “ Castlereagh
 Who stole his country's rights away,”

was mentioned, the groans and hisses were startling; but when DAN the DELIVERER formed the burthen of the song, the most rapturous plaudits made the welkin ring.

" Some thousands they did kill,
 And their precious blood did spill,
 And hang'd them without either judge or jury :—
 Till God hath lent us DAN,
 Who subdued the bigot clan,
 He's a foe to the Tories of all Europe !"

On making my way out of this detached station of Repealers, I went in search of the platform, which, to my surprise, was placed nearly a quarter of a mile from the Croppies' Grave and the Coronation Stone. These hustings (for there were several) were erected near the northern base of the hill, and actually out of sight of the Lia Fail. I thought, at first, that the Croppies' Grave was purposely shunned by the LIBERATOR; but, on reflection, I ascertained that the situation chosen was the best, as the orators could see and address a huge multitude rising tier over tier to the summit of that part of Tara.

Numerous booths were now being erected on the crest of the hill, and soda-water carts were taking their stands in all directions. Selecting one of these, pitched on an eminence, and commanding a complete view of the platforms and the various roads that approached or passed near the scene of action, I bribed the proprietor for a good seat during the day, and here erected my OBSERVATORY for watching the motions of the terrestrial, rather than of the celestial bodies.

TARA commands a magnificent panoramic view, almost equal to that which is enjoyed from the rock of Cashel. But interesting as was this scene, my attention was irresistibly drawn to one of a very different character from that of still Nature—namely, the endless streams of human beings converging from every point of the compass to the spot on which I stood! The highways and bye-ways, ancient and modern, that concentrate on TARA, are remarkably numerous; but the beaten paths were in-

sufficient for the moving columns who approached—especially the pedestrians—without regard to roads.

“ From winding glen, and upland brown,
They poured their hardy tenants down.”

But the “ gatherings ” of the Clan Alpines, collected by the fiery symbol of Roderick Dhu’s henchman, presented a poor epitome of the “ monster-meeting ” that was now forming on the Hill of TARA, attracted thither by the magic influence of one man, whose master-mind diffused itself through the hearts of countless thousands, rendering the whole multitude as manageable as a single machine !

“ Mens agitat molem, et magno se corpore miscet.”

Between eleven and twelve o’clock, the sounds of music burst on our ears, and temperance bands, mostly mounted on caravans or carriages, were seen, winding slowly along all the principal roads, decorated with flags, banners, and devices, and accompanied by huzzaing multitudes. As there were now some fifty or sixty thousand people on the hill, the approach of each band was greeted by shouts of the most deafening and thrilling character, and, as they wound their way along the declivities of TARA, to take their stations, the wavings of hats, handkerchiefs, and flags, accompanied by cheers and welcomes from countless throats, was perfectly electrifying ! Nay, it was contagious : for, in spite of the serious reflections and meditations that were constantly intruding themselves on my mind, I often found myself involuntarily imitating the example of all around me, and raising my voice in the general chorus !

As the mass accumulated, and as the expected period of the ADVENT approached, the distant sound of each band was hailed as that which was to herald the LIBERATOR to the Hill of Tara. At such moments, there was seen a mighty wave, or gigantic

ground-swell of the multitude rolling towards the point from whence the music came: but when the mistake was ascertained, (and it occurred twenty times at least) then the mighty surge recoiled slowly to its original position.* Once or twice I ventured to descend from my eyrie, and, penetrating to the centre of the mass, found myself carried irresistibly to and fro on the tide of this "MONSTER-MOUMENT." In some places the press was so tremendous, that I expected my ribs would be crushed in, and my breath entirely driven out of my body, before the retreat of the wave gave a respite for respiration!

There was a total want of caution, an entire absence of arrangement at this mighty congregation, and had it not been for the instinctive quietude, and the universal sobriety of man and beast, many dreadful accidents must have occurred. Waggon, carts, carriages, and vans, some with horses, some without; but all more or less crowded with people, were scattered about in all directions, while numerous horses and their riders pervaded this huge aggregation—some of them within a few yards of the hustings! The horses themselves had evidently taken the pledge, for they were more sober, if that were possible, than their masters, patiently permitting men, women, and children to jostle them about—run under their bellies—and even climb over their backs, with the most Christian forbearance, passive obedience, and non-resistance! It was curious to observe, during the ebbings and flowings of this human tide, the waggons, caravans, and carriages standing out, like rocks in an agitated ocean, resisting, repelling, or arresting the stream of living beings that rushed against or past them.

After numerous false alarms and baulked expectations, a very

* I counted 35 bands of music, as they arrived on the hill; but there were some which I could not see while mixing with the multitude.

prolonged huzza was heard in the direction of the Dublin road, that seemed to portend the real advent. The cheering became louder and louder; but the mass was now too densely wedged, to admit of more than an oscillatory or vibratory motion, communicating a strange sensation, probably resembling that which is said to be produced by the slight shock of an earthquake.

It was nearly half an hour, however, before the "*cortege*" made its appearance at the summit of the hill, and exactly at half-past one o'clock. It had passed under a kind of triumphal arch, bearing the following inscription, both in Irish and English—"TARA of the KINGS hails the LIBERATOR, with a hundred thousand welcomes." O'Connell, as usual, was seated on the front dickey of his carriage, with cap and gold band, and accompanied by his son and the Pacificator. The mass, except at the circumference, was now incapable of moving, but their lungs and tongues made up for the immobility of their limbs. The roar that ascended from 300,000 throats, united with the music of forty bands, was perfectly astounding—it was actually painful to the ear, like the deafening sounds of Niagara, when we are behind and beneath the overwhelming cataract!!

The Liberator stumbled in his ascent to the platform; but it was hardly necessary to say to him—

"Cave ne titubes mandataque frangas."

For he is not the man to forget his lesson! It was long before the tumultuous cheering subsided; but when it had sunk to an audible point, the LIBERATOR commenced.

He acknowledged, as well he might, the awful responsibility under which he laboured in this majestic movement. He averred, however, that the multitudinous population had but one expression—one wish—the extinction of the Union, and the restoration of their nationality! After allusion to the historical

associations connected with "TARA of the KINGS," the LIBERATOR exclaimed—"I here protest, in the face of my country, in the face of my Creator—in the face of Ireland and our God—against the continuance of the unjust Union." He maintained that the Union was void, because there was no authority vested in any person to pass the Act. The people of Ireland alone could consent to such a compact; but they were never consulted. He alluded to the celebrated expression of the Lord Chancellor respecting the Irish aliens in blood, religion, and language, and thanked him for the honesty of the declaration.

But the incompetency of the Irish legislature to sell the rights and independence of Ireland, with the consequent illegality of the Act of Union itself, formed what might be termed the "GREAT GUN" of Mr. O'Connell on TEMORA of the KINGS; and it must be acknowledged that no crack artilleryman on Woolwich Common ever worked his field-piece with greater dexterity, or pointed it with more precision, than did the Liberator his twenty-four pounder on this occasion!—"The Union was carried into operation by measures the most iniquitous, atrocious, and illegal. The Habeas Corpus Act was suspended—torture, flogging, pitch-caps, and imprisonment were the congenial agencies whereby England endeavoured to carry her infamous designs, and executions upon the gallows, for no other crime than that of being *suspected—to be suspicious*, were of daily occurrence in every part of the kingdom." The shades of Pitt and Castlereagh did not escape the fire of this modern BRIAREUS. Castlereagh, indeed, was a tangible mark; but Pitt, who was so thin that Tierney said he might as well fire at the edge of a knife, could not elude the double-headed shot of the Irish giant.

The diminution of commerce and manufactures—the increase of pauperism—the plunderings of absentees, &c. were eloquently delineated, while grape, cannister, and shot were hurled against

the grievances of Ireland—the tithes, the landlords, and the poor-laws of his devoted country !

The least happy and successful of the LIBERATOR's hits was against ESPARTERO—the only honest man in Spain—whom he reviled and abused because he had appropriated some of the revenues of useless monasteries to the exigencies of the State. Long ere this, Mr. O'Connell has seen the danger of venturing on Spanish prophecies. The eloquent oration was concluded thus :—

“ I delight at having this day presided over such an assemblage on Tara Hill (cheers). Those shouts that burst from you were enough to recall to life the Kings and Chiefs of Ireland. I almost fancy that the spirit of the mighty dead are hovering over us—that the ancient Kings and Chiefs of Ireland are from yonder clouds listening to us. Oh, what a joyous and cheering sound is conveyed in the chirrup for Old Ireland ! It is the most beautiful—the most fertile—the most abundant—the most productive country on the face of the earth. It is a lovely land, indented with noble harbours—intersected with transcendant translucent streams—divided by mighty estuaries. Its harbours are open at every hour for every tide, and are sheltered from every storm that can blow from any quarter of Heaven. Oh, yes, it is a lovely land, and where is the coward that would not dare to die for it ! Yes, our country exhibits the extreme of civilization, and your majestic movement is already the admiration of the civilized world. No other country could produce such an amount of physical force, coupled with so much decorum and propriety of conduct. Many thousands of persons assembled together, and, though they have force sufficient to carry any battle that ever was fought, they separate with the tranquillity of schoolboys breaking up in the afternoon (hear, hear). I wish you could read my heart, to see how deeply the love of Ireland is engraven upon it, and let the

people of Ireland, who stood by me so long, stand by me a little longer, and Ireland shall be a nation again (cheers)."

When the Liberator first came in view I quitted my eyrie, and, with incredible difficulty and exertion, penetrated to within ten paces of the platform. This, however, I never could have effected, had it not been for the civility and assistance of the peasantry, who, seeing a stranger pressing forward, rendered me every facility in their power. More than once or twice I was actually lifted up by the brawny arms of a frieze-coat, and passed over his own and his neighbours' head! No people on the face of this earth would have done these things, except the kind-hearted peasantry of Ireland!

When the last great gun was fired off by the JUPITER TONANS of the day, I prepared for another struggle at extrication from the dense central mass by which I was hemmed-in on every side. I was dreadfully exhausted by the circumambient pressure and the contaminated air—and deeply did I repent the experiment which curiosity had impelled me to make on my physical powers. In my retreat I equally experienced the kindness of the hardy peasants as in my advance, and several times, when on the point of fainting, I was assisted by their vigorous arms.

At length I reached my favourite soda-water cart, where my seat had been carefully preserved, and stretching myself on the straw where the bottles had been packed, I fell fast asleep! Half an hour's balmy repose amid the cheerings and huzzas of countless multitudes, infused vigour into my limbs, and I then descended, in order to make my observations among the less dense masses of this stupendous congregation.

I found that not a fiftieth part of the assemblage was within hearing, or even sight of the hustings. Numerous booths and tents had consequently been erected in various directions along the crest of the hill, and also along its eastern declivity, where

dancing, soda-water, ginger-beer, fruit, and different kinds of refreshments, were relished by many thousands, instead of oratory on the hustings. But there was not a single instance of drunkenness within the whole range of my perambulations, nor did I hear an angry word spoken during the whole day. Indeed, there was scarcely any whiskey drunk in the booths. Ginger-beer and soda-water bottles kept up a continual discharge, like musketry, in every direction. Meantime, the ballad-singers were most industrious in their vocations, and attracted the attention, as well as called forth the plaudits, of thousands and tens of thousands. I am tempted to insert another specimen :—

GRANUAILE.

1.

Come all you sons of GRANUAILE
And join with DAN to gain Repeal,
He is the man that will not fail,
If we act true and legal.

2.

Keep peace all round Old Erin's shore,
By *that* REPEAL will soon come o'er,
And trade will flourish as before,
All round our sainted Island.

3.

It's forty years, and something more,
Since Parliament did leave our shore—
By *that* our tradesmen suffer'd sore,
Through ev'ry town in Erin !

4.

But now we'll muster without fail—
Cheer up, my boys, we'll have REPEAL,
We'll gain for poor Old GRANUAILE
Her native legislation !

5.

You all have heard of Castlereagh,
And Billy Pitt, that's in the clay,
These were the two that stole away
The Parliament from ERIN!

6.

A people's curse, I'd give my oath,
Caus'd one of them to cut his throat,
(I fear Old USKÉ! * has them both)
Confined within his regions!

7.

Let Ireland's sons and daughters fair,
Petition now, and persevere—
In town and country, I declare,
By legal agitation!

8.

And then the TORIES we'll defy—
REPEAL we want—we can't deny—
For nothing else will satisfy
The People of this Nation.

None but those who have witnessed such scenes, can conceive the enthusiasm kindled up even by these rude effusions of the popular muse. This enthusiasm is not a sudden flash, elicited by a temporary excitant, and then as suddenly annihilated. It is the explosion of a deep-seated internal fire, that glows constantly in the Irish breast, and is, with difficulty, suppressed at any time.

But, having described the kind of ammunition with which the Great Gun of the *Political* Chief was loaded—ILLEGALITY OF THE UNION—it is proper to state the nature of that which the Leader of the HIERARCHY discharged from his heavy piece of

* The man in black with a cloven foot.

holy ordnance after dinner. On the health of the Bishops and Clergy being drunk with enthusiasm—

The LORD BISHOP OF MEATH observed as follows:—"It was scarcely necessary for him to say what were the feelings and what the determination of the Irish bishops with respect to the Repeal movement. Their motto, and that of the clergy now was, 'no compromise' [immense cheering.] If some felt that the other onerous and laborious duties of their responsible office of clergymen, did not afford them leisure to take an active part in the splendid national movement which had already become as extensive as the soil, and in which the happiness of their country was involved; they were of course entitled to their own opinion on matters of which concerned themselves, but he (the Bishop of Meath) felt justified in saying thus much for their consolation—that *the more time he devoted to the Repeal agitation, the less labours had he in his professional station* (hear, hear, and cheers). Yes, his own personal experience warranted him in thus asserting, and never was he in a more competent position for making the declaration than at the present moment. *The bustle of worldly matters, and the busy excitement of political affairs, appeared to him strange and unusual just at that moment, for he had but recently come out from a spiritual retreat, in which he in common with 117 of his clergy had been engaged for the last ten or twelve days. They all knew in what consisted the sacred duties of that annual obligation. The institution of that retreat was holy and sanctified in its design, for the intention of the church was this—that the priesthood, after having for the past year administered to the spiritual, and as far as in them lay, to the physical necessities also of their respective flocks; should, at a stated period, withdraw from the world to commune inwardly with themselves. They were not permitted while in this retreat to receive letters, nor newspapers, nor any other communications whatsoever from the world without. They did not even communicate one with the other, and held no converse save with that mighty Being whose servants they were, and whom to adore was their highest privilege. During that retirement the duty devolved upon them in more special degree than at any other period of scrupulously examining their own hearts and consciences as to the faithful discharge of those duties which they owed to God, to man, and to themselves;*

and he could safely declare, no less upon his own behalf, than on behalf of all the clergymen without exception, who here engaged with him in that retreat, that not one single sentiment was uttered of remorse or sorrow at the part which they had taken in the agitation of the Repeal movement (loud cheers). On the contrary, they, one and all, came out from their retirement, impressed, if possible, with a stronger sense than ever of their obligation to co-operate heart and soul with the Liberator in his peaceful and constitutional efforts to improve the condition of the long-suffering but faithful people who were confided to their charge* (hear). They considered that it was a duty incumbent upon them to take an active part in the agitation; for they felt that, in contributing to carry Repeal, they were helping to clothe the naked, to feed the hungry, and to promote the comforts of all classes in the Irish community, but more especially of the popular classes (hear, hear). To contribute to the furtherance of such objects they regarded as a sacred duty, and they saw no reason why they should feel regret or shame for the part which they had taken. It occurred to him that the Repealers were indebted in no small degree to England herself for the prosperous position which their cause had now attained (hear, hear). As far as his observation went, England appeared to him to be labouring under that madness which was the precursor of destruction, and her every action betokened a wild infatuation which would appear to betoken a desire to rush upon her own ruin. They admitted that we were an ill-used, misgoverned people, and yet to what expedient had the wisdom of their collective senate recourse, in order to ensure us redress of our grievances? They had come to the sublime determination of doing nothing for the future, and during the past session they had granted us no legislative measure that was not constructed with a view to meet their own base purposes: and that was not hateful in the last degree to nine-tenths of the Irish people (cheers). When we went upon our knees to them with supplications that they would grant

* What is this *SANCTUM SANCTORUM* of the Irish Hierarchy, where—

“ Remote from man, with Heaven they spend some days,

Prayer all their business—all their pleasure praise ? ”

On coming out from this holy retreat, where no communication took place between them, it is somewhat wonderful that they should all have been so unanimous respecting REPEAL, if their meditations and reflections had been so entirely celestial !

us some relief in our bitter distress, they insolently mocked us with an *arms bill*, and when we complained of what we suffered by the operation of an unwise and dishonest poor law bill, they 'amended' the act, and gave us a bill tenfold more oppressive and obnoxious than the former. They first took care to dismiss from office the magistrates in whom the people had confidence, and no sooner had they accomplished this reputable feat, than they proceed to pass a law enacting that one-half of the poor-law guardians shall, for the future, be chosen from the magistracy, that thus vests the entire management of the poor in the hands of a body which they have taken the precaution of filling with none others but Tories of the most inveterate dye. Such was the redress—such the commiseration which we received at the hands of an alien parliament; but it was folly—it was insanity to hope for justice at their hands, and every true Irishman, devoting his energies to the re-achievement of our legislative independence ought for the future to take 'no compromise' for their motto" (loud cheers).

The foregoing PRONUNCIAMENTOS must render it evident that the LIBERATOR himself is not one inch a-head of the Catholic clergy in the cause of REPEAL! And it appears very clear, to me at least, that the Hierarchy are not so much impelled by, as they are impelling forward, the people. There is little doubt that both classes are in advance of O'Connell's judgment and wishes—though such advance must not appear in the words or even the actions of the Agitator—otherwise "Othello's occupation" would soon be gone.

But the fact is, that there are three great motor powers at work in the Repeal-cause, viz :—1. O'Connell himself—2. The Clergy—and 3. The People. The *first* may be influenced by politics; or, if you will, AMBITION—the *second*, by religion, or, if you will, BIGOTRY—the *third*, by POVERTY; or, if you please, the hope of bettering their condition. Now these three prodigious impelling engines, all acting in the same direction, were feebly counteracted, at first, by a mild—perhaps a hesitating government, and a rash, perhaps overbearing minority, eager to rush

into civil war, regardless, as well as ignorant of the terrific consequences !

Sapient, or rather self-sapient politicians will confidently prophesy how all this is to end—and some of them may *chance* to prove right ; but there is a dense veil of “ shadows, clouds, and darkness,” hanging over the moral, social, and political horizon of Ireland, which the Christian philosopher, and philanthropist might well tremble and hesitate to withdraw !—I fear this agitation will not end in smoke—unless it be the smoke of gunpowder, conflagrating habitations, or the incense of human sacrifice !

The Druid’s altar has, indeed, lost its murderous function ; but the evil passions of human nature still roll in cycles, and IMMOLATIONS have only changed their sites, their victims, and their ostensible causes !*

Various estimates have been formed of the numbers assembled on TARA HILL—differing from a million and a half, to one hundred and fifty thousand—thus running into the most extravagant extremes of exaggeration on one side and diminution on the other. The truth lies, no doubt, between these two extremes ; but at what point is it placed ? Not in the middle ; for, although

* Not long after the above had been penned, the AGITATOR found himself somewhat in the predicament of PHAETON, when the celestial coursers were just breaking off into a gallop through the skies, and the reins were insufficient to restrain their fiery impetuosity. In vain did Apollo cry out repeatedly to his hopeful and daring son,

“ Parce puer stimulis, et fortius utere loris !”

So it was with DAN. His unruly steeds (the priests and the people) were on the point of running wild over the earth, when, fortunately and opportunely, JUPITER OLYMPIUS—OR JUPITER DE GREY, discharged at him one of his thunderbolts, from the airy citadel, and hurled the affrighted and ambitious charioteer smack into the ERIDANUS, which is the Latin for DERRYNANE ! What became of the two impetuous steeds—POPULUS and SACERDOS—is not exactly known.

two and two make four in vulgar, they are very far from doing so in *political*, arithmetic. Those two figures will make 40, or 400, or 0, according as they are worked by Whig, Tory, or Radical.

The various degrees of density in the Tara assemblage, and the numerous detachments scattered over a large and very uneven space, offer almost insuperable obstacles to an accurate calculation of the number present. A military acquaintance whom I met, and who had measured the ground, estimated the multitude at three hundred thousand. My own impression was that this number would not be far from the truth—and let me say that even this low estimate presents a huge aggregate of human beings, drawn together by intense political feeling, and not by curiosity or pleasure.

As soon as the *DII MINORES* had discharged *their* "THUNDERS," the multitude began to recede from the hill, and, as usual, the ebb was much more rapid than the flood tide. There was now, undoubtedly *confusion*—though I would not call it *disorder*. The innumerable carts, cars, carriages, and vans congregated round the base of the hill, and choking up all the roads, appeared to render an extrication hopeless; but good humour and activity did wonders. The horses, as well as their drivers, seemed not only to have taken Father Mathew's pledge, but to have sworn allegiance to O'Connell's precept—"PEACEFUL AGITATION." Although several miles of our homeward course lay along the great Dublin road, not a quarrel—or even angry expression, did I perceive during the whole of the retreat!!

It was ten o'clock at night before I reached the hospitable mansion of Newbury Hall, where a hearty dinner, or rather supper, proved a welcome—indeed necessary restorative, after a day of the most intense excitement and physical exertion I had ever experienced during a long and a very chequered life on the great theatre of human action. I expected that a night of profound

repose and oblivious slumber would have followed this exhaustion of mind and body ; but I was greatly disappointed. Distinct as were the images impinged on the intellectual mirror during the day, the chaotic impressions of my dreams were still more vivid that night. Whether dreams be the disjointed and fragmentary iterations of former impressions, or the shadowy forebodings of coming events, I will not pretend to decide, for both theories have their supporters. Walter Scott was evidently inclined to the *latter* hypothesis, when he described the dream of a far less powerful chieftain than the great LIBERATOR.

“ In troubled dreams the image rose
Of varied perils, pains, and woes—
His steed now flounders in the brake—
Now sinks his barge upon the lake :—
Now leader of a broken host—
His banners fall—his honour's lost !”

Be this as it may, my head had not been long on my pillow, when imagination transported me back to TEMORA ; where the shouts of myriads again assailed my ears. On looking for the LIA FAIL, I found it had shot up into a high and giddy mast, from which there waved gaily in the air a broad green ensign, portraying the Harp in its centre, and underneath that national symbol, the single word “ INDEPENDENCE.” Acclamations of joy rent the skies. The multitude seemed intoxicated with their newly-acquired power, and exhibited that intoxication by the most extravagant gestures and congratulations. On looking to the South, the country appeared to be almost covered with peasantry advancing to TARA ; but to the South-east, and afar off, I saw columns of soldiers with the tri-coloured flag—while, on the western horizon, I discovered transatlantic banners, with stripes and stars, floating in the setting sun-beams. Northward, the ensign and cross of St. George waved over many a battalion, approaching

rapidly with glittering helmets and nodding plumes! Meanwhile, the popular phrenzy and enthusiasm continued on TAMA, and the LIBERATOR, with thoughtful countenance, and surrounded by a large staff of clergy and laity, seemed bewildered and irresolute.

Suddenly, as if by the magician's wand, the scene was totally metamorphosed. The atmosphere was alternately darkened with sulphureous smoke, and illumined by flashes of light from a hundred pieces of artillery. The roar of the cannon was often drowned in the huzzas of the myriads assembled on the hill. All was confusion. Hundreds of human beings were mowed down by grape and cannister—whole battalions came into conflict with pike and bayonet—the groans of the dying commingled with the shouts of the assailed and assailants—crosses and croziers were hoisted in the air—and the air itself seemed tenanted by strange spectres of kings, princes and warriors—of heathen, gothic, and barbarian dæmons and deities,—of blood-stained Druids and Christian martyrs—all commingled in fierce contention, like the more substantial combatants beneath them! Wild shrieks, wailings, and lamentations came floating on the gale, in the intervals of the artillery's thunder and the clash of arms.

In the midst of this terrific scene of human carnage and elemental war, I was hurried away in my dream by some invisible power, and carried through various scenes in foreign climes, which I had visited in the course of my wanderings. I seemed at liberty to roam in all directions except the one I desired—towards my natal soil. Centuries appeared to roll away in this strange state of free captivity; but at length the period of my erratic bondage came to an end, and I flew back to the spot from whence I had been torn.

All was silent as the grave! In the place where the LIA FAIL once stood, a tall funereal cypress—emblem, at once, of death and immortality—reared its sable pyramidal form. No mounds or

raths, the sepulchres of kings, appeared on TARA; but the summit of the hill was covered with lowly graves on which the grass had long grown. Over these graves, innumerable small black wooden crosses were planted—and on several of these I could, though with difficulty, decypher the names of some who had figured on Tara Hill, *15th August, 1843!*

It was late in the morning when I was roused from my turbulent slumbers by the breakfast bell in the hospitable mansion of NEWBURY HALL, when I—

“ found the theme
But the substance of a dream.”

BOG OF ALLEN.

RE-EMBARKING in the Fly-boat we were soon galloping along through the famous Bog of Allen, the largest of the kind in Ireland. We had several very pleasant and intelligent passengers this day. A sleek and slender young priest—a fat and portly parson—two physicians—a brace of barristers, and three or four gentlemen whose avocations did not reveal themselves. The Bog of Allen extends from Edenderry, twenty miles from Dublin, to the Shannon, and even beyond that noble river. It was of much greater extent formerly than now—cultivation having made, and is still making, vast encroachments on the dreary domination of turf. From nearly three million of acres, it is now reduced to about three hundred thousand. It is a great flat table-land, on the summit, 270 feet above the level of the sea, giving some idea of the number of locks necessary to gain the level, and go down afterwards to the Shannon. But this elevation proves the facility of draining the mighty morass; and there is little doubt that fields of corn, hay, and potatoes will, ere half a century, wave over the greater portion of the Bog of Allen. Even now you seldom pass five miles, without seeing farms of excellent land

snatched from the black plain, by sheer industry. There are two Oases, also, in the line of the canal, which, like Portuguese towns, look well at a distance ; but disappoint us exceedingly when we enter them. These are Phillipstown and Tullamore. Here the boat stops for a few minutes, and the passengers have time to stretch their legs, and spy the nakedness, or rather the filth of the land.

Great Bog of Allen, swallow down
That odious heap called Phillipstown ;
And if thy maw can swallow more,
Pray take, and welcome, Tullamore.

The conversation having turned on the monster-meeting of Tara, the company were a little surprized, to find that I had spent the preceding day on the Hill of Kings, and were very eager to know the result. The priest pricked up his ears, and listened attentively to my account of the meeting ; but the parson drew himself up outside of the cabin-door, and looked as black as a thunder-cloud !

Having reached the highest level of the great table-land, we traversed a space of fifteen miles without a lock ; and here a curious phenomenon, illustrating the incompressibility of water, arrested our attention. About every twenty or thirty minutes, the horses are obliged to stop for five or six minutes, to take breath, the cause of which was this :—The velocity of the boat impelled the water in the canal with such force that it gradually rose so as to approach the summits of the banks, when it began to recoil, so as actually to form a back-water or stream, when the horses were unable to make head, and therefore stopped till the equilibrium of the canal was restored.

The Grand Canal not only drains the water from the adjacent bog, but drains away the bog itself. In all directions, we see the black reeks (stacks) of peat standing up as high as ordinary.

houses; and we meet them and pass them, also, floating along the canal in huge barges, to warm and light the hearths of the people for twenty or thirty miles round.

TROGLODYTÆ HIBERNICÆ.

The Ancient Troglodytes domiciliated in caves and caverns—had peculiar laws and regulations (some of them not very praiseworthy)—and even sported a king! But the Irish Troglodytes take rank only with moles, badgers, rats, rabbits, and other burrowers in Mother Earth! They merely dig a hole in the ground—generally the bog—and covering it with sods and brush-wood, leave an aperture at one end for their own entrance, and a smaller one at the other, for the exit of the smoke. These wretched habitations are to be seen in all the southern and western portions of Ireland—especially in the bogs. Strange to say, the inhabitants of the *latter* localities are proverbially healthy—the antiseptic qualities of the peat preventing fevers and various complaints so prevalent in the squalid huts of poverty in other kinds of soil.

A grade above the Troglodyte cave in the bog, is the mud or stone cabin above ground. Having observed that a considerable number of these had no chimney, the smoke making its way out of the common entrance, I was curious to learn what sort of eyes these poor wretches had, that seemed to defy the pungency of the peat-smoke. On entering one of these huts, I was surprised to find the family squatted round their fire, eating their potatoes and salt in a clear atmosphere! The explanation was easy. The rarefied smoke from the fire ascended, and impinging against the roof, crept along that surface till it reached the upper part of the door, whence it escaped, while an under-current of pure air crept into the hovel through the lower portion of the

same aperture—thus restoring the equilibrium, and keeping a canopy of warm smoke above the heads of the inhabitants.

The chief inconvenience attending the no-chimney system is, that while the fire is kept burning, the door must be left open. On the other hand, the entrance of rain through a chimney on the fire-place is effectually prevented.

THE BLACK MAN OF THE BOGS.

Some of my readers are aware of the black skeleton at Scarborough. He was found in a tumulus there, entombed in the trunk of a huge oak tree, with implements and arms, proving that he was one of the Ancient Britons, and consequently had lain in his sarcophagus for two thousand years at least. He measures upwards of six feet—may have been about 50 years of age—and with a complete set of teeth in his mouth. His coffin having been an oak tree, and the ground of the tumulus being impregnated with iron, a kind of ink was formed which left the bones as black as ebony, when the skin and flesh had dissolved and disappeared. Here, then, iron and oak could not preserve the flesh of the Ancient Briton; but had he been buried in an Irish bog, the anti-putrescent properties of the grave would probably have preserved both his skin and clothes (if he wore any) from corruption.

Some years ago an old Milesian was found in a bog, so well preserved that his vestments, and even the seams in his coat, were distinct. It was found that these were sewed, not with thread, but with a kind of cat-gut, composed of the entrails—perhaps the nerves of animals. The antiquarians have determined that the Milesian must have lain in the bog at least five hundred years, since the kind of dress which he wore was prohibited by royal proclamation, in the 13th century! Here, then,

we see a first-rate specimen of the *conservative* character of the Irish bog. The remains of the Milesian may be seen in one of the Museums (I have forgotten which) of Dublin, and part of the clothes is still in a state of comparative preservation.

The antiseptic qualities of the Irish bogs have long been known. The huge trees found in these places from twelve to twenty feet beneath the surface, and well preserved, are unquestionable proofs; but many others are corroborative. A woman was missed many years ago, and no tidings were heard of her for 30 years, when her body was found in a bog, with her features so little altered, that she was recognised by her friends, without any difficulty! It is remarkable that fevers are hardly ever observed among those who reside in the very midst of the bogs of Ireland.

The skeletons of animals—especially those of the Irish deer or elk—are objects of great curiosity. One of them, in Dublin, is as large as a good-sized elephant—and his horns measure some twelve feet! How these animals could have made their way through the dense forests of the island, is astonishing.

The numerous gold chains and personal ornaments dug out of the ground, prove that, even in those remote periods, the Lord-mayors were as fond of gew-gaws as they are now. It is not a little curious too, that the generality of the arms found in Ireland bear a considerable resemblance to the pikes and daggers of the present day. Thus it would appear that pikes and potatoes are as natural and congenial to the Irish character and constitution, as whiskey once was, and bogs still are, to the physical geography of the country. The pike, indeed, is a weapon extremely easy of construction, and whose use, or rather abuse, is very easily learnt. It is readily concealed—is little injured by burial—and is the more deadly and dangerous in proportion to its rust.

But, fortunately, a new era, seems approaching, when pikes, muskets, and daggers will lose their occupation, and give way to *moral* force, more worthy of the human intellect and of man's high destiny, than the brutal recourse which is now had to blood-stained arms and physical violence! Should such a problem be worked out with success in Ireland, it will be superior even to the miracle (for the term revolution is inadequate) effected by Father Mathew;—and inferior only to those recorded in Holy Writ.

Among the numerous patches of cultivation scattered throughout this huge track of bog, we passed a little Scotch colony on the right, shewing what industry and economy may effect even in these solitudes and wilds. Everything was as neat and comfortable as in a large farmhouse and offices in the midst of England! It will be long, I fear, before the Milesian imitates the steady and “*improbis labor*” of the hardy and canny Scot! The sad and hopeless lot of the Irish peasant seems to sap the springs of ambition and leave him as listless and resigned to rage and hunger as a Mahomedan fatalist!

But the run is over—the fly-boat has folded her wings—peat has given way to pasture and potatoes—and we are ushered into a large hotel at Shannon Harbour, where we see nothing of the Shannon, unless it be the dark-water of the river conducted through a canal.

SHANNON.

THIS is considered by Inglis as by far the noblest river in the British European dominions. I have a great respect for Mr. Inglis; but a greater for truth. The Shannon, as a *river*, is about one of the ugliest and most useless streams I have met with in any country. It is, in fact, a series of loughs or lakes,

ending in a great marine arm, or estuary of the sea, connected by innavigable rapids, black bog-drains, or navigable canals. Thus we have Lough Allen—Lough Bodarrig—Lough Roffin—Lough Forbes—Lough Ree—Lough Derg—and, finally, the grand estuary, from Limerick to the ocean. Between all these, there are either rapids or canals—and to call Lough Derg, for instance, the Shannon, is the same as to call the Lake of Geneva the Rhone—the Bristol Channel the Severn—Lough Neagh the Bann—Belfast Lough the Laggan—or the Firth of Forth the little river that winds past Stirling. But, although the Shannon presents numerous and provoking obstacles to the navigator and merchant, it offers innumerable traits of variegated beauty in its lakes, its rapids, and its surrounding mountains.

We embarked at Shannon harbour, in a nondescript steamer rejoicing in the name of the *GAZELLE*; but possessing none of the bright eyes of that animal—unless her dead-lights claimed that distinction. One paddle, and that in the centre of her stern, propelled the boat, at a very slow rate, along a dull canal, and through flat meadows; but, to make up for the deficiency of paddles, she sported a couple of rudders worked by one rope. The steamer, in fact, is composed of two boats, joined side by side, the quarter-deck being a platform in the place of a forecastle, which was hoisted up perpendicularly, in front of the best cabin, while passing through the locks. In this unsightly and clumsy ark we floated slowly along, and at length entered Lough Derg, opposite Portumna; and, after a good deal of delay, were bundled, bag and baggage, into another and larger steamer, destined to transport us to the opposite extremity of the lake at KILLALOE. Here the Shannon, having changed its name, as well as its nature, expands into one of the finest lakes of Ireland—some twenty miles in length, and varying from one to four or five miles in breadth. Description being quite out of my line, I shall only

say, that **LOUGH DERE** presents much finer scenery than any part of the Rhine between Cologne and Schaffhouse. This is enough and not too much to say. Towards the western extremity, the lake contracts in breadth, and increases in beauty, till it suddenly terminates in a rapid at **KILLALOE**, where a bridge crosses the stream. The town, containing only about a thousand inhabitants, is "old, poor, small, irregular, and neglected." Nevertheless, it sports two cathedrals—one Protestant, one Catholic. It was destroyed and resuscitated many times during the last seven hundred years, and its greatest honour is that of being once the residence of the King of Munster—afterwards, of all Ireland—**BRIEN BORU**—and his **PIPER**! Here we were once more turned out of the steamer, and tumbled into a small track-boat, in which we descended through several locks so narrow that a gentleman got his skull completely smashed, a few days before, while looking out of one of the windows! Towards the evening, we reached the far-famed—

"CITY OF THE VIOLATED TREATY."

There are few cities in Ireland, whose history is so interwoven with stirring events—many of them bloody enough—as Limerick. Its heroic defence against a Protestant besieging army is fairly equal to that of Londonderry against a Catholic foe. Both cities have earned well the highest reputation for courage and endurance which history can place on record. Limerick suffered severely under the galling yoke of the Danish Sea-Kings, one of whom, **TURGESIUS**—ground the native Irish to the dust, and subjugated the King of Meath to be his vassal. If history speak truth, this tyrant Dane caught in Malachy, King of Meath, a Tartar, who served him out with rigid poetical justice. **TURGESIUS** demanded the beautiful daughter of Malachy for his mistress, and fifteen of the greatest beauties of Meath for his Harem! The order could

not be disobeyed. The daughter was sent by night, to conceal her disgrace—and fifteen young heroes, in female attire, attended her. On being ushered into the presence of his Danish Majesty, the feminine habiliments were doffed, and fifteen pieces of shining steel presented to the tyrant's breast, as dowries with the maidens ! The Royal Dane was instantly fettered—his guards put to instant death—and the palace gates opened to Malachy, who was waiting with his soldiers outside. Not a Dane was left unbutchered—except TURGESIUS himself, who was cast into prison, and ultimately drowned in the lake of Ainnin ! This tragedy happened about one thousand years ago, according to KEATING, the historian, and smacks not a little of the wild as well as retributive justice. But Limerick was the scene of many other and more recent tragedies than those of the Danish invasions. After repeatedly changing masters, from the days of STRONGBOW down, to the reign of Richard the First, who granted it a Charter—and KING JOHN, who built a bridge and a castle there, the walls of which still remain—we come to one of those events which have immortalized Limerick, in the historic page.

During the Cromwellian wars—viz. in 1651, IRETON, the son-in-law of the Protector, invested the city closely for six months, but in vain, till the treachery of Col. Fennell induced the garrison to surrender on the terms of lives and property being secured to the inhabitants. Twenty-four individuals, including the Governor O'NEIL, being excepted, were, almost all, hunted out and executed. The garrison, when marched out, appeared more like spectres than human creatures—the plague having ravaged the city even more than the sword ! The Governor escaped, but BISHOP EMLY, who was a church-militant hero, died on the scaffold, imprecating vengeance on Ireton, and assuring him that, in a few days, he would arraign him for murder at the judgment seat of their com-

mon Creator ! In a few days Ireton was taken ill, and died raving mad, muttering the name of the Bishop, in the agonies of death !!

There can be little doubt that the prophecy of the priest contributed mainly, if not entirely, to its own fulfilment. Remorse invariably follows crime, though not always apparent to the world. That remorse, coupled with the horrid imprecations of the Bishop, rendered Ireton highly susceptible to the pestilence around him. It is to be hoped that the hell of hells which the militant murderer experienced during his delirious death, atoned for the sacrilegious act which he committed in the plenitude of power !

Such were the desolating wars, persecutions, and pestilences of this period, that a man might travel twenty or thirty miles, without meeting a human being ! Wherever an Irishman was found, he was instantly butchered—and the miserable natives were ingeniously smoked out of their caves, and slaughtered like wolves !

After the battle of the Boyne, King William, in August 1690, summoned Limerick to surrender ; but the garrison, composed of Irish and French troops, defied the besiegers. The city was well supplied with all the munitions and materiel of war, and the walls had been strengthened ; but the Irish and French troops distrusted each other. Sarsfield commanded the native troops—Boileau the French. A breach was made in the walls, and the assault was ordered. The British Grenadiers rushed to the deadly breach, and a large division forced their way into the town. They were cut to pieces before they could obtain support or effect their retreat. The assault was repeatedly made by the British troops, and as repeatedly repelled by the Irish garrison. Here the wives and daughters of Limerick exceeded in deeds of daring courage, the Maid of Saragossa in after-ages ! They not only cheered on their husbands, brothers, and fathers ; but, seizing the weapons of the dead and dying on the ramparts, plunged them into the breasts of their assailant foes ! This dire conflict

lasted four hours, when the besiegers retreated, with the loss of two thousand men!—the flower of their force! The siege was raised—King William retreated—and soon afterwards left Ireland.

General Ginckle was subsequently ordered to renew the siege in the Autumn of 1691. After six weeks' investment, without any success, negotiations were set on foot—amicable intercourse was established—and articles of capitulation signed. "The garrisons were to march out with the honours of war, and be supplied with conveyance, if required, to France or elsewhere. The Roman Catholics of the kingdom were to enjoy (after taking the oath of allegiance) such privileges in the exercise of their religion, as they did enjoy under King Charles the Second. Their Majesties, King William and Queen Mary, were to summon a Parliament in Ireland, and endeavour to procure such further security as was necessary for the undisturbed exercise of the Catholic Religion." It is needless to say that these stipulations were not fulfilled, and that King William's immediate successor enacted far more oppressive laws against the Catholics than they had ever before laboured under! Alas! what miseries, rebellions, midnight murders, and open onslaughts might have been prevented by timely concessions to the Catholics, instead of this execrable *punica fides*, and exasperation of existing penal laws! This violation of a solemn treaty has hung as a curse on England now for a century and a half—verifying the affirmation of Holy Writ, that God will visit the sins of the fathers on their descendants, till atonement is made for the offence! This *mala fides*, too, furnishes the demagogue with an everlasting, and, unfortunately, an unanswerable theme for declamation, and a magazine of combustibles for inflaming the popular mind!

With these meditations in my mind, I sallied from my hotel, crossing the little bridge that separates the English from the

Irish town, and wandering by moonlight through the streets, lanes, and alleys, of one of the filthiest cities I have ever explored—always excepting Lisbon, and the Jew's Quarter on the banks of the Tiber. I would pitch Mary-street, and the lanes that lead from thence into the fields, against the worst parts of St. Giles's, Saffron-hill, or the Wynds of Glasgow and Edinburgh for dirt and malodorous effluvias.

The cellars exhibited sad spectacles, and reflect little credit on the magistrates and the police. It is no wonder that the plague in former times and the cholera in modern, carried desolation through these abodes of poverty and desolation!

A portion of the massive walls of the castle still shew a most imposing front; and it was probably near this spot that the furious attacks and repulses took place under the eyes of King William, who was forced to admire the heroism and bravery, not only of the garrison, but of the heroines who mingled in the midst of the terrible carnage! A couple of Cromwell's twelve-pound shot, are still suspended from the walls of the cathedral, as memorials of the siege.

Re-crossing the bridge, we enter a beautiful town, regularly built, with broad and flagged streets, handsome houses, good shops, and business-like faces in every direction. Ships, too, are seen at the quays—manufactories, churches, public institutions, in various localities—in fine, one of the most remarkable contrasts to the Irish town that can well be imagined! What can produce such a difference? The Protestants will lay it to the account of Popery! But compare Lincoln's-inn-fields with Saffron-hill—divided from each other by the breadth of Holborn, and you will be forced to acknowledge, that religion is not always the cause of want and destitution. It is to be remembered that “like begets like.”

POVERTY has its haunts, as well as AFFLUENCE. The wretched

nightly lodger in a cellar in St. Giles's, who pays two-pence for bed and shelter, would find small entertainment for that sum in the immediate neighbourhood—BEDFORD-SQUARE. And the still more destitute wretches who burrow in a gravel-pit, or shiver under a tree in Hyde-park, would receive little sympathy or support from the splendid mansions in Hyde-park Gardens! The squalid receptacles in the Irish Town of Limerick are as necessary as the spacious streets and stately houses of the English Quarter.*

Limerick has long enjoyed celebrity for certain manufactures—especially for those of gloves and beautiful women. I have not learnt that O'Connell accuses the UNION of producing any degeneration in the *latter* manufacture—indeed, there is no country in the world where both the man and the woman factory succeeds better than in Ould Ireland, notwithstanding the hard fare of

* The house was pointed out to us, in the Irish Town, where Eily O'Connor resided with her uncle, a shoemaker, before she was seduced and murdered by that villain, O'Sullivan. We afterwards passed the scene of this monstrous tragedy, on our voyage down the Shannon. The novel of the "Collegians," which is founded on the true story of Eily O'Connor, disappointed me much, since it does not appear half so interesting as the original. It is deficient also in religious, moral, and even poetical justice. Poor Eily, the Rope-maker's daughter, is worth the whole batch of fashionable scoundrels, drunkards, duellists, and female match-makers, that compose the *dramatis personæ* of the novel. She is the only one that is murdered, while her murderers escape the gallows. Hardress, and his servant—one the moral, and the other the actual assassin, died in their beds—not, indeed, without the punishment of remorse; but still unhanged. In the original transaction, both the murderer and his accomplice die on the scaffold. We are even left in ignorance of the exact manner of Eily's death, in the novel, whereas it was by drowning in the Shannon that the poor young creature was destroyed in reality. Both Hardress, and his wretched tool, Mann, ought to have swung on the gibbet.

potatoes with bones in them. But the decay of the glove and lace manufactures is openly attributed to that root of all evil—the “LEGISLATIVE UNION.” The Repealers, indeed, tell us that the glove trade of Limerick may now be compressed into a—NUTSHELL. The citizens of the “Violated Treaty,” however, may console themselves that they have one species of manufacture which is thriving admirably—that of Yorkshire and Westphalia hams. In one establishment, alone, fifty thousand pigs are annually killed and salted—many of them for the London market, where they are ticketed as aforesaid! Butter and beef, too, have suffered little by the UNION, and fish-hooks are each worth a salmon, and as sharp as ever.

KILKEE.

KILKEE is to the Shannon, what Bundorun is to the Erne—a fine watering-place. They both open on the Atlantic, at some little distance from the mouths of their respective rivers, and are surrounded, on the land side by picturesque and even romantic scenery. The whole of the western board of Ireland is washed by a sea as clear and blue as the finest sapphire. Nothing of the kind is to be seen on the shores of England—especially on the eastern and southern boards. There the ocean wave carries with it the debris of a hundred Alps and mountains, as well as the alluvial deposits from a thousand soils washed down to the German Ocean by innumerable streams and torrents. On the western coast of Ireland the huge Atlantic dashes its pellucid waves against the adamantine rocks, breaking in sheets of foam white as the driven snow. The winds themselves come over the wide ocean, deprived of the slightest tincture of malarious impregnation, impinging with violence on the elevated mountains of Kerry, Clare, Galway, and Donegal, and precipitating their clouds

of vapour in torrents of rain. The purity of the air, therefore, as well as of the water, communicates a degree of salutary influence and sanatory power to sea-bathing on the western shores of Ireland, infinitely superior to that which is experienced by the same process in England. The immense quantity of sea-weed on the Irish coast, renders the sea air greatly more refreshing and exhilarating to the invalid than the sandy, and too often turbid waters that wash the chalky cliffs of Albion. The shores of Ireland are, as I have said in another place, remarkably deficient in sands; but here, at Kilkee, there is a fine crescent of sand, flanked by gigantic rocks, and fronted by a handsome little town, where bathing may be enjoyed with every advantage. Indeed, it would be worth John Bull's while to go the whole way to Kilkee or Bundora to have a dip in the blue and briny Atlantic, unadulterated by the unutterable contents of the Thames and the Humber, the Rhine and the Scheldt. The winds, too, on those wild western shores, come off the ocean, like an Elephanta on the Malabar Coast, purifying the inhabitants of cities and towns more effectually than chloride of lime or fumigation.

The stratified rocks on both sides of Kilkee, but particularly towards the North, are of great height, and are worn by the action of the waves into the most strange and grotesque forms, as well as into vast caverns, surpassing those of Staffa and Antrim, as much in magnitude as in difficulty of exploration. They are very interesting, however, to the geologist, and afford entertaining and salubrious excursions to the bathers and tourists.

SCATTERY ISLAND.

A SHORT boating digression from Kilrush lands us on the small Isle of Scattery, with its Druidical Circle, Round Tower, and Seven Churches—or their ruins. St. Sinon, the founder of these

churches, appears to have been of the same kidney as St. Columb in Iona—namely, a woman-hater ; but whether he prohibited cows on the island, I have not been able to ascertain. The round tower here is 120 feet in height, and has two peculiarities—the door on a level with the ground, and a rent from the top to near the bottom—probably produced, at some remote period, by the electric flash. It is wonderful, indeed, that the round towers have escaped the elemental wars so long and so well. They must have been often struck by lightning, and, considering their great height, and slender columnar form, they shew immense power of passive resistance to the scythe of Time, the winds, the rains, and electric fire.

SHANNON to KILLARNEY.

THE steamer darts across from Kilrush to Tarbert in a short time, passing some Irish symbols of *peace*—men of war, armed to the teeth, and filled with Anti-repealers, dressed in red coats, and furnished with short but sharp arguments ! One of these steamers, we were told, contained a curious kind of crew, namely, of tax-gatherers, or collectors of *poors'-rates*. It were a consummation devoutly to be wished, if these military tax-gatherers were to collect the poor instead of the rates, and drown them quietly in the Shannon, like a litter of useless pups, instead of immuring them in the hated Bastilles.

At Tarbert we engaged a car and horse to take us to Killarney *the same day*. It could not be said that we calculated without our host, for the proprietor of the vehicle positively engaged that his fresh and excellent horse would take us upwards of fifty miles with ease and pleasure, baiting at Listowel and Trallee on our way. Long before we got to Listowel, however, we discovered that the animal laboured under a peculiar disease, called *NOSTALGIA*, or a longing for home. At the end of every mile or two, he came

first to a dead stand, and, after considering a moment, he would wheel right (or rather wrong) about and march with alacrity back towards Tarbert!—It was in vain that the driver, a hot-headed young Kerryman, thrashed the horse:—it only accelerated his pace towards his native place. In such cases we were obliged to get off, and drag him round to the proper course, as well as walk by his side for one or two hundred yards:—the nostalgic impulse recurring every mile or two on the road! On particular inquiry, we found that this *fresh* horse had been that morning to Listowel and back to Tarbert, without having a feed of corn at the former place! Now the dumb animal was certainly more rational, or at least reasonable, than his master, and calculated that this was another journey without lunch or dinner. He, therefore, wisely determined to make the journey a little shorter than was intended by his cruel task-master, by turning back before he was half-way to Listowel!—By great coaxing and some thrashing, we got him on half-way to Trallee, where we left him to get some dinner, and took the Mail to Killarney.

I must say that the Irish horses are the hardest worked quadrupeds in Europe, and that their masters are the hardest-hearted bipeds in the world. What is King Martin about, that he does not bring in a bill for the prevention of cruelty to animals in his own country? Philanthropy, like charity, should begin at home. I will answer for it that the Member for Galway need not travel to England in search of objects.

Soon after leaving Trallee, M'Gillicuddy's Reeks, or *Peat-Stacks*, three thousand feet high, presented themselves to our view, and gave promise of a warm reception. We drove through the clean little town of Killarney, and took up our quarters at the "HERBERT ARMS," close to the ruined Abbey of Mucros, and within a few hundred yards of the lake Inferior.

KILLARNEY.

It is an old but a true story, that one fool makes many. This is particularly the case among travellers. When a tourist has stumbled on some remarkable locality, he considers himself as licensed to exaggerate its features and peculiarities; and this draws several other tourists to the same spot, each thinking it a duty to add something to the preceding mass of embellishments, by way of proving his superior discernment, or even his originality. But a climax is at length gained when—

“The force of fiction can no farther go”—

and the tide turns. Some smell-fungus meeting with bad weather—or a bad dinner—or a long bill—or a fit of bile—or a paroxysm of gout, declares that the whole of the descriptions are gross humbug and fulsome falsehoods. Every succeeding tourist is sure to “help the lame dog over the stile” and lend a kick to the falling object, till from the Zenith we find ourselves tumbled down to the Nadir!—Thus exaggeration and detraction go on, like the sliding-scale, or rather like the piston of a steam-engine, always ascending or descending.

It would appear that one of our countrymen—WAKEFIELD—had attained the climax at one time. Speaking of Killarney, he says:—

“Nature here puts on the wildest and most *terrific* attire, to astonish the gazing spectator, who, lost in wonder and surprize, thinks that he treads on enchanted ground; and, whilst he scarcely knows to which side to direct his attention, can hardly believe that the scenes before him are not the effects of delusion, or the airy *phantoms of the brain*, called into momentary existence by the creative power of a *fervid imagination*.”

I can have no doubt at all that such *descriptions* are the crea-

tions of a "fervid imagination," and that the scenes themselves exist only as the mere "phantoms of the brain"—and that a not very sound brain.

Having seen the finest lakes of Switzerland, Italy, and other countries, it was not very likely that such bombastic stuff as the above should raise my expectations, but rather tend to confirm my anticipations of disappointment in the scenery of Killarney. A three days' perambulation, however, convinced me that Killarney is worthy of the general encomia that have been passed upon it by reasonable travellers. Its winding and translucent lakes—its lofty and purple mountains—its hanging woods—its Arbutus-covered banks and slopes—its numerous and verdant isles—its ivy-mantled ruins—its crystal and rapid streams—its awful and eagle-haunted precipices—its clear, melodious, and enchanting echoes and re-echoes—its romantic dells and glens—its frowning and formidable passes—its fantastic, grotesque, and rocky islets—its foaming cascades—its historical records—its wild legends—all combine to exhibit many of the best features of the English, Scotch, Swiss, and Italian lakes. The lakes of Killarney present more of the sublime, the beautiful, and the picturesque, than any *one* of the celebrated lakes above-mentioned, and they are by no means deficient in the grand and majestic features of their sisters, either in this country or abroad.

Killarney has long been one of the great marts or emporia for mendicants and mendicity. We were agreeably surprized to find that the beggars were by no means so numerous as they are represented even by the most moderate calculators. To give the devil his due, I have no doubt that this diminution in the number of beggars is to be placed to the account of Daniel O'Connell. The Liberator has sins enough to answer for; we ought not to hide away any of his merits. There is a law in the animal economy, which extends itself into many other economies—among others,

into social economy. It is this—" *ubi stimulus, ibi flurus.*" To apply this to the statistics of mendicity, especially in Ireland, we might state it thus :—" Wherever there is an afflux of strangers, there will be an afflux of beggars." Casual visitors and the stationary peasantry are the two main sources from which the mendicant draws his eleemosynary supplies. As for the rich—

" The pampered menial drives him from their door."

Now, in the year 1843, Daniel and his agitation had diminished the number of tourists to Killarney, and indeed to Ireland generally, by at least one-half; and this falling-off had a corresponding depressing influence on professional mendicancy. The diminution was not owing to an increased influx of poor into the Bastilles—for the Summer is a season when beggars hate the workhouse most thoroughly, because they are then better able to perambulate the country, and live without the " state provision."

Roche's Hotel at Cloghreen is rather an unpretending one, both externally and internally; but it is quite comfortable enough, especially for bachelor travellers, and sufficiently reasonable in all its charges—dietetic, aquatic, car-istic, guide-istic, and bugle-istic.

Mr. Inglis says, and with truth, that Killarney may be seen very well in one day. All the great features of the lakes, mountains, and islands are surveyed, in fact, during the first day's exploration. An examination of the details may be protracted indefinitely. Contrary to a celebrated maxim of antiquity, "*nihil est aliud magnum quam multa minuta,*" I am of opinion, and from some little experience, that, after the first grand impression of a fine scene is received, the more you examine into its minute features, the more confused, and the less permanent will be that impression on the mind and the memory. I am aware that there are exceptions to this rule. Thus, for example, he who is

amassing the materials of a BIG BOOK, especially a "GUIDE-BOOK," must take good care to describe all the minutiae of a place—every rock, rivulet, ruin, tale, and legend, as the bricks and mortar of the edifice which he is erecting; but the common tourist is under no such necessity, and may well content himself with a wholesale, instead of a retail, view of scenery and topography.

The late Dr. M'Culloch, in a letter to Sir Walter Scott, speaking of Killin, near Lough Tay, says "this is the most extraordinary collection of scenery in Scotland. You cannot move *three yards*, without meeting a new landscape." Yet, a little farther on, he observes—"to find out the beautiful landscapes of Killin, it is necessary to pry about into corners, *like a cat*." Now, for my own part, I had rather take the eagle's or bird's eye view of a scene, like Killin or Killarney, than go poking about like a cat into every creek and corner in quest of a "three yards'" variety of landscape. If health and pleasure be the chief objects of a tourist, and they are so, in nine cases out of ten, then a general view of localities, with a move forward to fresh scenes, will be found more advantageous than the microscopic explorations of the M'Culloch school.

Two days and a half, however, may be well spent at Killarney. The first day is occupied in making the *circuit*—equestrian, pedestrian, and aquatic—from the Victoria, or Mucross Abbey, round through the pass of Dunloe—down to the head of lake Superior—through the three lakes by boat, landing at the various isles—and back to the hotel. The second day may be consumed by an excursion to Mangerton, if the weather be fine—and the other half day will be occupied on the road to Glengarriff, among the mountains, from whence a new view of the lakes will be obtained, little, if at all, inferior to that which is had from Mangerton.

It appears that Sir Walter Scott stayed but one day at Killarney, and was accompanied by Miss Edgeworth. He made but one

remark, and that was, when the boat was near Dinas Island—"this is beautiful." He is reported by Miss Edgeworth, however, to have said that Killarney was only surpassed by LOVEN LOMOND! Now, in my opinion, the Scotch lake in question is no more to be compared with Killarney, than a cat with a cameleopard, or a carrot with a cypress tree.

It has been reported that Sir Walter left Killarney in disgust, because he could not be gratified by the sight of a stag-hunt. If this were true, it would have redounded but little to the credit of a poet, a moralist, and a philosopher. I never saw a stag-hunt, and never will. I have seen enough of the barbarous pastimes practised by man and his faithful servant and companion—the dog; without wishing to witness this most cruel death of the innocent deer. The dog and his master are more nearly on a par in criminal ferocity, than any other animals. The "faithful dog" only wants the word or the wink from his master to worry the cat, kill the rat, fly at the beggar, bite the stranger—in short, to hunt and destroy any or every other living creature, including man himself—and even his own species! There may be some excuse for man and dog pursuing to death those animals that are *feræ naturæ*, and who exist by their depredations, as the wolf, the fox, the tiger, or the jackall. But to put the innocent stag to a hundred deaths, while the big round tear runs down his cheeks, is most cruel and inexcusable! But this faithful ally, offensive and defensive, of man—this *particeps criminis*, sometimes retorts on his master a retributive punishment for their conjoint iniquities, in the shape of the most horrible of all deaths—HYDROPHOBIA. Was not the fable of Actæon and his hounds intended as a moral on the present subject?

The immortal Dan—the Great Liberator—the man who cannot contemplate the thought or the sight of blood, did, in December 1843, brag joyously that, with his fine beagles, he had hunted

and worried to death, six brace of hares in one day, among his native mountains of Derrynane! In the same letter he complains bitterly of his BIPED BEAGLES, the Crown Lawyers, for worrying and harassing him with their state prosecutions, instead of giving him leisure to pursue his "field sports," and torture the most innocent animals of woods and heaths. On this point I cannot say that I pity him.

The Killarney guides are an amusing race. They swarm about the hotels like the Hindoos and Mahomedans on the beach at Madras, when there is a fresh arrival from Europe. Sir Richard Courtney, (a real knight,) immortalized by Mr. and Mrs. Hall, begins to shew signs of the wear and tear occasioned by climbing the mountain of Mangerton. The Viceroy, in dubbing Richard a Knight of the Mountain, should have endowed him with some small annuity to support the title in old age! We selected young SPILLANE—son of the Old Bugler,—and I can recommend him as an excellent guide as well as bugleman.

The Old ABBEY of MUCROS, just opposite Roche's Hotel, will repay an hour's saunter through extensive ruins of church and monastery—where lazy monks dreamed away a useless life, and left their mouldering tenements of clay undistinguishable from the sods of earth that cover and amalgamate with the ashes of thousands and thousands of their ignorant and ignoble flocks! And where are now the spirits of these multitudes—pastors and peasants? Aye! where is the principle that animated the leaves which have annually fallen for 500 years from that huge yew tree, coeval with the first stone of the monastery itself?

Mr. Herbert has rebuilt a part of the ruin, and covered it with ivy to conceal the bricks. This may be considered as a good idea; but I think the Pope's was better. He *renovated* a portion of the Coliseum, so as to present a *fac simile* of the original building. He thus introduced us to an old friend with a new face.

But Mr. H. has acted differently. He has presented us an old grey-beard with a green mask. It is like painting a superannuated hag with so many coats of lead and vermilion that no vestige of her original features can be recognised! Why deprive the tooth of TIME of its proper tit-bit, for which it has waited four or five centuries?

Monasteries and convents, in all my peregrinations, abroad and at home, have rarely failed to throw me into a rather gloomy mood of contemplation. A few days domicile, long, long ago, at the Great St. Bernard, where the piercing cold prevented sleep, though ten thousand feet nearer Heaven than the generality of mankind, led me into a sombre train of reflections on the motives, objects, and prospects which could lead a whole fraternity to immure themselves, for eight months of the year,

“ In awful solitudes and frozen cells,
Where Heavenly pensive Contemplation dwells;
And ever musing Melancholy reigns.”

But what will not man (and woman too) suffer in this world for a passport to the next? Though it would be extremely difficult to convince the PHILOSOPHER that monastic seclusion and conventual sepulture are in harmony with the Divine mandate, “ INCREASE and MULTIPLY,” or with the universal instinct and impulse of the whole range of created beings, animal and vegetable, from the lord of the earth to the animalcule in the water; yet, if ever a palliation of this breach of NATURE’s law were offered, it ought to be in favour of the Monks of St. Bernard and the Sisters of Charity. Those, only, who have climbed the sublime pass between Switzerland and Italy, can appreciate the sacrifices and privations which the holy fathers there experience, during a great portion of the year—and that chiefly for the purpose of affording shelter and food to the Alpine traveller, benighted among ice, snow, and storm. The monk and his dog are there,

for once, humanely employed, in dragging from his bed—too often his grave—of snow, the exhausted wanderer, and bringing him within the precincts of the cheerful day!

Much may be said in favour of a monastic life—male and female; but especially female. The sisters or nuns make themselves useful in many ways—both as attendants on the sick, and as instructors of female youth. Besides, there are so many of our sisters and daughters now-a-days, condemned to celibacy, that it is better to adopt the state of blessed singleness for Religion's sake, than to have it thrust upon them, *nolens volens*. It would probably be as well, too, if our working Protestant clergy devoted themselves entirely, like the priests, to the duties and concerns of another and a better world, leaving family cares and troubles to their flocks, whose especial business it is to look after the affairs of this wicked and fleeting life! Every argument is in favour of this "division of labour." I shall only adduce one; but it is a most potent and unanswerable one. Nothing would tend more effectually to check the redundancy of population, which is now the curse of the land, than ecclesiastical celibacy. From long and attentive observation, I can affirm, that no class of the community contributes so much to the increase of population as the clergy—nor is there any ramification in the respectable ranks of life who leave their families worse provided for at their deaths! This last event, is the natural consequence of the great number of children which they produce, and the limited means which they possess of getting their sons and daughters off their hands during life. No parson should be allowed to marry till he has obtained the rank of bishop—or attained the age of 75 years.

In respect to Ireland, had it not been for the monasteries, convents, and celibacy of her clergy, she would, long since, have ex-

hibited the melancholy spectacle of infanticide which we see in the Celestial Empire.

After viewing the beautiful grounds of my good friends, the Earl and Countess of Kenmare, we started for the usual "Tour of the Lakes," with a small staff, consisting of young Spillane, [who united the important offices of guide and bugleman] and a jaunting car. The day was beautiful. We passed the ruins of Aghadoe, mounting the stump of the old ROUND TOWER, whence there is one of the finest views of the lakes and the mountains. In our drive to the GAP, we cross the clear and rapid stream that carries the filtered water of the lakes forward to the ocean, under the name of the river LAUNE. Then pursuing a course through bog, rock, and water—the usual prominent features of an Irish landscape—we approach the GAP OF DUNLOE, and a very splendid specimen it is of the PASS scenery. It would delight the eye of a general covering the rear of an army retreating before superior numbers, and anxious to check the career of the advancing columns of the enemy, while his own troops got a little breathing time. Such appeared the "VALLÉE D'ENFER," in the Black Forest, to the eye of MOREAU, when he brought the Austrian army to a stand-still for two or three days, while the French defiled through the narrow ravine, and formed in good order on the northern side of the Pass.

The imaginative tourist might easily figure to himself a huge "Irish Giant," of ante-diluvian mould, severing CARRAN TUAL from the PURPLE MOUNTAIN, by one tremendous blow of his battle-axe, and then widening the breach, on each side, till his path was made practicable for man and horse. But, before entering this gloomy route, the traveller must deviate a few yards from the road, to visit an ancient library or music shop, lately discovered, to the inexpressible joy and ardent collision of the large tribe of Archæologists. It is a small circular chamber un-

der ground, discovered in 1838, the walls of which contain certain inscriptions of unknown characters. They may be letters—or hieroglyphics—or musical bars—or, Heaven knows what! They may record the name and pedigree of some Phœnician merchant, Persian satrap, Milesian chief, or Irish king, who reigned among these mountains, long before the Christian *Æra*! Perhaps they are the staves of the original and national tune “Patrick’s day in the morning.” As the cave contains some human skulls, it is not improbable that it has witnessed some “nate” little bits of murder in its time! The general expectation is, however, that these precious symbols of antiquity will settle the ancient history of Ireland, and level all distinction between *CELT* and *SAXON*, by proving that both of them derived their origin from a small and single tribe of *ADAMITES* cultivating some garden-grounds on the banks of the Euphrates, from which “*HOLDINGS*” they were ejected by their landlords for disobedience, or other misdemeanour—a fate that hangs over their successors to the present day!

And now we enter the *GAP*, which is flanked by precipices of ten to fifteen hundred feet in height—at least a mile and a half apart at their summits, but not more than a quarter of a mile separate at their bases. Through the centre, runs, roars, and occasionally stagnates in little lakes, or leaps over ledges of rocks, in miniature cataracts, a mountain torrent. In many places along this bridle-road, the masses of stone which have fallen, from time to time, down into the gorge, have been christened amid good sprinklings of holy water from the clouds, by various appellations. One of these, a huge rock that stands at an angle of 45 degrees, over the path, is called the “*TURN-PIKE*.” I would give “*REBECCA* and her *DAUGHTERS*” a *carte-blanche* for breaking-up, burning, or carrying away, this said turnpike-gate. It would not indeed deserve any violence of the kind, for it imposes no tax

on the traveller, except that of a few moments wonder at its grotesque figure, and the cause of its location in that place.

But now we are arrested in the midst of the Pass, till one of the Lions has had his roar. Spillane prepares his bugle—and an artillery-man, who was *not* at the Siege of Badajoz, nor on the plains of Waterloo, charges his mortar—not quite so large as the “REGENT’S BOMB” in St. James’s Park,—and prepares to direct it against a silent nymph in the neighbouring cliffs. Off it goes;—and a curious scene ensues. The goats scamper—the dogs bark—the eagle screams—the raven croaks—echo goes into a fit of hysterics—her daughters (half a dozen of echoettes) repeat their mother’s shriek in various directions and in fainter tones—the water-fowl splash, turn up their tails, and dive into the little lakes—and even the small Kerry cows grazing on the projecting pinnacles of rock, kick up their heels, having no space to gallop off—whilst—

————— “ up among the loose disjointed cliffs

“ And fractur’d mountains wild, the brawling brook

“ And cave presageful, send a hollow moan,

“ Resounding long in listening Fancy’s ear.”

When the exhibition was over, and we were plodding up the Gap, I asked Spillane why ECHO was always of the feminine gender? The Bugler scratched his head, as if trying to elicit something from his brain; but soon acknowledged that he was unable to give a satisfactory answer. He observed that, although he *heard* her every day, yet he had never *seen* her, and could not tell whether she wore petticoats or small-clothes. All at once Spillane seemed struck with some new idea, and exclaimed—“ May be, your honour, that Echo is represented as a female, because she always has the LAST WORD.” A newly-married couple were walking with us when Spillane delivered himself of this brilliant conception, and to the bride I referred the solution

of the enigma. She quickly and spiritedly replied—"What Sir, would the Lords of the Creation wish to engross both the first and the last word! In that case, we poor women might lock up our tongues, as we do our jewels, to be used only on gala days."

On ascending to near the highest point of the Gap, we come to the small cottage where poor Eily O'Connor spent the last few weeks of her miserable life, and from whence she was carried away in the middle of the night, amid thunder, tempest, and rain, to be drowned in the river of the Black Valley, by the wretched agent (Mann) of that super-diabolical seducer and murderer—HARDRESS! The sight of this cottage in the dark and gloomy pass, completely dispelled all attention to the scenery around me, and concentrated my meditations and reflections on the tragedy which memory immediately recalled to the mental tablet. How Mrs. Hall could pass a spot "so damned to everlasting fame," as Eily O'Connor's last sad domicile, or rather prison, without recording her reprobation of the inhuman authors of the tragedy, in her own eloquent language, I cannot imagine! This is not a puerile legend, like O'Donaghue with his silver-shod horse galloping over the lake, but a true tale of horror illustrating the depravity of man, and conveying a moral lesson of inestimable value—the danger of giving way to the most trifling and incipient deviation from rectitude, since "sin will pluck on sin." During the long and rough descent from the Gap to the head of the Upper Lake, the Black Valley, the Purple Mountain, the lofty reeks, and the cloud-capped Glena made no impression on the senses. The *dramatis personæ* of the Collegians rose successively on the mental mirror, and put to flight all dreamy visions of baseless legends.

"Sunt lachrymæ rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt."

Embarking in our boat at the head of the Upper Lake, and

passing on to the "long range," where the channel continues narrow all the way to Dinis Island, we find ourselves surrounded by the finest scenery of Killarney. Mountain, wood, rock, and water take on as many forms and combinations as they can well do, and exhibit a natural KALEIDOSCOPE on a magnificent scale. Inglis and others assign the palm of victory to the scenery of this lake, and, I think, with justice. The views are more compact and distinct; and the impressions necessarily more powerful. The atmosphere was clear and elastic; and our perceptions were proportionally vivid. One curious phenomenon attracted our notice—a narrow border of mourning round every shore, whether island, rock, or main land, contrasting with the verdure above, and the glassy surface of the water below. This, of course, marks the difference between Summer and Winter in the height of the lakes.

While passing a rocky bank, we were a little surprized to see the name of *Napoleon* in gigantic letters, painted on the face of the stone. We were informed that this was done by order of the Prince de Joignyville, while he was visiting Killarney. Now this was a foolish trick of the Prince. Every traveller—and especially every stranger—should be extremely careful never to say or do anything that may call forth political feeling in those places through which he passes. And of all people in the world, the ancient royal family ought to be the last to insult the people of a country which afforded them an asylum when they were driven from their native land. The Prince's father, who tasted of adversity, and who was then taught some knowledge of the world, would not have committed such a childish and foolish trick as this unfledged scion of royalty. Fortunately this NAPOLEON exhibition, will not, like the English Ensign, in the Texas, kindle up a protocol war, or endanger the peace of the two nations.

EAGLE ROCK.

This is decidedly **THE COCK OF THE LAKES**—the bright chan-ticleer whose key-note can set every cock in Killarney into a chorus of crowing. The cock of the eagle's nest is better off than Paganini was—he has two strings to his fiddle—the crow *piano*, or musical—and the crow *cannon-ical*, or prodigious. I rarely manufacture *descriptions*, as I can purchase them *made ready* to my hand, almost as cheap as shirts are made at the Marylebone Workhouse, viz. a farthing a piece. I shall, therefore, borrow the pen of Mrs. Hall—the Mrs. Radcliffe of the lakes.

THE CROW PIANO.

“The bugle-player, Spillane—of whose skill and attention we gladly add our testimony to that of every traveller who has preceded us—landed, advanced a few steps, and placed the instrument to his lips: the effect was **MAGICAL**—the word conveys a poor idea of its effect. First he played a single note—it was caught up and repeated, loudly, softly,—again loudly, again softly, and then, as if by a hundred instruments, each a thousand times more musical than that which gave its rivals birth, twirling and twisting around the mountain, running up from its foot to its summit, then rolling above it, and at length dying away in the distance until it was heard as a mere whisper, barely audible, far away. Then Spillane blew a few notes—*ti-ra-la-ti-ra-la*: a multitude of voices, seemingly from a multitude of hills, at once sent forth a reply; sometimes pausing for a second, as if waiting for some tardy comrade to join in the marvellous chorus, then mingling together in a strain of sublime grandeur, and delicate sweetness, utterly indescribable. Again Spillane sent forth his summons to the mountains, and blew, for perhaps a minute, a

variety of sounds; the effect was, indeed, that of 'enchancing ravishment'—giving

'Resounding grace to all Heaven's harmonies.'

"It is impossible for language to convey even a remote idea of the exceeding delight communicated by this development of a most wonderful property of Nature; sure we are that we shall be guilty of no exaggeration if we say, that this single incident, among so many of vast attraction, will be sufficient recompense to the Tourist who may visit these beautiful lakes."

THE CROW CANNON-ICAL.

"When Spillane had exhausted his ability to minister to our enjoyment—and the day was declining before we had expressed ourselves content—preparations were made for firing off the cannon. As soon as they were completed, the match was applied. In an instant every mountain for miles round us seemed instinct with angry life, and replied in voices of thunder to the insignificant and miserable sound that had roused them from their slumbers. The imagination was excited to absolute terror; the gnomes of the mountains were about to issue forth and punish the mortals who had dared to rouse them from their solitude; and it was easy for a moment to fancy every creek and crevice peopled with 'airy things.' The sound was multiplied a thousand-fold, and with infinite variety; at first it was repeated with a terrific growl; then a fearful crash; both were caught up and returned by the surrounding hills, mingling together, now in perfect harmony, now in utter discordance; awhile those that were nearest became silent, awaiting the on-coming of those that were distant; then joining together in one mighty sound, louder and louder; then dropping to a gentle lull, as if the winds only created them; then breaking forth again into a combined roar

that would seem to have been heard hundreds of miles away."—

HALLS.

If Mr. Inglis were living, it is not improbable that he would consider these delineations as "*un peu trop forte*;" but, although I cannot say that I was able to *realize*, to the full extent, the foregoing descriptions, yet I freely acknowledge that one *positive* testimony is worth a dozen of *negative* ones.

The echo of the Eagle's Rock is decidedly the best I ever heard—and far superior to that of the Rhine. But the great singularity and beauty of this echo, are not at all alluded to by Mr. or Mrs. Hall. It is this :—the Bugleman places the auditors on one side of a jutting rocky promontory, exactly opposite the conical hill, and goes round to the other side, from whence he directs the notes of the bugle against the grand reverberator. Now the auditors hear nothing of the original notes from the bugle; but listen, with astonishment and delight, to a *continuous* stream of music from the mountain, so mellowed as hardly to be thought earthly, but rather the emanation of some celestial organ. No continuous strain can be heard, with any degree of distinctness, while the ear is assailed both by the original and the reflected notes. But, in the locality in question, the shrill and rough original is unheard, and the softened and heavenly melody of the echo comes pouring on the enraptured ear! This is the peculiarity of the Eagle Rock Echo.

With respect to the legends of the Eagle's Nest—of the Lakes themselves—and of Ireland in general—I cannot say that they are very interesting. Irish legends are very like French caricatures—neither fish, flesh, nor fowl—but a strange medley of the possible and impossible, the probable and the improbable. They want the romantic poetry of the Rhine, and the wild stupendous imagery of Scandinavia. The legend of the Giant's Causeway

is the best of them, and to that allusion will be made in the sequel.

Thus, for example, the Eagle's Nest legend represents a "*sodger*" attempting to rob the nest of the royal bird. The Eagle darts out of a "thunder-cloud," and enters into a *conversation* with the "*sodger*," who declares that he only came to ask after the health of the young eaglets, and to know if they wanted *any tooth-powder*! The reply was a smack in the face by the old one, who sent the *sodger* into the lake below. Such is a specimen of an Irish legend!

SHOOT THROUGH A RAPID—SALVAGE OF A WIFE.

The Upper Lake of Killarney discharges its pellucid waters through a long and narrow channel, called the "*LONG RANGE*," into Glenna Bay and Torc Lake. This channel is, in some places, so narrow, that the oars of a boat cannot be used, and the current is extremely swift. The banks, especially where the stream passes under the Old Weir Bridge, are low, rough, and rocky, and, in descending the lake, the boat shoots down the rapid, without any control from the oars or the rudder. A very slight deviation from her course would cause the boat to impinge against one of the stony banks, when she would, almost inevitably, upset. In general, therefore, the passengers disembark above the bridge, and walk across a small isthmus to rejoin the boat.

A fatal accident had happened here not long before. A boat, with four rowers, the guide, and two passengers—[a gentleman and his wife]—was here overturned, and one of the men was drowned. Two of the rowers, together with the guide and the gentleman, regained, with much difficulty, the shore. One of the

boatmen sunk—and the other struggled to save both himself and the lady—the husband and the others being unable, or unwilling, to replunge into the torrent from which they had just emerged. The heroic boatman succeeded in dragging the lady to the bank, though half-drowned, and the party, with the loss of one of their companions, regained the hotel. Some curiosity was evinced to know the amount of reward which the boatman would receive from the gentleman for saving the life of his wife. It amounted to ONE SOVEREIGN! Now, when a vessel is re-captured from an enemy, or rescued from sinking or shipwreck, the salvage is one-eighth of her value. From this we may suppose that the gentleman calculated the value of his wife at eight pounds sterling! The scandal, however, which goes “the round of the lakes” daily, in the gadding season, more than insinuates that, had the boatman brought the dead, instead of the living body to the shore, the *salvage* would, probably, have been—a couple of sovereigns!

“ I cannot say how the truth may be—
I tell the tale as ’twas told to me.”

One of the boatmen saved was in our boat, and was the historian of the tragic, and the tragi-comic event.

GLENA, or the “ Glen of Good Fortune,” the beautiful little Tusculum of Lady Kenmare, was our next visitation, after shooting through the Rapid of the Old Weir Bridge. Her Ladyship was not there; but I found my way into the garden, and left my card. The ever-green mountain of Glenna protects the happy little vale from the rude South West gale, while the lower lake with its numerous isles, spreads its placid or undulating bosom in front of the *Cottage Ornée* of the amiable Countess. The hand of taste has added new beauties and graces to those of Nature, so that Glenna may be considered as one of the most fascinating spots on the

Lakes of Killarney. Lady K. has even constructed on the shore a comfortable little cot for the tourists, whether overtaken by a storm, or wishing to enjoy the pleasure of a pic-nic party.

From thence we directed our course to INNISFALLEN, generally represented as the most beautiful of the lake islands. It is very small, but interesting and picturesque, on account of its ancient ruins, varying surface, and elegant little creeks. But the remains of the old Abbey erected twelve hundred years ago, on an island considered as a "Paradise and a Sanctuary," attracts strongly the stranger's attention. In this Abbey was written by two monks, "THE ANNALS OF INNISFALLEN" (now in the Bodleian Library), or rather the annals of the world, from the creation, down to the beginning of the fourteenth century. There are only one hundred pages for this vast chronicle! How unlike the amplifications of modern times! Why, it would not contain the *brief* of a barrister who had to defend a forty-shilling action in the COMMON PLEAS—nor the description of Innisfallen Island itself—nor one of the legends of O'Donaghue, with his water-courser and silver shoes!

These Annals, however, contain many fine specimens of "crimes, wars, murders, and rebellions," such as would do honour to the present century. Thus, the Abbey itself was taken and plundered, in 1180, by a worthy son of DANIEL O'DONAGHUE, who murdered the clergy, as a matter of course, and relieved the monastery of all its gold and silver. The plundering murderer recommended the dying monks to lay up their treasure, in future, "where moths would not corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal."

Of late years, it appears that the fine trees of Innisfallen have been cut down by the axe, or torn down by the tempest, so that the island is but the wreck of what it was! Even the ruins have either been farther demolished, or repaired with such ridiculous masonry, that much of the antique interest is destroyed. The

"BED OF HONOUR," a rocky shelf, overshadowed by a huge yew tree, is still shewn—with as silly a legend attached to it, as that of the eagle's nest.

ROSS ISLAND, or Peninsula, was the next "STATION" of our pilgrimage. It is the largest in the lakes, containing eighty acres—and is, in fact, a most elegant and ornamented pleasure-ground, with flower garden, ruined castle, and every thing that can delight the eye, and exhilarate the spirits. The accommodation of the visitors is not neglected amid lawns, prairies, shrubberies, wood, water, and all the embellishments which the refined taste of a noble proprietor can confer on a naturally beautiful landscape.

It is not much to be wondered at that the ancient LORD of the LAKES—O'DONAGHUE, of Ross, should like to revisit annually, his earthly Paradise and watery domain—especially as his memory is still held dear among the descendants of his tenantry. Unlike some of his contemporaries, he was just and generous—brave and hospitable—the oppressor's enemy—and the poor man's friend.

"Every MAY morning," say Mr. and Mrs. Hall, "he *may* be seen gliding over the lake, mounted on a white steed, richly caparisoned, preceded and followed by youths and maidens, who strew the Spring flowers in his way ; while sounds of unearthly sweetness glide along the waters, and become thunder as they make their way up the surrounding hills." And they add, "we have conversed with so many, of credit and repute, that we can have no hesitation in believing them to have actually beheld that which they affirm they have seen with their two eyes."—*Killarney*, p. 177.

This expression must not be taken literally ; for the distinguished authors afterwards remark, that the above and other optical illusions are all the effects of natural causes—*mirages*, in fact,—perhaps the baseless fabrics of a vision !

CHURCH AND CHAPEL EQUALITY.

One of the "three glorious days" at Killarney, was SUNDAY; but instead of riding to MANGERTON, I walked to MASS—and, by way of "*audi alteram partem*," I went from chapel to church. These localities are geographically contiguous, but theologically antipodal. I fear that I cannot conscientiously attribute this "change of scene" to purely pious causes. The truth is, that I went to the Emerald Isle to see men rather than mountains—both of which, however, I had seen—*satis superque*—before I crossed St. George's Channel. Mountains of all growths—from ten to two thousand feet—I had climbed, in various parts of the world:—and men I had surveyed of all complexions—from the "naked Negro, panting on the Line," to the squalid, oily faced, blubber-eating, degrading specimen of the genus *HOMO*—on the savage coast of Labrador!—In no country have I ever observed the *people* more zealous and sincere in their religious devotions than the Catholics of Ireland. If the chapel be full, you will see them on their knees round the doors, exposed to the winds and rains, repeating their Pater Nosters, and straining their ears to catch the faintest sound of the priest's voice! This itself would offer a strong proof of their sincerity. Nothing of this kind will be seen round the gates of the Protestant church. The fact is that the good Catholic is the most confident and confiding religionist in the world. He entertains no doubts about his Creed—no distrust in the efficacy of his own prayers, and the influence of his priest with the porter of Heaven's portals.

If there be two places in this world, where perfect equality among mankind should obtain, they are the church and the grave. There is a nearer approach to this equality in the Catholic than in the Protestant House of Prayer. In the *former*, the rich and

the poor, sit, stand, or kneel on the same level. In the *latter*, rank and wealth box themselves up with as much care, and, I fear, pride, as at the theatre or the Opera! "*Odi profanum vulgus et arceo*," is not written on the door of each pew, but it is engraven on the hearts of the inside passengers. A few narrow aisles are left for the indigent, as though they were travelling to a destination totally different from that of their neighbours in the boxes!

A great cry is made about "CHURCH-EXTENSION;" but it ought to be preceded by the removal of a great evil—"PEW-RETENTION." True; the church is often unable to accommodate the congregation; and why? Because one third of the holy edifice is filled with wooden cribs or stalls, as in the Haymarket, for segregation of the great, and exclusion of the poor! What! Go to Heaven in company with rags?—No, no. We had rather travel, even in an opposite direction, in company with robes and feathers!

But the grave. Is there equality there? Not a bit of it! I do not say that the rich would wish to monopolize the narrow cribs and stalls *there*, to the exclusion of the poor. On the contrary, I will do them the justice to acknowledge that they would, not unwillingly, permit the indigent to occupy that locality exclusively, without intrusion on their parts! But, as they are forced to submit to the "*conacre*" system in the church-yard, however they may act the landlord in the *church*, they take especial care to make all the distinction possible between the great, and the small holder of tenements even in that neutral ground! The pauper's frail and leaky shell soon admits the worms and the water, and then the decomposition of the earthy tabernacle of man is wonderfully speedy and complete! Not so with the magnates of the soil. Mahogany and lead—copper and brass—the whitest linen and the sable velvet are carefully interposed between them and the worms, that writhe in vain for their accustomed food!

But Nature is not to be cozened by the pride of man. Her grand agent "ANIMAL CHEMISTRY"—penetrates the soldered and emblazoned coffin, and, although the once proud and potent tenant may "lie and stink in state" a little longer than his humble neighbour, yet the final reduction of "earth to earth, ashes to ashes," is inevitable; and the stately fabric of the prince resolves itself into its constituent elements as certainly, though somewhat slowly, as the dishonoured carcase of the parish pauper! With these melancholy examples of equality before them, the GREAT might take a lesson against seclusion of themselves, and exclusion of the poor, in the "HOUSE of God"—at least.

And now it is time to take leave of Killarney. There was scarcely a cloud in the sky—certainly not a drop of rain on the earth, while there; so that, in three days, I was fortunate enough to see as much as might be expected in double that time, with average luck of weather. Though occasionally *embellished* by travellers, the scenery of the lakes and mountains will hardly disappoint the most fastidious tourist—or even the smell-fungus himself.

CURRUS TRIUMPHALIS.

While standing at the door of Roche's Hotel, one fine morning, I saw a huge locomotive, or velocipede, with three horses and five times that number of out-riders, rattling into CLOGHREEN, from the little town of Killarney. It very much resembled a first-rate FIRE-ENGINE, well manned and horsed, despatched from the County-office in Regent-street, and galloping over Blackheath, to extinguish some great agricultural "flare-up"—some ill-timed round of "Kentish-fire"—or, some doubtful signal of peace and plenty among the happy peasantry of Old England. It differed from the engine in question, in this respect, however, that instead of a dozen of Tower-warden looking fellows, with dumpy red

coats, striped petticoats, and great brass badges on their arms, the locomotive bore on its back fourteen or fifteen tourists, male and female, in every variety of costume, and exhibiting all the colours of the rainbow. The luggage was piled up far above the heads of the passengers, and there did not appear room for an additional umbrella, much less a hat-box or trunk, in this caravan of human beings. The high narrow box-seat, with the tall driver, looked like the chimney of a steam-engine on a rail-way; and, to my astonishment, the conductor or driver of this overburdened vehicle, quickly dismounted, and pointed to the airy citadel, as the post-of-honour which he had taken great care to preserve for me on our journey to Glengariff. On inquiring how he came to retain the box-seat for me, he made some significant gestures, with an "Och, and sure I had no orders from any body, to take special heed to accommodate the gentleman at the Mucross Hotel! It's myself that don't know who is travelling with me, at all at all." But the luggage my good friend! "Och, and sure I have not kept the driest corner in the well for that." Not thinking it necessary to undeceive this very civil and accommodating courier, I mounted the box of the

CURRUS TRIUMPHALIS BIANCONI.

No man ever deserved a drive in a triumphal car so well as BIANCONI. This meritorious Italian can trace his pedigree to a very remote antiquity. He is evidently alluded to by Virgil, in one of his *Bucolics* :—

"I see the tomb of Old BIANCHI rise."

Now Bianconi has as good a right to claim his descent from BIANCHI, as the Barberini have to trace their ancestry to the BARBARI. But be that as it may, Bianconi, like Mercury, one of his own Roman Gods, can boast of having carried civilization *and letters*, into some of the wildest haunts of the rudest races in

Erin's Isle! He has transported many a sober, sad, and heavy tourist, together with his more sober, sad, and ponderous TOMES, over mountain, bog, and glen, while the horses groaned, and the cars cracked with the weight of their loads. Bianconi's triumphal cars (like their prototypes of old) can often display a long train of mourning followers, bewailing their unhappy lot, and ardently imploring the sympathy of those who are mounted aloft in the stately chariot!

Yet these wretched mourners are not captives, nor are they chained to the triumphal car. They surround and pursue it with unwearied perseverance, while standing in and leaving every town.

Bianconi's cars offer wonderful facilities to the traveller. They go at an average rate of eight English miles an hour, and cost little more than a penny or two-pence per mile. Like the steam-boats on the Rhine, they give you the option of going as far or as short a distance as you like, each day—or of stopping as long as you please at any particular place. You have only to present your original ticket, and mount your car, anywhere.

It has been objected to cars in general that one half of the passengers turn their backs on the other half—thus preventing conversation, and obstructing the view of one side of the landscape. Well. The conversation of more than half of our fellow-passengers on the road is worse than useless, as conveying no information, and completely preventing meditation and reflection. One side of a landscape is likely to be as good as the other—and, like one side of a question, is far more easily grasped than both sides. As to people turning their backs on one another, while car-travelling, it is only what is done every day in life. You have only to taste adversity—to be in want of a guinea, and nine-tenths of your neighbours and friends will take especial care to *turn their backs on you!* In prosperity, indeed, and when you have anything to give away, you may have a tête-a-tête, or a vis-a-vis,

at the corner of every street;—but if you have a favour to ask, it is astonishing to remark with what physiognomical discernment the servant denies the fact of his master or mistress being at home, especially if you make a tremulous or palpitating rap at the door! I have travelled more than a thousand miles on cars, in Ireland, and I never saw any one follow the example of Lord Castlereagh—in turning “his back on himself.”

My friend Bianconi astonished the *savans* of the British Association, at Cork, by a paradox in private economy. He stated that he had full 1500 horses in the car-service, and, of course, an immense number of drivers or conductors. His invariable rule was, to *diminish* the wages of his servants, in proportion to the length of their services, and to the merits of their conduct! The *savans* stared, as well they might, and some of the Repealers held up their hands, and exclaimed to their neighbours—“*There* is another sample of the wrongs of poor Ireland—*There* is a specimen of the landlord tyranny.” But Bianconi soon explained the enigma. When he first hired a driver, and before he had personal knowledge of his character and behaviour, he placed him on a little frequented line of road, where there was hardly any emolument beyond his actual wages. In such case, it was absolutely necessary that these wages should be comparatively high. But, in proportion as the driver conducted himself well, he was promoted to better roads where his emoluments increased, and consequently his wages were reduced.

Bianconi has done great good to Ireland—not only by his own example, but by the stimulus which he has given to others to pursue the same course. In no country in the world are there now such facilities and cheapness of travelling as in Ireland. As for safety, a lady, covered with jewels, might travel by herself from Cape Clear to Fair Head, without the slightest danger of being robbed or murdered.

GLENGARIFF.**A GLENGARIFF SHOWER.**

THE drive from Mucross Abbey, by the new road, to Kenmare, is highly romantic and picturesque. The views of the lakes and mountains from the elevated portions of this route, are superior to those from Mangerton. Those who have travelled in alpine countries, are well aware that it is not from the highest mountain you have the best prospect. We too often lose in distinctness of perception what we gain in extent of vision. This is particularly the case in Ireland, where the humid and hazy atmosphere of the mountains greatly obstructs the clear view of objects in the valleys. The advantage of the high box-seat of the car, in this journey, was now appreciated, as the eye readily took in both the foreground and the distant scenery, without any twisting or straining of the body.

While the passengers were lunching at Kenmare, I perceived unequivocal indications of a near approach of stormy weather. The mountains were already putting on their night-caps, though it was but little beyond mid-day, and the spirit in my nervous barometer was fast sinking—an unerring signal for me to take in sail, and make all snug for the coming gale. A vacancy now occurring in the ground tier, I stowed myself away on the larboard or lee side of the locomotive, arranged my Macintoshes—and prepared to scud under storm stay-sails. Several of the passengers evidently thought I was taking a great deal of unnecessary precaution—especially in putting a water-proof hood over my hat, which would throw off the rain upon the Macintosh cloak beneath—a procedure of the utmost importance. My air-cushion was blown to its utmost dimensions, and my umbrella was stowed away as both useless to myself, and injurious to

others, on such a vehicle as this. A sickly-looking female was invited by me to take her seat close to me, as I might probably render her some assistance if necessary.

We had scarcely begun to ascend the high-grounds between Kenmare and Glengariff, when my prognostications were more than verified. A violent squall of wind came roaring up Kenmare Bay from the ocean, which quickly unshipped some hats and cloaks, and stopped the car for some minutes until they were picked up. Then came down the torrent of rain like a water-fall! I had seen a tornado on the Line—a hurricane in the West Indies—a “table-cloth” at the Cape—an elephanta at Bombay—a typhoon in the Celestial Seas—and even a “saft day” at the foot of Ben Nevis; but a GLENGARIFF SHOWER left them all in the shade! It appeared to me that a large flotilla of clouds, while crossing the Atlantic, had been seized with a fit of the modern mania—HYDROPATHY, and had employed half a dozen water-spouts to suck up a *quantum suff.* of the briny element into their capacious paunches—that they had struck on some of the wild Kerry mountains—sprung a leak—and were now emptying their huge water-tanks on our devoted heads! Meantime, the war of winds was quite as fierce as the war of waters—and while I could hardly maintain my seat, I could not help repeating the words of LEAR:—

“ Blow winds and crack your cheeks, rage, blow!

Ye cataracts and hurricanos spout,

Till ye have drenched the steeples—drown'd the cocks!”

Umbrellas, parasols, and parapluiers were soon inverted, destroyed, or lost, and had it not been for a spare cap and cape, of Macintosh manufacture—which I supplied to my invalid fellow-passenger, I think her doom would have been sealed! Apropos, of hydropathy, I will venture to say that, in all Silesia, there was not a more complete little hydropathic establishment than

our *LOCOMOTIVE* presented on the mountains of Glengariff. Thus we had the *shower*-bath, on a splendid scale—[it might be called the “*BAD-STURM*,”]—the *air*-bath—the *sitz*-bath—the *douche*-descendante, of immense altitude—and, if we had no wet sheets, or wet blankets, we had wet shirts and wet shifts, galore! Those of us, too, who had vital heat enough to resist the storm, and produce re-action, had a *vapour*-bath, in addition to the other “*apparatus medicaminum*” of the Silesian Hippocrates. There was one *hiatus*, however, in the process of the “*water-cure*.” Although there was abundance of the aqueous element above and around us, I did not see a single glass of water drunk on the road between Kenmare and Glengariff! On our arrival at the latter place, indeed, there was such a demand for “*mountain dew*,” that, had Father Mathew and Mr. Priessnitz been present, they would have turned up their eyes in horror and astonishment! Of the reverend disciple of temperance I dare not speak; but, from what I know of the German character, I do not think that Mynheer Priessnitz would have turned up his nose at a bottle of *kirschwasser*, had it come in his way at Glengariff.

How many rheumatisms or other complaints were dispersed by the “*water-cure*,” during this morning’s drenching, I will not pretend to say; but, from what I saw at the inn where we stopped afterwards, I am greatly mistaken if the germs of dangerous, perhaps fatal, maladies, were not there sown in some of our constitutions!

While warming, drying, and comforting the outward and inward man, at Glengariff, a great change took place in the elemental war around us. The storm suddenly subsided, as if *Æolus* had “*cracked his cheeks*,” or blown out every blast from his bellows—the clouds broke up and dispersed away to the eastward, light as balloons, having let fall their last bucket of water on the mountains—the sun broke out with great splendour—and

a magnificent scene burst on the eye! It reminded me of a terrific storm, succeeded by sunshine, which I had witnessed just nine years previously [August, 1834] among the Alps. Glengariff deserves the praises which have been lavished on it, and, indeed, it struck me more forcibly than the scenery of Killarney. The lake or lough is sea-water, which always has something more exhilarating than the inland or fresh-water lakes.

BANTRY.

“ DRY LODGINGS.”

A good many of the Killarney passengers were so frightened or hurt by the hydropathic treatment on the mountains, that they took up their quarters at the small and not very tempting hotel in Glengariff—some of them indicating that they had had too much water, and too little whiskey on the road. We therefore concluded our journey, with a much lighter cargo than we set out with in the morning. The hotel at Bantry is large, but provided with as few *conveniences*, as any I had seen for some time past. My bed-room, contained a small bed—one chair, and a wash-hand stand:—nothing else whatever. The fatigue of the day soon caused a profound sleep, but not without dreams. I thought I was at Graeffenberg, and that Priessnitz was wrapping me in a wet sheet—seating me in a cold *sitz*-bath—and pouring water on my head, from a large garden watering-pot. I awoke, and found that I had not gone to Graeffenberg, but that Priessnitz had apparently come to Bantry! It appeared that Bantry had been visited by the storm, but not the rain, of the preceding day—that some slates or tiles had been displaced—that in the night came down the rain—and that the water came in like a spout, and deluged my bed as completely as if the clothes had been dipped in the neighbouring river! This was a good speci-

men of Irish "good dry lodgings!" There was no bell, of course, and I had some difficulty in making myself heard, and procuring another bed and bed-room! Whether it was this soaking or that on the mountains, I cannot say; but I did not feel well for a week afterwards.

There is little in the town of Bantry to admire; the views of a magnificent inlet of the sea, land-locked by lofty head-lands, are grand, though there was a mixture of the frigid, the foggy, and sublime about them, that reminds one forcibly of Ossian's "misty mountains of Morven;"—and when the solitude of the scene—the absence of shipping on such a noble bay—and the paucity of life in every direction, are taken together, there is something depressing rather than exhilarating in the contemplation of mountain, valley, and ocean about Bantry.

NUMERO CENT.

In most houses of comfort or respectability throughout England, there is a very *necessary* piece of furniture which has obtained various appellations, more or less indicative of its nature and function. The English have been the means of introducing this article rather extensively abroad, since the Peace of 1814. It was long considered to be *unnecessary* in Scotland—even in Auld Reekie; but is now very generally to be found, especially in the New Town. On the Continent, it is very frequently designated in the great hotels, "NUMERO CENT," though, for what reason I never could divine. Probably the term *cent*, is a corruption of another word, which is pronounced exactly the same, but has the letter S prefixed. Be this as it may, the nameless piece of furniture in question, is by no means in such general requisition in Ireland, as it is in England.

There are many second-rate houses in first-rate towns and cities—and first-rate houses in second-rate towns and cities,

where no "NUMERO CENT" can be found within the walls of the mansion! This is a great inconvenience, not to say shame, and deserves reprobation. As for hotels, there are very few of them in country towns where the said article of furniture obtains at all; and this is the more reprehensible, as one of the principal components of the unnameable convenience is more plentiful in Ireland than in any other country under the sun! The Bantry Hotel, however, may claim a kind of equivocal exemption from this sweeping censure, for *there*, my small bed-chamber might, at least in one sense of the word, deserve the appellation of—WATER-CLOSET.

The very air of Munster, and especially the breezes that blew over the mountains of Kerry, suggested the matter of the following Section, which may be located here, as well as anywhere else.

AGITATION.

This is the order of the day. On one side of the Channel, they agitate for repeal of the Corn-laws—on the other, for repeal of the Union. But the Leaguers have greatly the advantage of the Repealers in respect to simplicity and unity of object. A loaf of bread is a much more visible, tangible, and edible substance than an Act of Parliament. Few people would fail to distinguish a quartern from a half-quartern loaf—and fewer still would prefer the smaller to the larger, provided that both were the same price, and of the same quality. But an Act of Parliament, though Daniel tells us he could drive a coach and six through it at any time, is still a far less intelligible thing than a loaf of bread! The *result* of a repeal of the Corn-laws, might not be very difficult of calculation; but who could venture even to imagine the events that might, or indeed would, flow from a repeal of the Union!! A repeal of the Union resembles a di-

vorice between man and wife. A *separation* would be the inevitable consequence, in both cases. A repeal of the Union would effectually divorce Hibernia from John Bull "*a mensa et thoro*"—and that without alimony or maintenance. It is true that she might, perhaps, be at liberty to form another matrimonial connexion—but with whom would this new *liason* be? Johnny Crapaud—or Cousin Jonathan? HIBERNIA is not of the constitution to live in blessed singleness during the remainder of her life—and verily the new alliance would be much worse than the original "*VINCULUM MATRIMONII!*"

But to return to AGITATION. This must be either moral or physical—the force of reason, or the force of arms. Do the Repealers seriously believe that they can persuade the English nation to grant a repeal by mere argument? We may sometimes succeed in persuading an idiot, an enthusiast, or a madman, to commit suicide; but we need not promise ourselves such success with a whole nation. When England wishes to be dismembered, and reduced to an appendage to France, it will consent to a disunion and separation from Ireland. But O'Counell and his associates may point to Italy, where we see Neapolitan, Roman, Tuscan, Sardinian, and Lombardo-Venetian States living contiguously and quietly together. Yes! and compare this quintuple aggregate of petty states with the gigantic power of united Italy under Cæsar or Augustus! Any third-rate State in Europe could, if permitted by the stronger ones, dismember the whole of the Italian Peninsula.

And what is this peaceable or "moral agitation" in Ireland? It is the water boiling in the great political cauldron, generating and condensing steam for the grand insurrectionary explosion. The chief engineers may hope to control this fearful and expansive element; but when once the steam has attained a certain force,

it will burst the boilers, blow the engineers into the air, and spread destruction in every direction !

But whatever the LEADERS may say, they surely think and know that " MORAL AGITATION " will never succeed in severing the empire—and that PHYSICAL FORCE must be the " ULTIMA RATIO POPULI." Some of them indeed may hope to advance in safety to the bank of the Rubicon, and there stop short. Vain hope ! fatal delusion ! As well might they expect to arrest the flight of the avalanche from the Alpine peak in its way to the subjacent vale ! The avalanche, though impetuous—irresistible in its downward course, finds, at last, its death-bed and grave in the deep abyss or the crevasses of the glacier. So would the insurgent masses of infatuated Ireland ! " But, say the leaders, five million of united people cannot be conquered." Let them reflect that two and a half million of these are women—and that, of the other half, there are not half a million of fighting men. Very few of them have other arms than those they brought into the world with them—few or none of them could use arms if they had them, and training or discipline is out of the question ! What suicidal insanity is it to dream that such multitudes could stand against regular troops ! Have they the fastnesses—the natural citadels, or the inaccessible precipices of the Tyrolese, the Swiss, the Albanians, or even the Highlanders ? No. They have bogs in which they may be immersed—lakes in which they may be drowned—or bleak and defenceless mountains, on which they may starve.

Have none of the senior agitators witnessed—or, if witnessed, have they forgotten, the horrors of war in general, but of civil war in particular ? Are the heart-rending scenes of '97 and '98 obliterated from their memories ? But, above all, have the ministers of religion thrown overboard the concerns of another world, as a matter of popular superstition, in order to fan the flame of discord

between the two countries, and between two parties in the same country? Are we once more to have pulpit "drum ecclesiastic" beating up for insurgent volunteers to swell the torrent of victims that will inevitably be immolated at the shrine of rebellion? And are these the "ministers of peace," preaching love and good-will among mankind! A political parson is bad enough, heaven knows, as we too often find at home; but when a militant *hierarchy* commands a sacerdotal legion to brandish the fiery cross, the prospect becomes dark and fearful!

To reason or argue with the "demented," is known to be perfectly useless; we therefore treat them with a strait-waistcoat or solitary confinement—not only for the preservation of themselves, but of their neighbours. VERBUM SAT!*

That poor IERNE has many and great grievances to redress, her bitterest enemies cannot deny; but the REMEDY which she seeks would be death to the oppressor and the oppressed. What would be thought of a man who came to a surgeon demanding, not amputation, but decapitation, for an incurable ulcer on his leg? Petition, or, if you will, agitate, for the removal of grievances; but not for REPEAL, which would be political suicide on both sides of the Channel.

I have hinted in another place, under the head of "BLACK CATALOGUE," that the grand agitator labours under a species of delusion, which I have termed "MONOMANIA AGITANS." Should I be wrong, in this supposition, though I think I am right, it is not impossible, that the prime mover may act upon a principle very commonly adopted by mankind at large in their transactions and negotiations—namely, to demand great things, with the hope of obtaining smaller ones. This, in politics at least, may prove a double-edged sword, calculated to cut two ways. Many an

* It will be evident that the above lines were penned long before the State Trials were heard of.

ambitious man in this world, by aiming too high, has overleaped the mark, and fallen, never more to rise !

BANTRY TO CORK.

The journey from Bantry to the beautiful city, by the coast route, presents striking views of the wild and magnificent kind. It is impossible to travel along the western and southern board of Ireland, without being forcibly impressed with the idea, or almost the conviction, that some great tract of land, whether island or continent, was once torn by some terrible convulsion of Nature, from this part of the country, and buried in the Atlantic. The huge projecting promontories—the deep and vast bays—the fractured and perpendicular cliffs—the numerous rocks and ialets round the shores—all proclaim the probability, that this was the theatre of some awful catastrophe, before or after the creation of man !—The Azores, lying midway between Ireland and the American Continent, look like fragments of a great Atlantic territory, connecting the Old and the New World, at some remote period. Then, again, the northern shores of the island present indubitable proofs that a vast chain of basaltic columns once connected Ireland with Scotland, but which chain has been severed and overwhelmed in the briny flood !

BANTRY—INVASION.

Few of those who had arrived at the age of maturity when the revolutionary war broke out, will fail to associate the name of BANTRY-BAY with the French expedition of 1796—when, as historians, divines, and even tourists inform us, this country was saved by the special interference of PROVIDENCE from a bloody and foreign invasion by our then arch-enemy the French. In ancient times, when gods and goddesses were as plentiful as blackberries, no battle took place without a brace or more of celestial warriors,

who mingled in the combat, and fought in the ranks like bold dragoons or stout grenadiers ! The goddesses even joined in the hurley-burley, and if JUNO, herself, did not actually take the field, she often employed some of her aid-de-camps, or third-rate deities, to represent her in the clash of arms. But now that the civilized world recognizes only ONE PROVIDENCE, it is curious to see how each of the belligerents claims that Providence as taking *his* part, in preference to that of his opponent. The English are not only the most pious, but the most modest warriors in the world. When they gain a battle or escape a disaster, they attribute it entirely to the interference of PROVIDENCE ; and, when they experience a defeat or some dreadful calamity, they lay it to their own mismanagement, or consider it as a punishment for their sins. This is all extremely religious, moral, and philosophical. But we generally see a little by-play or episode in these great events. Thus, after public thanksgiving to PROVIDENCE for a great and signal slaughter of our enemies, the Parliament is assembled, and thanks are voted by both Houses to the valiant, skilful, and victorious general or admiral *who achieved* the triumphant carnage and conquest—a title is conferred on him by his gracious sovereign—and a large purse is subscribed by his grateful country to support the dignity of the title and ennoble as well as enrich his posterity for ever ! After this, we seldom hear any more of the divine interposition of PROVIDENCE at the battles of the Nile, St. Vincent, Trafalgar, or Waterloo ; but a great deal about the *immortal* memory of a Jervis, a Nelson, or a Wellesley, whose heroic courage and consummate skill won such deathless laurels for their country and themselves, on the blood-stained waters of the Nile, and the carnage-covered plains of Belgium ! Then rise marble statues and tall columns to the “ HEROES OF A HUNDRED BATTLES ;” but not one of the pedestals have I ever seen present the inscription—

“ *Soli Deo sit semper gloria.*”

It is curious to observe that the most devout, the most confident of these "WAITERS ON PROVIDENCE" seem to have some doubts as to the prudence of trusting entirely to supernatural agency, though surely there is some inconsistency in this; for, if PROVIDENCE have made its election, the powers of man will avail but little on either side. They, however, take care to employ all human means, offensive and defensive, probably on the French maxim—" *Aide toi, et le bon DIEU t'aidera.*" Even the Orangeman of Ulster, who knows he has PROVIDENCE on his side against the machinations of Popery, addresses his companions thus:—

" Put your trust in God, my boys—
But keep your powder dry."

Be this as it may, the British Government will do well not to trust to the interposition of the elements in dispersing a French fleet on the south coast of Ireland a second time, should war unhappily be lighted up once more between the two great maritime countries of Europe! Louis Phillipe does not appear to have an overweening confidence in Divine assistance, for he is busily engaged in the construction of a large STEAM-FLEET, that may defy the elements themselves in some future expedition to BANTRY BAY! Steam will entirely change the face of war from this period; and a few galley-stokers and engineers in the hold, or 'tween-decks of a French ship, will render useless the nautical skill and dexterity of the British tar! Steam and machinery bring all things to a level—and the boiler of a Gallic engine will convert water into vapour with as much facility as if it were the manufacture of Birmingham! It will be curious to see a fleet of steamers off Ushant in the depth of Winter, blockading a steam-fleet in Brest Harbour! While the *former* are wearing and tearing their machinery, and burning their coals, to barely maintain their position off that stormy and iron-bound coast, the *latter* will

be snug in a land-locked basin, ready to start with a cargo of troops, whenever the blockaders are driven from their port by the furious western gale. The start of a few hours, with steam, is as good as so many days in sailing vessels. To block up steamers by line-of-battle ships, would be worse than useless. The moment a slant of wind or a calm enables the steamer to clear the harbour, she can steer in the wind's eye, and defy a thousand sail of the line!

But what has a loyal and contented people to fear from a Gallic or any other invader? Did not the Irish peasant assist the British soldier, and share with him his humble meal, when marching to repel the French troops at Bantry? No doubt of it. But will the irritated, alienated, not to say oppressed, tenants of the South, whose cattle are impounded for rent not due, rush now to the defence of their shores against troops ostensibly sent for their liberation from the Saxon yoke? Let the grinding and absentee landlords look to this!

CORK.

FORTY YEARS (!) had rolled over my head since last I visited the "BEAUTIFUL CITY." In that long interval, I had seen much of the world, and learnt something of human nature—more, perhaps, than he, of whom the poet says:—

"Et mores hominum multorum vidit et urbes."

But my various wanderings never obliterated from my memory the Cove of Cork. In the midst of peace, and while enjoying ourselves at Cork and its vicinity, a king's messenger came on board our frigate, at four o'clock in the morning, displaying the horrid *greyhound* on his arm, (I could never bear the sight of a greyhound since,) and roused us out to sea at day-light, with despatches of a new war, for the East Indies! The officers had no time to get their linen from the shore; and, I found myself in

possession of three shirts for a voyage of 13,850 miles ! At that period, unfortunately, the march of invention had not appended half a dozen or a dozen of collars, and the same number of *fronts*, to each shirt, so that a circumnavigation of the globe, or a two years' residence at the North Pole, might be readily undertaken with half a dozen shirts. As it was, then, the frequent ablution of our scanty stock, in sea-water and pease-soup, during our voyage to Madras, rendered our linen the colour of a Hindoo's complexion, or that of Chinese nankeen !

At this time we entered Cork by the road from Bandon, and I scarcely recognised the " beautiful city," to which appellation it is well entitled. The entrance to Cork, as to most Irish towns, of any magnitude, presents a brace of objects which attract the attention of the traveller—the criminal and the pauper bastilles. If a stranger from the moon, or from that large tract of territory which is subject to the moon's brother, were to visit the jails and work-houses of Ireland—and then remark the swarms of beggars in the streets, and the columns of crimes and outrages in the newspapers, he would be apt to clap his hands, and exclaim, " I have made a discovery. Here is cause and effect. In this country, they offer a premium on vice and idleness, by building palaces for both classes—and lodging and feeding the criminal and the pauper in a very superior style." It is true that, in the prison, some of the misdemeaning gentry dance a jig on the treadmill daily. But this is not a whit more fatiguing or unhealthy than waltzing and quadrilling at midnight balls and assemblies. The only real grievance of which the criminal and the pauper have to complain, is that which Sterne's starling was perpetually piping on—" I CAN'T GET OUT."

The Prison Annals of Cork, and other places, shew a considerable diminution of crime since the commencement of tee-totalism. Some may be inclined to doubt whether the *latter* is the cause

of the *former*; but I think there can be little room for scepticism on this point. In 1839, the number of criminals brought to trial in Ireland was 26,392. In 1841, it had diminished to 20,790.

Still the criminal statistics of Ireland, as compared with those of England, throw the former country into a fearful shade! In 1841, when crime had diminished 22 per cent. in Ireland, there was one criminal for every 400 of inhabitants; whereas, in England, it was one in 555. In 1839, the number of *murders* committed in Ireland, was five times the number of those committed in England. But in 1841, it was only twice the number. Yet, in comparison with the population, the Irish murders were eleven to one, in 1839, and four times as many as in England, in 1841. Thus the ratio of crime has been regularly diminishing in Ireland, and increasing in England, since the mission of Father Mathew.

Cork at all times has a busy, bustling, and thriving appearance. Butter, beef, pork, corn, and tallow are constantly draining away into the sea to visit other climes; and the shops are well stored with the productions of Asia, America, and Europe. But there was an additional life in Cork at this time, in consequence of two shows—that of cattle, and that of the BRITISH ASSOCIATION. The latter, or peripatetic, exhibition, was far from being so well attended as it ought to have been. There is a strong, but not very open, prejudice against these scientific meetings throughout the whole of the Ultra-religionists, or Evangelicals, on both sides of the Channel, and in no place more strong than among the saints of Ireland. They believe that no science or knowledge can prosper or profit, when not accompanied by the “Word of God,” and a solemn profession of the Thirty-nine Articles. They coincide a good deal with the protestation of the Mahomedan General respecting the Alexandrian Library. If that

celebrated collection, said he, contains *more* than is found in the Koran, it is injurious—if *less*, it is useless. The godly consider that nothing can be true or useful that is not in the Bible. They strongly suspect, though they seldom avow it, that your investigations and discoveries will disturb some of the statements in Holy Writ. A gentleman, in Ireland, told me that the single Section of GEOLOGY, in the British Association, was calculated to bring down the curse of God on any country where that Section broached its Atheistical doctrines! Surprised at this asseveration, I asked him what there was in Geology that savoured of Atheism? “Your geologists,” said he, “would make this earth sixty instead of six thousand years old, which is contrary to the Word of God, and consequently Atheistical.” It was vain to argue that Moses and the Prophets could only deliver themselves in language that would be intelligible to the people, and that every word in the Bible was not to be taken in a strictly literal sense. Thus, when Joshua commanded the SUN to stand still, it was surely not to be taken *literally*, as the sun was standing still before Joshua was born, and has continued to stand still ever since. If the Jews had been told that the EARTH stood still for some hours, at Joshua’s command, they would have laughed at the absurdity—and yet that would have been the truth. The good man could bear this no longer, and turned from me with evident disgust.

Dublin and Belfast are the only places in Ireland that are likely to receive and encourage the meetings of the British Association. The Giant’s Causeway, and the romantic coast of Antrim, would offer great attractions to a Belfast Scientific Meeting.

Were it not for the abovementioned drawbacks, it would be pleasant to reflect that, amidst the storms of political factions, and wranglings of sectarian bigotry, there is yet a resting-place, a neutral ground, where Whig, Tory, Radical, and Repealer may

meet on terms of equality and unanimity, to cultivate, discuss, and promote those noble arts and sciences which have elevated man above the beasts of the field, and enabled him to alleviate the unavoidable sufferings of humanity! These are legitimate ends and objects of the British Association, and those who wish to throw in the apple of discord—theological distinctions—are acting a very undignified and narrow-minded part.

CORK HARBOUR—BOSPHORUS.

It is said that “ comparisons are odious ;” but it depends on their degree of justice or extravagance. The Roman shepherd who compared, in imagination, the Imperial City with his native village, was rather out of his reckoning.

“ Sic Catulos canibus—magnis componere parva.”

In respect to the River LEE, between Cove and Cork, the “ foreign traveller ” who told Mrs. Hall that “ a few minarets placed in its hanging gardens, would realize the Bosphorus,” was evidently in a complimentary mood. I suspect that there are more things wanting to complete the parallel than a few minarets. A mighty and pellucid torrent rushing between and separating the vast continents of Europe and Asia—purified and filtered in the expansive Euxine—washing the walls of the City of Constantine, and capital of the Eastern Empire, Roman as well as Ottoman—renowned in classic tale and history, from the flight of Xerxes to the forcing of the Dardanelles—the dazzling blue skies by day, and glowing firmament by night—with many other peculiarities, contrast not a little with the tiny Lee and its verdant wooded banks. The simile of my friend, Mr. MOORE, who characterized it as “ *the noble sea avenue to Cork* ”—is far more appropriate as well as poetical. Not one in ten thousand of those who steam it from Cove to Cork, have ever seen the

Bosphorus, though all of them have seen an avenue—and that too, with plenty of water on its surface—at least in Ireland.

Although I had often seen this marine avenue before, I embarked in the steamer at Cork, one beautiful morning, and went down to Cove, admiring the banks on both sides, but especially the northern one, rising gradually from the water, and covered with woods, villas, gardens, and lawns, more resembling the environs of a great and rich capital, than those of a pork and butter-salting provincial like Cork. If I was not misinformed, these villas, though fit for noblemen, of ten and twenty-thousand a year, were not in exact accordance with the receipts of the merchant-kings of the modern Irish Venice.* To the traveller, however, this is of no consequence. It may be safely averred that, excepting the Tagus and the Bosphorus, no sea avenue, of the same space, presents more attractive scenery than that which lies between the Cove of Cork and the city itself.

CLONMEL.

HERE we are in the midst of *Tipperary*—one of the most beautiful, fertile—I wish I could say *happy*, counties in Ireland. We are in sweet Clonmel, too, in the “VALE of HONEY.” This part of Erin was, according to *authentic* history, first colonized by the TITANS, of old. And a precious brood they have left! The Tipperary Titans, however, do not war with the gods in the skies, but with their landlords on the earth. And pretty havoc they make among them annually! It appears that the original colonists let loose a hive of bees, which settled near Clonmel, and there they took up their first quarters—hence the name of the “Vale of Honey.” I fear these sons of Coelus and Terra—these

* Cork was built on a marsh, and we all know that Venice and Amsterdam were built on piles driven into the mud.

ancient Titans of Tipperary—left more of the stings than the honey of their bees for their posterity! The murders of this county would disgrace the most gloomy wilds of the most savage tribes that ever roamed in Asia, Africa, or America; but the escape and immunity of the murderers in a Christian country, transcend the horrors of THUGGISM, and almost suggest the idea that man is given over to the dominion of the evil one, and no longer under the superintendence of a just Providence!

But let not the lords of the soil and the Legislators of the State apply the flattering unction to their souls, and conclude that these horrible atrocities spring from the innate depravity of the Irish character! No, verily. There are no events or phenomena in this world, without adequate moral or physical causes; and, as sure as there is a God in Heaven, so sure are these stupendous assassinations the penalties of crime incurred by ourselves or our forefathers! Unfortunately, the innocent often suffer for the omissions and commissions of the “guilty great”—and thus the domestic hearth frequently becomes the scene of frightful murders, in return for cruel laws, and what is worse, the mal-administration of those laws, enacted and worked before we were born!

This impunity of the murderer in Ireland indicates two conditions of society, either of which it is frightful to contemplate! It proves that the spectators, or connivers are, themselves, afraid of interfering, or apprehending the assassin, lest they also should suffer the same fate. It also indicates that the people are not zealously disposed to apprehend these criminals, from some general and vague idea that these bloody transactions are to be viewed rather as public punishments than private murders. This is the worst feature of all. It shews that the sense of guilt is blunted, and that the admonitions from the Altar fail to make due impression on the moral feeling of the populace. The influence of the priest may be great in prompting to political error or agita-

tion ; but the condition of society, in question, proves that the holy man is comparatively impotent in restraining political and moral crimes !

Although the Thug of the East and he of the West approximate in some points of character, they are essentially different in others. The Oriental Thug is brought up to the trade of assassination, and wanders about the country, as a tinker or a tailor would do mending kettles or making coats, receiving his wages according to the difficulty of the job, or the wealth of the employer. The Thug of the West is compelled by ballot or lot, to undertake the horrid deed, at a distance from his own home, and only for once—while he considers the dreadful task, something in the light of a public execution, which somebody must perform for the good of the country, and to which his lot propelled him ! This monstrous system is very erroneously designated by the term “ WILD JUSTICE.” The *latter* is the more or less immediate punishment for injury or insult, real or imaginary ; and the aggrieved agent is labouring under the powerful and exciting passion of personal revenge. This perpetration of murder, therefore, has something natural, however cruel and criminal, about it. But when the Neophyte Thug, of the western school, can be worked up to these deeds of death by the throw of a die, the feeling of security from detection, and some hell-born phantom of patriotism—when the unrestrained assassin can go forth to way-lay and slaughter the man whom he never before saw—when he can accomplish his diabolical purpose in the glare of day, and without risk of interruption, much less seizure by the passive spectator—this is an unerring sign of a disorganization in the framework of civilized life that must tear up the very roots of society, and bring chaos back again, unless some remedy be found to check the downward march of religion, morality, philosophy—and humanity itself !

ROCK OF CASHEL.

AMIDST these gloomy meditations and reflections, I left Clonmel, in which I did not feel much interested, except on account of three public characters, connected with the locality—Lawrence Sterne, Lady Blessington, and Signor Bianconi. The two former honoured Clonmel with their birth, and the third with his residence—probably his grave. Few tourists will pass the cradle of the English Rabelais, without heaving a sigh, and ejaculating—“ALAS! POOR YORICK!” The genius and brilliant talents of the accomplished Countess need not the passing tribute of an encomium from the pen of a wandering philosopher; and BIANCONI carries his own fame through Leinster, Connaught, and Munster, together with many a heavy load of Celts and Saxons.

The ruins that crown the Rock of Cashel are seen for many a long Irish mile on the Clonmel road, and are the most picturesque and interesting remains of antiquity,—Persee, Pagan, and Christian, that I have seen in Ireland. The very rock itself, rising abruptly from a beautiful, fertile, and undulating country, with the fine Galtee mountains in the back-ground, presents a very striking picture, while the city—a city of wig-wams inhabited by Titanians—nestles round the eastern base of the mount, rendering our ascent to the ruins through dirty narrow lanes, a matter of some difficulty. It was market-day in the city of Cashel, and the open space where we put up, exhibited numerous groups of Tipperary Titans, many of whom threw a dark sullen scowl on the Saxon strangers as they ascended and descended the rock of ruins. It is nearly impossible to dissociate, in the mind, the name of Tipperary from that of murder; and, in many a Pelasgian countenance (for the Pelasgi settled here too) I fancied that I saw the mark of Cain instead of the sign of the Cross! Such is the

force of prejudice, even in minds that are but little disposed to be influenced by that weakness ! Doubtless the poor Titans looked on us as Saxon tyrants and oppressors, who well deserved the halter, if Justice held her balance in equilibrio !

The summit of the rock, which is of steep ascent on the city side, is covered with ruins—the mysterious round tower overlooking the cathedral, chapel, and fragments of castles and walls. The tower actually touches the cathedral, and as it is built of free-stone, while the other ruins are constructed of lime-stone, the same as the rock itself, we may fairly conclude that it is the senior edifice, and erected long before Christianity obtained a footing in Ireland. There are figures among these ruins that would lead one to suspect that Paganism had votaries there, intermediate between the fire-worship of the round tower and the purer religion of the Cross. One could fancy that he saw the relics of heathen deities in Cormack's chapel—and I hardly see the propriety of such figures as a Mermaid with a double fish-tail in a Christian Temple.

It appears that there are more “ Old Mortalities ” than he who has been so celebrated by Sir Walter Scott, of the North. At Cashel there were not less than two—one, the good Archdeacon Cotton—and the other a guide ;—both of whom expended great labour, and the *former* some money, in renovating and preserving the crumbling fragments of these sacred ruins, and procrastinating their inevitable resolution into the elements of which they were composed ! The other and more humble branch of the “ MORTALITY ” family, was far stricken in years when he took up his solitary residence among these tottering structures. He worked night and day to prevent the inroads of Time upon his venerable charge. He would remain among the ruins for weeks together, living on the handful of meal, and the few potatoes presented by the poor people in the neighbourhood—praying and working, from

morn till night—and then stretching himself in the entrance to Cormack's chapel, or by the side of the Archbishop's tomb, enjoy the most tranquil sleep, after the pious labours of the day!

“ A life so sacred, such serene repose,”

was not clouded by the unhappy doubt that crossed the mind of Parnell's hermit, and induced him to quit his cell, fix the scallop in his hat, and travel in search of knowledge. His daily avocation consisted in collecting together the precious fragments of the edifices, which time or ignorance was fast defacing—“ picking the green moss from out the inscriptions, and sweeping the hallowed floors—sometimes, despite his age, he would creep along the walls to replace a stone, whilst the neighbours hinted that he held converse with the spirits of the air, who supported him at his work. At last the old man died, and was buried. Then the stones fell, and fragments of the most exquisite architecture were scattered by the storm, and the glories of the place were crumbling into dust, when, happily, one of equal taste and greater power, laboured long and earnestly to preserve what the humble workman honoured.”—*Halls*.

No circumstances draw the mind to solemn and serious meditation more deeply than the sight of antique ruins tottering under the weight of time. When we see the massive walls, the ponderous arches, the marble statues, the solid granite itself crumbling into dust, what are we to think of the frail tenement of man himself, whose duration is but a day, compared with the structures we are surveying! How many generations of busy, bustling, mortals have that Round Tower overlooked since its first erection on the solid Rock of Cashel! How many tyrants has death hurled from their seat of power and crime in that period—how many thousand wretches have pined in their dungeons till the kind grave opened to receive their emaciated frames

—how many holy men and women have worn away their dreary and useless lives among these edifices, performing penances for imaginary sins, and securing dignified seats in the mansions of bliss by miseries and mortifications incurred in this transitory scene of existence ! It is curious that neither Archdeacon Cotton nor his worthy predecessor has left us any of their meditations among the mouldering fragments of Cashel. Not so Volney and Gibbon—the one, while contemplating the ruins of Palmyra—the other, while surveying Rome in ruins from the Tower of the Capitol. The wonder is greater, when we reflect that those who have left us the most imperishable reflections on such scenes were sceptics or Deists, while the holy and pious believers have slunk into their tombs without transmitting to their posterity a single line that can preserve their memory from oblivion.

It is greatly to be lamented, indeed, that the eloquent historian of the “ Decline and Fall,” should have sullied his pages, and tarnished his laurels by the daring and impious attempt, however unsuccessful, of—

“ Sapping a sacred creed with solemn sneers.”

It is true that no man can command his belief, which must be the result of conviction, nor prevent the intrusion of doubts, by any voluntary effort of the mind. But he has no right to obtrude his doubts on others, and thus disturb that tranquillity which he has little power to restore afterwards. The errors, the profanations, the superstitions, even the hypocrisies of religion are fair game—though, like tiger-hunting, somewhat dangerous ; but Christianity itself should be held sacred, and not involved in the wranglings of sectarians.

It must be acknowledged that the religion which has withstood the batteries of Hume, Gibbon, Byron, and hundreds of others in this country, not only unsubdued, but uninjured, must have had

a rocky foundation. And it is not a little curious that, while creeds or modifications of *belief* have multiplied, the FAITH itself has, not merely remained, but become stronger !

The Rock of Cashel has seen some church militant service in its day. Its position would, at all times, render it an eligible place for safety as well as prayer. Its cathedral was burnt down by the Earl of Kildare, under the impression that the Archbishop was in it—otherwise he would not, he declared, have been guilty of such sacrilege ! The parliamentary troops invested Cashel both as a Citadel and a *Sanctuary* ; but its sanctity was no proof against the shot and shells of Cromwell. The rock was stormed, when many of the citizens, including twenty Black-friars of the Monastery there were killed. The city itself was given up to plunder. A destiny of that kind now would afford the soldiery little more than pigs and potatoes—and not much of them ! It was, in the olden time, the residence of the kings of Munster, and, to say the truth, they could scarcely have selected a more beautiful spot in the whole province. The sable monks, contrary to their usual taste, had built their Monastery at the foot of the rock, and therefore enjoyed a far less splendid prospect than that which is obtained from the summit. These CISTERCIAN ruins are in tolerable preservation.

The weather was beautiful when we explored the rock and ruins of Cashel, as well as the wig-wam city beneath ; three-fourths of whose houses are straw-thatched cabins, wretched, dirty, dark and smoky ! The locality, however, is well worth a day's survey by the tourist in search of the picturesque, and by the contemplative philosopher who wishes to meditate among the majestic ruins of antiquity and the sordid hovels of the present day.

ABBEY OF HOLY CROSS.

IN pursuing our route to the North-west, about six miles from the rock, we come to a pile of ecclesiastic ruins, not much inferior to those of Cashel. In some respects, indeed, they are more interesting. It appears that one of the lineal descendants of St. Peter—**POPE PASCAL**—had received, with the keys of Heaven, a piece of the **REAL CROSS**—a fragment of inestimable, and inexhaustible value. For more than a thousand years after the Crucifixion, the wood of the Cross possessed the miraculous power of repairing its own wounds, so as to lose nothing by the innumerable chips that were severed from its sides, and dispersed among the true believers. But this is not all. It is credibly stated, that these fragments themselves, in certain holy hands, have the power, like magnets, of communicating their sacred properties to other pieces of wood, that may come in contact with them. In this way, and in this way only, can we account for the quantity of Holy Cross wood which is found in Christendom, even at this day! It would certainly be quite sufficient for the construction of a first-rate ship of the line!

Now the said **POPE PASCAL**, the second, wishing to keep **KING O'BRIEN**, of Ireland, in the true faith, thought he could not do so more effectually, than by sending him a piece of the **TRUE CROSS** incased in gold and jewels. On the receipt of this precious treasure, the pious monarch could not do less than permit—that is—*order* his loyal subjects to erect a splendid abbey for Cistercian Monks, who should take charge of the holy relic. This was about seven hundred years ago, or more. How long the true Cross remained in the Abbey, is not precisely known; but Mr. Petree believes that it is still in the possession of the clergy. It is just *possible*, though, of course, not *probable*, that,

when Henry the Eighth, of blessed memory, abolished the monasteries, some grasping monk may have seized the precious relic—not at all for the sake of the gold and diamond case, but of the sacred piece of wood inclosed, and taken it with him to the grave, as an unfailing passport to Heaven at the last trump!

Be that as it may, it is easy to conceive that Holy-Cross Abbey should be a favourite place of sepulture for seven hundred years past. The floors are actually crammed with graves and tombs of all ranks and classes, who expected, no doubt, that salvation was certain, where the smallest fragment of the “TRUE Cross” had been deposited! We may smile at the credulity of people who could attach such vital importance to a chip of wood which, in all probability, had never been within a thousand miles of Mount Lebanon. But let us look at home here, among enlightened philosophers and reformed religionists. When we see grave doctors, learned divines, and sapient senators *believing*, without half such good authorities as the Catholics could cite, that a man, in profound sleep, can see through his navel, his knuckle, or his knee, objects existing ten thousand miles distant; and that too by the waving of a fool’s hand over a knave’s face—we have little cause to exult over the credulity of the believer in the true Cross of Holy Abbey! It is known, or said, that pigs are endowed with a species of “CLAIR-VOYANCE,” inasmuch as they can *see the wind*, which few of their biped masters can pretend to. But the “CLAIR-VOYANCE” of the Mesmerist throws that of the pig far into the shade. The *magnetized* subject can see the *thoughts* that flow from the immaterial mind of man, in any region between China and Peru, while entranced under the magnetic influence! Who would *believe* that such absurdities can be *believed*? The “*clair-voyance*” of the magnetizer himself, is not of a very high order; for he is not clear-sighted enough to perceive that he is daily making an ass of himself, while the very

tool with which he works is inwardly laughing at the credulity of his master !

These, and many other hallucinations of the human mind, even under the highest culture, ought to qualify our contempt for the more humble and more innocent superstitions of the ignorant multitude, who have not the light of education to guide them.

CLONMACNOISE.

JOURNEYING leisurely towards the far west, we passed through several small towns, as Templemore, Thurles, Roscrea, Bannagher, &c., some of them apparently thriving, and all situated in a fine country more or less cultivated. The name of Bannagher is well known, from its being so often used in comparisons. "That beats Bannagher, and Bannagher beats the ——." I was not able to ascertain the cause of its celebrity. It certainly beats most other small places in the length of its main street, and the dirt and filth of the cross lanes. I will not say that it beats, in this respect, but it certainly equals, "the lang toune of Kirkaldy" in Fifeshire. Crossing the Shannon, over a handsome new bridge with a Martello Tower on the western extremity, to check the insurgents of wild Connaughtmen on their way to the eastward, we arrived at the SEVEN CHURCHES of CLONMACNOISE, perched on the dreary, boggy, and melancholy shores of the Shannon, some ten or a dozen miles below Athlone. This has long been the MECCA of the West—the central resort of Irish Hagiolatry—to which pilgrimages are made, and where PATRONS are annually held. "Here," says a reverend and entertaining traveller, (Tour to Connaught,) "is the largest enclosure of tombs and churches I have any where seen in Ireland. What a mixture of old and new graves—modern inscriptions recording the death and virtues of the sons of the little men, the rude forefathers of the sur-

rounding hamlets—ancient inscriptions in the oldest forms of Irish letters, recording the deeds and the hopes of kings, bishops, and abbots, buried a thousand years ago, lying about, broken, neglected, and dishonoured.”

Such, however, is and always was, the fate of man ! If he be the heritor of Heaven, of what consequence can be the domicile of his dust, while mouldering into Mother Earth ? The superstitious inhabitants, far and near, entertain a confident belief that, if the body be interred within the sacred precincts of Clonmacnoise, the soul will wing its flight direct to the gates of Paradise, without any unpleasant delays on the road, where accommodations might be rather of an indifferent character !

Here are two round towers, and the ruins of two churches. It is curious, that not two towers in Ireland are precisely alike, either in girth, altitude, or architecture. One of those at Clonmacnoise, is dove-tailed, as it were, into the extremity of one of the churches, intimating pretty clearly that it is not one of the most ancient of these mysterious structures, but contemporaneously with the church, and as a look-out house and place of retreat at the same time. It is but 55 feet in height, neatly capped, and the door is level with the ground.

The other, or O'Rourke's Tower, is the most beautiful and perfect specimen in Ireland—at least the lowest fifty or sixty feet of the edifice, which is constructed of the most polished limestone—in fact, marble. This part seems to have belonged to a different æra from that of the superstructure, which is built roughly, like the majority of the round towers. The door, as usual, is fourteen or fifteen feet from the ground, and the interior was large enough for the priests of the place, with their sacerdotal vestments, pixes, and manuscripts, in case of onslaught from Dane, or Munster man, wilder than the Pagan invader ! At the foot of the tower is a HOLY WELL, where the bubbling

waters for ever flow, clear as crystal, and possessed, of course, of miraculous powers. Besides several ecclesiastical ruins here, there is one of an ancient castle, or, probably, of some bishop's palace, the fragments of which seem so hardened by time, that the teeth of Old CHRONOS can make no further impression on them!

Altogether, this is a very interesting spot, full of crosses and other emblems of our holy religion.

I did not make much inquiry into the etymology of this **SANCTUM SANCTORUM**; but as it was the acknowledged and exclusive college, seminary, or university for the education of all the young sprigs of nobility in Munster and Connaught, I do not think a more appropriate name could have been given to it than—**CLAN-MAKE-NOISE**—OR **CLAN-MAC-NOISY**—unless the noble youths of ancient days were composed of different materials from those of the present age. Be this as it may, the Seven Churches of the Shannon presented, till very lately, a Patron, that was any thing but a pattern, for religious, moral, or sober assemblages of pilgrims bent on devotions at the holy shrines of Clonmacnoise! It is only a few years ago, (six or seven, I believe,) that the reverend author of a Tour in Connaught, remarked as follows:—“Beyond this building, is the Patron-Green, where, on the preceding day, (9th September,) even on God's holy Sabbath, thousands had assembled, after doing their stations, and performing their vowed penances, to commence a new course of riot, debauchery, and blasphemy—to run up a new score, which St. Kiernan was, in the following year, to wipe out.”

Alas! this is pretty much the way of the world, where sacraments and expiations are taken and made in higher places than Clonmacnoise! What is the whole giddy round of life, but a circle consisting of—the commission of sin—the resolution to reform—and the lapse into error, too often crime!

But, thanks to Father Mathew, neither Clonmacnoise, Croagh

Patrick, or any other sanctuary in Ireland, presents the Bacchanalian orgies, profanations, or blasphemies which the reverend tourist so properly reprobated. The visitor to Clonmacnoise will not now realise the following picture.

"The Patron was over, and most of the people had gone to their harvest avocations—probably so much the better for us. Many a tent was still standing—many were still keeping up the deep carouse that had continued all through the Sabbath night; and, as we passed by the unseemly dens that are called tents, we could hear the impious blasphemies, the maudlin song, the squeaking bag-pipe, the heavy-footed dance—or, the straggler, who having spent all his money, was now repairing to the holy well to cool his feverish temples, and quench his ardent thirst."

"These were thy charms, but all these charms are fled!"

Even CROAGH PATRICK no longer presents the stirring events described by INGLIS, and other tourists, who were fortunate enough to travel in times more merry than the present, when furious faction-fights, "ructions" royal, and showers of shillelahs falling on forests of crack-brained skulls enlivened the scene, and helped to fill up many a page that would otherwise have remained blank and uncut by the reader! But now, how changed is everything! The fact is, that sparkling wit has subsided into "absolute wisdom"—into political economy, or, if any thing can be duller than that, into political arithmetic! The Star of Ireland's poetry and fun has set for ever! We have now no chance of seeing a broken head, a black eye, or a bloody nose, even among the monster-meetings for the million! Father Mathew "*has done it all!*" Prosaic dulness reigns from Kerry to Antrim—and I doubt whether my friend, Tom Moore, would now be able to eliminate a single stanza from the frigid founts of Castalia in his native isle!

Before leaving Clonmacnoise, I must allude to some obscure vestiges of a secret subterranean passage between the remains of a convent and the churches.

The Reverend Mr. Otway (the entertaining author of the "Tour in Connaught," already mentioned,) could not let so favourable an opportunity slip of having a fling at the CENOBITES, in the following terms:—"Tradition records many such (secret passages) between monasteries and nunneries in Ireland. I suppose they were intended for *useful and sanctified* purposes. It may not be uncharitable to suppose that they were sometimes applied to the furtherance of pious frauds—or *what was worse*." Fie! Mr. Otway! How could a naughty idea enter the mind of an enlightened and Christian Protestant Pastor? Have you forgotten the excellent motto on a lady's garter—"Honi soit qui mal y pense?"

The road to Ballinasloe from Clonmacnoise, is any thing but interesting. It is the land of sheep and black cattle, however, which annually gladdens the heart of Ballinasloe fair, where a very unusual phenomenon sometimes occurs—the sight of more quadrupeds than bipeds. This part of the country appears to be chiefly *occupied* by ci-devant middlemen, now the principal stock-farmers. The following are the Reverend Mr. Otway's sentiments respecting this curious class of human bipeds. It is more favourable than usual.

"The fact is with regard to the middlemen, we are too apt to argue against the use from the abuse: the respectable, careful, well-educated middlemen in process of time rose above their condition; they became to all intents the resident landlords; they formed a sort of intermediate proprietary between the owners of the large and unwieldy grants from the crown, and the people incapacitated by the penal laws; they increased and improved their holdings—they generally farmed their own lands—they re-

stricted their under-tenants from subletting;—they discouraged rack-rent tillage, and are now the principal stock-farmers who supply Ballinasloe fair with the sheep and black cattle that are so much in demand. It is only the hunting, racing, duelling, punch-drinking, carousing, *squireens* middleman, that has been, and is, a nuisance in the land; who takes ground on speculation, to sublet it—who gambles on land as he does on the cards—who plays, as I may say, spoil acres as he does spoil five,—who, because he is a spendthrift, must be a tyrant, and as he knows nothing of economy, cares not a fig for the political economy of his country;—such middlemen, and they are, alas, still too numerous, having long leases, and who still cling to the determination of extracting all they can out of the soil, no matter in what way, are the curse of the country.”*

From Ballinasloe to Galway the country is very devoid of interest—except one spot, a few miles to the westward of the former town—AUGHAM, which few English, and especially Orange tourists pass, without filling up a dozen of pages with the main features and events of the battle—the disastrous battle, fought there between the troops of King William and King James. The river Boyne and the hill of Aughran furnish unfailing sources of matter, or Godsend, for the bookmaking traveller. And yet the resuscitated records of such over-grown “FACTION-FIGHTS”—for they were nothing more or less—are, in my opinion, the most detestable pieces of literature that can soil the paper of tourists! Such sad memorials of civil wars and religious dissensions, ought, if possible, to be buried in oblivion, instead of being raked up by every scribbler, and thrown, like firebrands, among a population already too excited and inflammable! Some approach to this desirable consummation has cer-

* Rev. Cæsar Otway.

tainly been made by the discouragement given to party processions and displays, calculated to keep up the memory of disgraceful feuds and animosities! A better taste, and a better temper, I rejoice to say, characterise the present day, and no writer who has a spark of Christian charity in his breast, will henceforth venture to rake up the ashes of events that only dot the surface of poor Erin with stains of blood and guilt!

Journeying westward from Aughran to Galway, we pass through as sterile and dreary a country as I have ever traversed—excepting, perhaps, a portion of the road between Killicrankie and Inverness, which might have been an excellent station for the TITANS to war with the gods, as they could not possibly have had a better supply of stones on any other point of Earth's surface, excepting the savage mountain of Radicofani, or the dreary volcanic masses on the Island of St. Helena! “Here you either pass through lands miserably cut up and portioned out into small tenures, where the people pursue their miserable tillage of potatoes and oats, or you pass through sheep-pastures, treeless and dreary, divided by the transparent stone walls that you can shoot a snipe through, and which look so loose and frail that you would think they could not stand an hour. Yet they *do* stand—the wind seems to think it not worth while to cast them down, seeing that it gets a free passage through, while the cattle spare them in their own defence, lest, if they touch them, they would fall on and crush them. Occasionally, in this district, you come to plains entirely covered with flat masses of limestone, looking like huge grave-yards—yet, although impenetrable to the plough, they furnish subsistence for sheep.”—OTWAY.

Such is a very true and graphic character of this part of the country. We halted at LOUGHREA, a small, yet rather comfortable looking town, and in no place of the same size, did I see so many mendicants! And no wonder. The poor wretches cannot

live on limestone—and they will not eat potatoes that are cooked in the Bastille. They therefore contrive to exist by mendicancy—which is no dishonorable trade in the Emerald Isle. The locality, altogether, seemed adapted to a concentration of my reflections on the subject of the following section.

MENDICITY AND MENDICANTS.

If the adage be true that, “What is given to the Poor is lent to the Lord,” then I say that, of all countries, not excepting Italy, with its marts of Fondi, Itri, Terracina, and Treponti, Ireland is the land for investing capital in the Celestial funds. The corps of stock-brokers there, are as superior, in wit, humour, and persuasive eloquence, to their brethren of the classic soil, as the lakes of Killarney surpass, in beauty and salubrity, the Pontine fens. In France and Italy, the same monotonous and wearisome profers of the “love of God,” or the “blessings of the Virgin,” in exchange for our money, vibrate on our ears from morning till night—from Calais to Calabria. Not so in the Land of Shamrocks. There, the interest of the Celestial funds is at least as high, and the *post-obits* much more valuable; but the terrestrial bonuses of the Hibernian Exchange, are so alluring, that they are absolutely irresistible! They would beat my friend ROBINS’s manifestoes clean out of the market. It is curious that, in all countries, these agents and recipients of Heaven-born charity seem destined by fate to be the most abject, loathsome, decrepit, maimed, lamed, distorted, and diseased wretches that exist on the face of the earth. Yet, in Ireland at least, however they may themselves be curtailed of Nature’s fair proportions, and all the blandishments of life, they are prodigal, even to profusion, in heaping them on their customers—many of whom have little need of them, though all seem to be gratified by the gifts so lavishly betowed. The fact is, that Hibernian mendicants, men, women,

and children, have "licked the blarney-stone," till their tongues have become as smooth, glib, and oily as an eel. With such an instrument, directed by much mother wit, and native eloquence; they would coax the coppers out of a miser's pouch—relax the features of the sourest Cynic, and almost open the heart of a Poor Law Commissioner! To "Ould Ireland" all philanthropists—all humanity-mongers—all "popularity hunters"—(as the Home Secretary calls them)—should resort to see the admirable working of the "voluntary system," and "out-door relief!"

But to be more serious. The declaimers against Poor-laws on the British side of St. George's Channel have no idea of the penalty which a traveller in Ireland pays—not merely out of his pocket, but out of his comforts and pleasures, in this land of mendicity. I would wish the anti-poorlaw declaimers no worse punishment than that of being worried from Cork to Lough Swilly by clamorous though often humorous beggars. They would find it worse than the penalty which Actæon paid for his peeping propensities! When Diana placed antlers on the hunter's brows, she also gave him a *hide* that was not quite so sensitive to the bites of hounds as his native covering. And thus his sufferings were less than is generally imagined.*

* Listen to what one of the most modern Irish tourists says on this subject.

"In the midst of your pleasure, three beggars have hobbled up, and are howling supplications to the Lord. One is old and blind, and so diseased and hideous, that straightway all the pleasure of the sight round about vanishes from you—that livid ghastly faces interpose between you and it. And so it is throughout the South and West of Ireland. The traveller is haunted by the face of the popular starvation. In this fairest and richest of countries, men are suffering and starving by millions. There are thousands of them at this minute stretched in the sunshine at their own cabin doors, with no work—scarcely any food—no hope! The epicurean and traveller for pleasure, had better travel any where than here, where pity is helpless, and relief hopeless."—*Tidmarsh*.

The Irish poor have a kind of mania for begging, which is most difficult of cure. The more alms that are given them, the more insatiable becomes the appetite for the same kind of provender. Although they earn their bread by the sweat of their brow—the volubility of their tongues—and the exercise of their heels—yet this peripatetic mania has a charm for them which nothing can dissolve but a strong spell, in the shape of a PHOBIA. Now, if any phobia is calculated to check *vagrant* mendicity, it is the BASTILO-PHOBIA—a dread of being fed sufficiently by day—housed comfortably at night—and wearing clean and warm cloathing instead of filthy and tattered rags! Such is the love of liberty in this land of Saxon slavery, that an Irish mendicant had rather starve and die in a ditch, than eat and live in a workhouse. With such a disposition, out-door relief (except to the sick and incapables) at their own homes, would be stark insanity. Not a human being, among the lower classes, would ever cross the threshold of his door, in quest of work, if he could get potatoes and salt from the parish! The workhouse test, as it is called, or the *bastilo-phobia*, is the only check on mendicity—but a Vagrant Act ought to pass when the poor-law system is completely organized.

It must be confessed that no small portion of English paupers are smitten with the *bastilo-phobia*; but the Irish have this phobia in a double degree—their hatred or dread of a UNION of any kind—but of a workhouse UNION in particular!

WORKHOUSE SYSTEM.

DURING a tour through every part of Ireland, I paid great attention to this subject, and visited many of the establishments themselves. I regret to say that, badly as the New Poor Law has worked in England, it has worked ten times worse in Ireland. It

will hardly be believed, but it is a fact, that since the erection of the so-called Bastilles, mendicity has considerably increased. One cause of this is, the hatred which the majority of the rate-payers themselves entertain for the system—and consequently their increased charity to the mendicants, believing it a sin to send them to the workhouse. The second cause is, the want of a Vagrant Act, by which want the police have no power to take up beggars in the streets.

The houses themselves are really unexceptionable, being the best looking buildings in the country—generally well situated—and kept in great cleanliness and neatness. The provisions, for Ireland, are ample, and much better than the poor could possibly expect at home. Thus they have better than half a pound of oatmeal and a pint of milk to make stir-about for breakfast. They have from three to four pounds of potatoes daily, with another pint of milk, for dinner and supper. They have good dormitories, and without being confined in cells, like prisoners, they have by no means bad bedding. As to work, they have little to do but to cook their own provisions, wash their clothes, and make their beds. There is this also to be said in favour of the Bastille, *viz.* : that the children of the paupers are well educated in the school of the workhouse, instead of loitering away their time at home, or learning to beg.

Still the antipathy of the mendicants to enter these asylums is most inveterate. I have conversed with hundreds of these vagrants, and heard nearly the same story from all. Their objections to the workhouse are chiefly as follow :

1. That the workhouse is a PRISON—and that crimes, not misfortunes, are the proper objects for incarceration.
- 2dly. The separation of husbands from wives, and children from both.

3dly. The food, of which they unjustly, and most mendaciously complain.

4thly. The prohibition of tobacco.

5thly, and lastly, *the compulsion of sitting on stools and forms, instead of the ground!* This will hardly be believed; but it is a positive fact.

I have argued with them on all these points, but in vain. In respect to the first objection, they, one and all, declare that they had rather starve in the open air, and at liberty, than be fed and clad, and bedded in a prison.

In regard to the second objection (separation), I have often puzzled, and almost always irritated them. Thus, on asking a sturdy beggar if he had ever been in an hospital? He would very likely reply—"Och, and sure enough I was, worse luck, when myself, my wife, and two of the children were all in the fever hospital, at once." Well, and did they put men and women into the same ward? "No, your honour, they would not be so indecent as that." Then why should they be all put together, men, women, and children, in the same ward of a workhouse? Here they were non-plus'd, and caught in their own trap. They generally turned about, and directed their supplications to another quarter; but some of them would shift their ground, and argue that, at all events, they ought to be allowed to see their wives and children in the day-time. This objection was not so easily answered—unless on the broad ground that the parish was not bound to find paupers in more than the substantial necessities of life—wholesome food, sufficient cloathing, and clean beds. If the boundaries between necessities and luxuries be once overstepped, I don't see where it is to end. If men are allowed to have their wives with them, in the same ward, the consequences need hardly to be foretold—and if each family be furnished with a separate room or rooms, then half the parish must be covered with work-

houses. If this luxury be allowed, I do not see why the pauper should not claim a pint of Port—or at all events, a bottle of Stout, after his dinner. The fact is, that a separation is indispensable, on moral as well as economical grounds.

The third objection—to the food, is most preposterous and false. Every beggar has the ready lie in his mouth, that the poor are actually starved in the workhouse. When I have met this mendacious assertion, by stating that I had myself seen the poor fed in the workhouse, the observation was—"Ach, your honour, they jist gave the miserable crathurs something to ate while you were there ; but fed them on potatoe-skins and skilligolee all the rest of the time."

As to tobacco, if this were allowed, the houses would soon be burnt down by the live-turf carried about to light their pipes. The compulsion to sit on forms and stools, is another ground of complaint. Why do you dislike to sit high, I would ask. " Oh, your honour cannot form an idea of the pleasure of smoking a pipe and sitting on your *hunkers*."

In fine, the objections urged against workhouses by the paupers themselves, are almost all futile—mere excuses for their preference of a wild, erratic, and free exercise of their profession—*MENDICANCY*—over confinement in Bastilles. The disposition of the Irish people to supply the wants of the beggars, from a superstitious, though amiable credence in the rewards which they will therefore meet in Heaven, offers an almost insuperable bar to the working of the poor-law system in Ireland. They have thus a double tax imposed on them daily—alms at home, and the payment of heavy taxes for half-empty workhouses. Like many others, on both sides of the Channel, they consider poverty as misfortune, whereas, in nine cases out of ten, adversity is the natural punishment of culpable negligence or heedless extravagance !

RATE-PAYER'S OBJECTIONS.

These are formidable. The rate-payers complain that they are taxed heavily for the erection and support of workhouses, into which the mendicants will not enter, and whom they have to feed in increased numbers since the Act passed. Part of this grievance is their own voluntary faults; and part that of the Legislature, in not enacting a Vagrant Act. But their greatest and most reasonable objection is, the expense of the establishments, as compared with the good obtained. Thus, suppose a workhouse to contain a medium number of paupers. The expense, per head, will be about one shilling and four-pence per day. Now, upon an average calculation, one shilling of this sum is expended on the house and establishment, and the four-pence goes for the food of the poor! If the head or heads of a family are unable to support themselves and their children, the whole family must enter the workhouse, and thus a heavy expense is incurred by the parish. The rate-payers then argue thus:—"A single individual in the house costs 1*s.* 4*d.* per diem—and a family of five costs 6*s.* 8*d.* If half this sum were distributed to the sick, the poor, and the aged, at their own homes, they would be able to live well on their favourite food, the potatoe, without the necessity of going to the workhouse at all." As the matter now stands, the rate-payers have to find the 1*s.* 4*d.* to the tax-gatherer, and feed a whole army of mendicants at their own doors besides!* Nor is it easy to see one's way out of this perplexing dilemma. There is almost as great a mania for alms-giving as for alms-begging; so

* In no other country except Ireland, where the poor, from habit as well as necessity, are accustomed to live on potatoes, and sleep in a hovel on a wisp of straw, would the system of out-door relief be likely to succeed. Less than half of the workhouse cost would keep a man, his wife, and a couple of children at home. When a whole family is driven to the workhouse, by

that if a Vagrant Act were passed to-morrow, it would not half cure the evil. Besides, the great expense is incurred in the erection of the buildings; the interest of the capital sunk amounting to more than half of the sixteen-pence!

Still, a vagrant act is absolutely necessary. To erect asylums for mendicants without prohibiting mendicancy itself, is not merely ridiculous but injurious. It gives the beggar two strings to his bow—private and parochial charity—on the *former* of which he will be sure to play till it breaks, when he will have recourse to the *latter*.

But neither the Poor-law, nor the Vagrant Act, will afford a radical cure for pauperism—which, unfortunately, is incurable! WORK alone, and that outside the prison walls, can mitigate the evils of mendicity, by directing it into the channels of industry. There is scope for labour in the cultivation of waste-lands in Ireland, and, if mendicity was prohibited, the poor would greatly prefer liberty with labour to the Bastille with food. I see no other way of turning a portion of the torrent of pauperism into safe and useful channels.

Open and unchecked mendicity does infinite mischief in Ireland. These peripatetics are active agents in the dissemination of lies, sedition, and misrepresentation, as well as of the contagion of typhus, and the more fatal and poisonous example of laziness and dirt! They are the greatest of all pests to the traveller, on account of their ubiquity and tenacity. Their humour and wit are certainly amusing; but they are dearly paid for. The information they pick up is sometimes startling. While passing through TUAM, one day, the mail stopped for a few

the present law, some enter the establishment, who would be able to eke out a small out-door existence.—N.B. Mr. Wiggins supposes, that the foregoing estimate gives too much for the support of the workhouse, and too little for the provision of the inmates.

minutes at the inn door, when straight a mob of twenty or thirty mendicants besieged the coach. I was sitting on the box-seat, contemplating the scene, when I was roused from my reverie by a gaunt Meg Merrillies, who roared out, with stentorian lungs—"Och, and will Dr. Johnson, of all men, pass through Tuam without throwing a half-crown to the poor crathurs that are starving here." I certainly was electrified by the unexpected *argumentum ad hominem*, and not the less so, when she pointed her bare and brawny arm towards me, and continued—"Aye, there he sits, with his fur cap, and his honest countenance, beaming with charity, though a little burnt by the sun! Ah! its not he, indeed, who knows so well the miseries of the poor, that will leave TUAM, without earning the blessing of Heaven, by giving something to the blind and the lame—the widow and the orphan—the naked, the houseless, and the hungry, that he sees around him."

I had travelled from Castlebar that day without exchanging a word with any of the passengers. I had made no acquaintance at Castlebar, excepting with the master of the jail, in whose book I entered a well-earned tribute of approbation to the merits of the establishment, which I minutely examined. But how the big beggar-woman was able to recognize me, I am to this day ignorant.

I learnt from various sources, during my tour, that the mendicants themselves have been smitten a good deal by the hydro-mania of Father Mathew, and have lost much of the poignancy of their wit and humour; but still, they are as much superior, in this respect, to the bungling beggars of other countries, as the meridian sun of Italy outshines the Bude-light in Waterloo Place.

RATE OF THE PROGRESS OF POPULATION.

FORMERLY, and perhaps for centuries, the *rate* of increase in the population of Ireland, was much greater than in England. This was attributed to the POTATOE, "that root of laziness," as Cobbett called it, whose facility of cultivation enabled the Irish to marry earlier, and sustain a brood of brats much more easily than their neighbours the English. But during the last ten, fifteen, or twenty years, the *rate* of increase in the population has decreased in Ireland, and is now only one-third of the rate of increment in England! Yet the potatoe is as well cultivated as ever. The immigration into England, of Irish poor, cannot entirely account for this remarkable revolution, and it is clear, therefore, that the cause is not solely in the potatoe. But when it is remembered, that the decrease in whiskey-drinking, bears a tolerably exact ratio to the decrease in the *rate* at which population formerly marched, we have, then, some clue to the phenomenon. Whiskey-drinking swelled and accelerated the stream of population, not by making the people more productive, but by rendering them less prudent, less wise, less cautious in the contracting of early and improvident marriages. Moore, their own poet, explains this harmoniously—

" A bargain then with Love I knock'd,
To hold the pleasing Gypsy—
When wise, to keep my bosom lock'd,
But turn the key when TIPSY."

FATHER MATHEW appears to have turned the key in a very different direction from that of the poet—"when tipsy"—for, in prohibiting the "*mountain dew*," he has thrown a monstrous deal of cold water on the little naked God of Love! Not only has his bow been relaxed by the water-system; but it is highly probable

that Hymen's torch has been frequently extinguished by the same! There is still another auxiliary in the cure, or rather prevention, of redundant population. We know that one disease will often suspend the march of another—and so will counter-irritation. Now, the AGITATION of POLITICS, I have no doubt, suspended or even broke off, many an improvident love-match during the last ten or fifteen years—proving that there is hardly an evil without some attendant good.

It is not a little curious that so astute a politician as O'Connell should have confounded diminution in the *rate* of progression, with actual retrogradation! Because the population of Ireland does not advance with the same celerity as it did twenty years ago, he maintains that the *actual population* has diminished at the rate of 70,000 souls *per annum*. A more egregious blunder than this was never committed! The fact is, that the population of Ireland has not increased so rapidly as formerly by seventy thousand souls per annum; and, therefore, by a species of Hibernian arithmetic, he concludes that tardi-progression is positive retrocession.

It appears by the official Census lately published, that from 1821 to 1831, the population of Ireland increased at the rate of $14\frac{1}{4}$ per cent.—whereas, between 1831 and 1841, it only increased at the rate of $5\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. This is the true state of the case, according to numerical tables; but, unfortunately for Mr. O'Connell's calculation, and still more unfortunately for Ireland itself, the Commissioners have shewn that, in consequence of an immensely increased emigration, between the years 1831 and 1841, there is every reason to believe that there was no falling-off, whatever, in the rate of *increment* in the population of Ireland, during the period in question.

But if the case were exactly as Mr. O'Connell has represented it;—instead of this alleged *decrement* in the population being “ a

heavy blow and great discouragement" to Ireland, it would be the greatest blessing that Heaven could in mercy pour down on a starving land! Why this diminution of number is the "one thing needful"—the *desideratum* which all politicians have been hunting after for more than half a century—but hunting in vain! Alas! There is no such good luck for poor Erin. The great complaint of the people at this moment, is, that they cannot get employment—that there are more hands than work—more mouths than potatoes. Yet O'Connell's aspirations are for more marriages—more children—more paupers by seventy thousand *per annum*! That the priests—the undertakers—the grave-diggers—perhaps the doctors, might desire this augmentation of the population is possible; but that Daniel O'Connell should do so, is to me inexplicable!

It is melancholy, but instructive, to reflect that England is now paying the penalty of seven hundred years' misrule—not merely in the agitation and discontent of the Irish people, but by the redundancy of the population, which causes them to swarm, like locusts, over the plains and cities of England, snatching the bread and the work from her own pauperized population, and thereby increasing the national distress. The dispensations of Providence extend to nations as well as individuals, and both are punished, sooner or later, even in this world, for their delinquencies.

GALWAY.

" ————— Galway, Connaught's Rome,
Twice seven illustrious tribes here find their home;
Twice seven fair towers the City's ramparts guard—
Each house within is built of marble hard."

GALWAY possesses a number of other *bis septenary* honours and

properties which are more easily put into verse, than discovered by the Tourist. Thus it has, or rather had, fourteen gates—fourteen bridges—and fourteen convents! If a traveller traversed the streets of Galway, without having read any descriptions of this Old Spanish City, he would notice very few vestiges of Iberian manners, customs, or buildings. We are told by the facetious Tidmarsh, alias Thackeray, that Galway—"is a wild, fierce, and most original town." Now, in my humble opinion, the country around Galway is far more "wild, fierce," and even more "*original*," if stony sterility can make it so, than the town itself. It is true there may be marble in some of the chimney-pieces of the more respectable houses in Galway, and even the walls of the houses may be built of *marble*, which is only a finer kind of limestone, the almost universal rock of the kingdom; but as for "fierceness," and "wildness," I did not see any particular indications of these qualities either in the town or its inhabitants.

I must also confess that my peregrinations through the streets, and they were not few, did not exactly realize the Spanish picture so eloquently painted by Mr. and Mrs. Hall. "The dark features and coal-black hair of the people, indicate their Spanish descent; and they are, for the most part, so finely-formed, so naturally graceful, that almost every peasant girl might serve as a model for the sculptor." It was market day, and the large open space before Kilroy's Hotel was filled with people. I strolled through the assemblage; but had I not had my attention drawn to the subject, I doubt whether I should have noted the fine forms and natural graces of the peasant girls at all. But if the black-eyed houris failed to excite my admiration, I immediately recognized the "CONNAUGHT PIGS," or what the Yankees would call "the long-faced gentlemen," whose remarkable physiognomy is only seen in this part of Ireland. This pig

is the most intelligent of his species—being sometimes taught the office of a pointer, from the quickness of his eye, and the acuteness of his olfactories. His face is at least a foot in length, from the eye to the tip of the nose, and the snout is so narrow that he can bore easily through the densest hedge, and even through a stone wall! He gives tongue, too, by a sonorous grunt, and can scale a mountain with more dexterity than a goat! He is celebrated for his capability of living on almost nothing—and prefers raw potatoes to boiled. Hence, it is probable that he taught the Irish peasant the secret of half-boiling the potatoes, in order that they may be double the time in digestion.

From some combination of causes, moral and physical, the time I spent in this “wild and fierce” town, was among the most pleasant of any I had passed in Ireland. Four objects engrossed my attention almost exclusively in Galway:—the prison—the workhouse—the convents—and, lastly, the Claddah.

1. *The Jail*.—Of all the places of incarceration for human delinquencies or misfortunes, that of Galway pleased me the most. The master of that establishment deserves great credit for the order, cleanliness, and industry which he has introduced, and constantly maintains among such a motley group of subjects. The prison is, in short, a large operative Pantechnicon, where numerous trades and handicrafts are carried on by the prisoners, each being compelled, immediately on entry, to labour in the vocation (if possible) to which he had been accustomed before confinement. One would hardly imagine that so many employments could be devised and worked with practical advantage, within the walls of such an establishment. The TREADMILL there is not the mere wheel of Ixion, whirling its victims round and round, as a punishment. It revolves by the weight and exertions of the pri-

soners themselves, and, in its revolutions, it works machinery which performs several useful manipulations—one of which is, I think, the grinding of corn—thus punishing crime by penal but productive labour. . . . Wherever we turn, in this prison, we see the hand of industry at work, and I cannot conceive a more excellent system of “ PRISON DISCIPLINE ” than that which supplies constant, but not immoderate, exercise, to the body, with sufficient food, and regular religious instruction. I speak not of mere economy, though that is of some consequence; but of the ulterior effects of this system. It is almost certain that the prisoner will leave the establishment, in a better moral condition than when he entered it—and that this—“ labor, *improbis* labor ”—if you please—will have improved his habits of industry, instead of confirming him in vice and idleness.

This system, as compared with “ SOLITARY CONFINEMENT,” is, I think, infinitely superior. The dark and melancholy cell might suit the gloomy anchorite of a former age, for meditation on other worlds, and for penance in the flesh. Such devotees were little less than insane, at the best, and such a punishment, when inflicted, and not embraced voluntarily, on religious, or rather superstitious principles, is well calculated to drive the sane culprit into mental alienation—and then adieu to all chance of contrition for past offences, or improvement in future morals!

The dietary in the prison is nearly the same as that in the workhouses, and appears quite sufficient for people accustomed to a low scale of nutriment from infancy. Half-a-pound of oatmeal, for stir-about—a quart of milk—and three or four pounds of potatoes, daily, would be hailed as luxurious fare by the hard-working peasant—and surely the felon should not be pampered, as a premium on delinquency. Great attention is paid to health, as well as to moral and religious instruction; and I would advise the tourist not to pass through Galway, without paying a visit to its public prison.

2. *The Workhouse*.—These edifices, erected under the New Poor Law Act, are among the most striking objects, of a modern kind, that present themselves to the eye of a traveller. Their situation is, generally, well chosen, being some elevated ground; and their architecture immediately proclaims their office, as they are almost all built on the same plan. I visited several of them, and that at Galway amongst the rest. It is in excellent order, though only recently completed. As I have thrown my observations on the “Bastilles” under the head of “Mendicity,” I need not allude farther to the subject here. I must acknowledge my grateful obligations to my confrere, Dr. Veitch, for the kindness which he shewed me, in conducting me through the public institutions of Galway.

3. *Presentation Convent*.—There is an engine in the course of construction in Ireland, which, in twenty or thirty years hence, will work a greater revolution than even the temperance movement of Father Mathew. This is PRIMARY, OR ELEMENTARY EDUCATION. This engine will run in the same groove with the Pledge of the Holy Father, but it will augment its power an hundred fold! Hitherto Scotland has taken the lead in education and knowledge; but Ireland bids fair to outstrip both the Sister Kingdoms in these respects, and regain that ascendancy which she maintained in learning and sanctity three thousand years ago, when she was denominated by the ancients, the “INSULA SACRA.” I have kept an eye on the SCHOLASTIC MOVEMENT in various parts of the Emerald Isle, and have no hesitation in stating that it is advancing with rapid strides—with infinitely greater momentum than in any other portion of the British dominions. If I am asked why is this? I would say that the Irish student’s senses are more acute—his imagination more vivid—and his brain more active, than those of the English or Scotch. PAT, with half the means, will

compass double the ends that either SAWNEY or BULL would effect, under similar circumstances. I do not believe that there is a people on the face of the earth more apt to learn, or better capacitated to receive instruction, than the Irish. The rising generation of youth in that country, are sucking in learning and knowledge as greedily as they did the milk from their mothers' breasts, when infants in the cradle!—But to return to the Presentation Convent.

I went there in consequence of information that between three and four hundred female children were educated by the Nuns in that establishment, aided by a small assistance [some thirty pounds per annum] from the National Board. I there fell in with my friend, Sir Henry Marsh, M.D. of Dublin, on his return from Connemara, and the accidental meeting of two metropolitan physicians in the far West of Connaught, furnished us with a few friendly consultations among the holy inhabitants of the PRESENTATION.

Under the guidance of the amiable and accomplished Miss O'Donnell, who took a large share in the education of the girls, I spent several hours in the Convent, chiefly in the school-rooms, and observed attentively the mode of instruction and its results. The young students varied in age, from six to ten years, more or less, and the system of tuition appeared most excellent. I was present at several examinations, and propounded questions to the girls myself—not without astonishment at the proficiency to which they had attained. They had the history of the Bible, together with all the great events of the Jewish and Christian dispensations, at their fingers' ends—and answered correctly all questions on the leading points of Christian faith, doctrines, and morals, with remarkable clearness and intelligence! They were not embarrassed in the slightest degree by various cross-questions put to them by myself and others, proving that they were not crammed

for the purpose of display, but well grounded in the subjects of their study. But their knowledge of Geography, Astronomy, Statistics, &c. surprized me most of all. Over a very large Chart of Europe Miss O'Donnell caused some of her pupils, not more than nine or ten years of age, to trace with a wand, the various Kingdoms, States, and Cities, together with their population, religion, forms of government, &c. which they pointed out with an accuracy that was almost incredible. In reading, they displayed the same proficiency, as to Orthography, Grammar, &c. &c.

Now when we consider that this system of national education is pervading every city, town, and village in Ireland—that it penetrates even into the jail and the poor-house, we may form some anticipation of what “YOUNG IRELAND” may be in the next generation! I have no hesitation in averring that the beggars’ brats in the Bastilles are now receiving a more efficient and practical education than the children of the highest aristocracy in the three kingdoms! That the fruits of this system will eventuate in a moral—perhaps political revolution, before the end of the present century, I have no doubt. If knowledge be power—and if primary education be the essential step to the acquisition of knowledge, then let the upper classes of society look out for squalls! I do not wonder that a large portion of them are already alarmed, and that they are endeavouring indirectly to check the progress of national instruction, by clogging it with a creed which they hope the pupils will not swallow. But this is a vain expectation. The tiger, who has once tasted human blood, will never cease his struggles to get more of the crimson beverage; and so it is with the Irish youth. After tasting the fruit of the tree of knowledge, they will never desist from climbing, till every branch of that tree is robbed of its apples. It is allowed that KNOWLEDGE, like LOVE, is one of the greatest levellers of all distinctions and ranks—and that, like wealth, it begets the de-

sire for more. It is also the great antagonist to error, and the ally, if not the parent of TRUTH. All those, therefore, who are interested in the retention or propagation of error, will naturally oppose themselves to national education, as the avenue to knowledge and truth. This class of opponents includes incalculable myriads, open and masked!—The struggle between knowledge and truth, on one side, and ignorance and error, on the other, will be long, though the final issue can hardly be doubtful.

It is not a little strange that the priests, in Ireland, are more in favour of national education than the parsons. It would seem that the *latter* are so extremely sensitive to the danger of admitting a particle of Popish creed, that they had rather exclude the light of learning altogether, than have it contaminated by the slightest tinge of theological error. The priests are not quite so nice—and are probably wiser in their generation. I do not suppose that they are a whit more favourable to “knowledge for the million,” than their Protestant brethren; but they see that it cannot be prevented, and they are also aware that the diffusion of knowledge among the lower orders of Catholic society in Ireland, will be a powerful means of raising them to a *moral* level with the Protestant population, which has hitherto been far better instructed in the rudiments of learning. I say a *moral* level; for the priests are well convinced that they already have an overwhelming *physical* superiority. The Protestants and their clergy know well this state of things, and hence their jealousy of the spread of information among the Popish population. I firmly believe that this is more frequently the *real* cause of opposition to national schools, than the mere terror of, or hatred to Romish rites and theological tenets. If knowledge tends to illumine the darkness, and dispel the superstitions of Popery, the Protestant clergy in Ireland ought to labour, night and day, in its diffusion. On the other hand, the priests ought, for the same reason, to

denounce from the altar, every species and grade of learning among the people, as so many plunges into scepticism and infidelity, as far, at least, as their own creed is concerned. Candour compels me to say that there appears to be more liberality among the Catholics than the Protestants, in respect to liberty of conscience in religious persuasions; and that the *heresies* of the latter are less frequently reviled and ridiculed than the *superstitions* and *idolatry* of the former. When will the spirit of Christian charity and forbearance, among Christians themselves, supersede that rancorous hatred and intolerance which the different sects evince towards each other! Discordance and dissent are daily on the increase!

The huge Lough Corrib discharges its pellucid waters through Galway in a foaming torrent that would turn all the mills and spinning-jennies in Manchester! But, alas! this gigantic "water-power" is turned to little other account than that of revolving the wheels of two or three flour mills, and washing the linen of the Galwaygians and fishermen of the Claddah! The river here rushes into the bay, clear and rapid as the "blue and arrowy Rhone" at Geneva:—I would that the citizens could employ such a willing and able engine in the various operations to which the Genevese direct their beautiful stream! In Galway, unfortunately, there are more monasteries than mills—more monks than manufacturers—more nuns than cotton-spinners—more friars than hand-loom weavers—more confessionals for cleansing the soul than factories for cloathing the body.

4. *The Claddah*.—Here we have a kind of Indian CASTE, located in the vicinity of an Iberian colony—a community of some six thousand FISHERS—men, women, and children, all living by or on fish—marrying and intermarrying only among their own CASTE, and rarely if ever intermixing with their neighbouring Iberians,

except to sell their finny produce or purchase materials for catching more ! There cannot be a doubt that this exclusion from society, and this ban against the infusion of strange and fresh blood from without, will one day so deteriorate the race, that a monstrous hybrid progeny will appear in the Bay of Galway ! The women will be metamorphosed into mermaids—their men into cod or ling—and the boys and girls into herrings and mackarell. I strongly advise the sons of the Claddah to seek mates among the black-eyed maids of Iberia in the neighbouring city of Galway, before they become a “ scaly breed,” with fins and gills like the tenants of the deep !

Passing the bridge over the noisy river that flows from Lough Corrib, I directed my steps to the Claddah, and explored every street and lane in that singular colony. The Claddah is certainly entitled to the epithets, “ wild, fierce, and original.” They have a king of their own, though I could see nothing like a palace or a court. They are also governed by laws of their own making—sanctioned, of course, by their sovereign.

While rambling through this great mass of wretched huts, and apparent community of beggars, my ears were saluted by music and merrymaking, and, on approaching the spot, I found that a “ DIGNITY BALL ” was going on, to which I was politely invited by one of the masters of the ceremonies at the door. The ball-room was about 18 or 20 feet square, without any seats or furniture—and the light was admitted through the chimney, the door, and one window without glass. There might be fifty or sixty people in this place, all squatted on the ground, except the dancers. There was just light enough to discern dimly, the features and costume of this motley assemblage, and so strange a group I never before beheld. The idea forcibly occurred to my mind that ORPHEUS, in one of his freaks, and after taming lions and tigers, arresting the course of rivers, and causing forests and mountains to bow to

his music, had pitched his tent and tuned his lyre in the Claddah, with the view of surpassing all his former exploits by taming, humanizing, and teaching to—

“ Gaily trip it as they go,
On the light fantastic toe,”

the most strange and heterogeneous amalgamation of bipeds and quadrupeds—of men, monkeys, and mermaids—of seals, dolphins, and dog-fish—of Goths, Huns, and FINS, that ever before danced to the magic notes of his lute !

I understood that the queen and some of the princesses were performing at this dignity ball ; but that the king and prince royal were at market, selling their fish, a grand haul of which they had taken the preceding day. On quitting the ball-room I again perambulated the whole of the Claddah, and entered into a great number of their wig-wams. I found that the inhabitants were not so wretched and impoverished as the exteriors of their huts indicated. It is an advantage common to all fishing-towns and villages, that the women and children are furnished with more means of industry and employment, connected with the avocations of the men, than in any other places. The consequences are, that the youngsters, of both sexes, can afford to marry younger, and are able to bring up a family easier, than the labourers or artizans of any other class. The Claddah offers no exception to this rule. On the contrary, every hut is swarming with women and children, all, except the infants, employed in some manner or other, connected with the fishery.

I cannot take leave of this singular community, without recommending it to the attention of the Liberator and the whole of the Repealers. It is the very *BEAU IDEAL*,—the very model of a “ *limited monarchy*,” with its “ domestic legislature”—its resident court, resident aristocracy, resident gentry—and, to crown all, its “ *FIXITY of TENURE* !” I do not believe that there has

been a single *ejectment* there, except by the hand of death, in the memory of man. But the kingdom of Claddah possesses many negative as well as *positive* advantages. There is here no "*driving*" for rent; for there are no cattle to drive—no seizures of live-stock, except of such as it would be very difficult to catch, and, if caught, would not have a single purchaser:—no middlemen or rack-renters;—no Bastilles; for each cabin is a *poor-house*, and supports its own paupers.

Then the state expenses are on so moderate a scale, that they would ensure the approbation of Joseph Hume himself. Thus the king rarely indulges in any other sport than that of fishing—and on his return, either he or the queen carries the fish to market, for the good of the court establishment. The royal family indeed set a pattern of industry and economy to their subjects. They spin the thread, construct the nets, and darn the stockings for the sovereign; and never ask a shilling from the community on the birth of a prince or princess!

The royal fleet is manned exclusively by volunteers; but I grieve to say that they are, to a man, sharks and pirates, living on the high seas by plunder and rapine, where, (*horresco referens*) they kill and devour many of their captives, selling in open market, the remainder to be eaten up by the *Ichthyophagi* of Galway! After this we cannot wonder at the epithets "wild, fierce, and original," applied by Mr. Tidmarsh to this city.

The higher ground of the Claddah commands an extensive view of the fine Bay of Galway; but not a single ship could I see in all this noble expanse of water, so sheltered from storms, and with a town containing seventeen or eighteen thousand inhabitants! This is a melancholy picture as compared with former periods, when Galway was the great emporium of the Spanish wine trade. I believe it has been ascertained that, between the Census of 1831 and that of 1841, the population of this ancient

and once flourishing city has *not* increased, but the contrary! This is probably the only city in Ireland to which the same statement could apply.

In this far West locality, I spent one of the most pleasant evenings I ever passed, at the house of one of my professional brethren, where some choice spirits, Whigs, Tories, Radicals, and Repealers, were invited to meet my friend Sir Henry Marsh, and myself. Each guest, however, enjoyed the most perfect liberty of opinion, religious and political, without ever giving or taking the slightest umbrage at the same freedom of speech among his associates! It is but rarely, however, that this indulgence can be safely enjoyed in the Isle of Erin!

HOSPITALITY.

IRELAND is famed for this amiable virtue, even among its traducers. But hospitality is by no means a criterion of civilization. It is rather the contrary; for we often see it burn with a brighter flame in the hut of the peasant than in the palace of the prince. In proportion as we rise on the scale of civilization, hospitality diminishes, till at length it ends in sheer ostentation and unmeaning professions. Thus the Troglodyte of the bog or the mountain, in Ireland, will share his last potatoe and bed of straw with the wandering mendicant or passing stranger. The poor Indian, too, in his wig-wam of the woods, will extend his hospitality and protection, even to his enemy—and send him off safe on his journey, next morning. But, if we ascend the highest branch of the highest tree of civilization, arts, science, and arms, we enter the splendid saloon amid a profusion of obsequious bows and empty welcomes—dissemble our real sentiments on every topic—swallow our “limonade,” or “eau sucrée”—and are again bowed out, at midnight, with half-a-dozen heartless adieus!

Within the last fifty or sixty years, hospitality has greatly improved in manner, without diminution in extent, throughout all classes in the Emerald Isle. I can remember when you could not dine in the genteel ranks of society, without being forced to drink a bottle of claret—"and something more"—else you would offend the host or hostess; while, among the mediocracy and, even democracy, your plate or trencher would go away from table heaped up with viands which you could not get through! In these respects there are great improvements. You may fill your glass or not, according to your taste, or you may pass the decanter, and make to yourself a glass of whiskey-punch, which is generally on the tables, even of the better classes of society, without any pressure from host or hostess. Among the lowest classes, there is still that humble but genuine hospitality, by which they have been always distinguished. Though the whiskey has disappeared from the cottage and cabin, yet cold water from the river or spring has not been able to chill the kindly feeling that prompts the poorest peasant to share the scanty meal and weather-beaten hut with friend or stranger! The excess of this kind of hospitality, however amiable in itself, has done great injury to Ireland. It has encouraged and increased mendicancy to a fearful extent, and will probably frustrate the most humane efforts of the Legislature in making public provision for the poor. The latter are so well aware of this feeling—perhaps failing—among even the lowest classes of society, that nothing but the most stringent Vagrant Act will clear the country of those disgraceful scenes of mendicancy which every where meet the eye.

A RAINY DAY.

ALTHOUGH the copious libations of heavy wet, which the boisterous Atlantic pours annually over Old Ireland, make her fields

look marvellously green, they sometimes make the picturesque tourist look ruefully blue, when he finds himself weather-bound in a country-town of Munster or Connaught, unable to proceed "in search of the sublime," except at the risk of a rheumatic fever. Under such circumstances, it is not uncommon for poor Syntax to experience a certain condition of the sensorium which one of the Roman bards denominated, I think, "*INVITA MINERVA*," when he found himself incapable of straining out a single hexameter from his costive brain. What then is to be done? The hard task-master, in Paternoster-Row, will have his load of bricks for book-building, whether it blows, rains, or snows! More than one ingenious Cockney tourist, however, has turned these "untoward circumstances" to a good account, by repairing to the circulating library, which most Irish towns contain, and there transplanting from "tale or history"—legend or romance—a quantum suff. for some fifty or sixty pages of letter-press! Now this would be no bad work for two or three days' travel, even in the finest weather, and can be accomplished without any aid from Minerva at all, but only a nimble pen, a sharp pair of scissors, or a few shillings to purchase the whole subject over the counter! The traveller from the "Row," need never be at a loss. Redmond O'Hanlan—The Irish Rogues and Rapparees—The Fairies—the "*BATTLE of AUGHRAM*,"—one of the Rebellions, or any one of the thousand tales or stories found in the circulating library, or taken down in short-hand from the mouth of a carman or guide, will afford ample grist for the press mill. And why not! An old, and forgotten play, poem, legend, or local historical event, when conjured up from the musty volumes of the obsolete shelves, is just as new to the generality of readers as the most original effusions of a modern tourist—more elaborately worked out—and, perhaps, far more interesting. I could cite a remarkable illustration of this device practised not a

hundred miles from the city of Galway, and with complete success; but I shall mention no names, and only throw out the hint, as a great encouragement to Irish tourists, when water-logged among the western lakes and mountains of the Emerald Isle.

AN IRISH WEDDING.

ALTHOUGH mankind (including woman-kind) are far from equal in rank, riches, physical force, or moral energy, yet in some points they all approximate in a remarkable manner. There are three grand epochs in human life—birth, marriage, and death. In respect to the first and last, few will contend for much distinction, between the king and the cobbler—the queen and the washer-woman. But who would suppose that, in the preliminary stipulations for MATRIMONY, as far as regards pecuniary arrangements, the great “HOUSES” of Portman and Belgrave Squares, differed not very materially from the “MAN-STYE CABINS” of Munster and Connaught! Every lawyer knows the important protocolizations which precede the alliances of noble, and even ignoble, families in England! And, when all is arranged, how a brace of attorneys, and as many conveyancers are employed to see that the family of the bridegroom does not over-reach that of the bride, and vice versa. Then comes the huge sheep-skin, covered with a barbarous mixture of Old English, Norman French, and Monkish Latin, without a particle of punctuation, to tell us where sense ends or chicanery begins. In the mountains and bogs of the South-west of the Emerald Isle, what do we see? The fathers of the proposed couple debating over a “schreeching” bowl of hot whiskey punch, respecting the *dowries* (!!) of the bride and bridegroom, where the property of the two “HOUSES” would not fetch twenty

pounds at a public auction ! Instances are related where a match was broken off, because the bride's father would not give his daughter a *bed* as an equivalent to a *pig and her litter*, proposed to be given to the bridegroom by his father ! Strange to say that, in imitation of their betters, or at least their superiors, in some other countries, the match is sometimes made or broken off, without the consent of the parties most interested in the *vinculum matrimonii* ! We hear of the expenses attendant on marriages in high life ; but they are very moderate, comparatively, with those among the wilds of Ireland.

“ When the match is made, it becomes necessary for the bridegroom to obtain a certificate from his parish-priest that he is free to contract marriage *cum quavis similiter soluta* (it is always written in Latin), with any woman equally free from canonical bonds or impediments ; to this a fee is always attached, we believe five shillings. He must also procure from the bishop or vicar-general, a licence to marry, to which, also, a fee is attached, of seven shillings and sixpence. This being done, he repairs with his bride to the house of *her* parish priest, accompanied by his and her friends, as many as they can muster, and before he is married pays down to the priest the marriage fee according to his circumstances. The friends of both parties are also called upon to pay down something, and between their reluctance to meet the demand and the priest's refusal to marry them till he is satisfied, a scene, sometimes humorous and sometimes discreditable, often arises. If the bride's father or brother be a ‘ strong ’ farmer, who can afford to furnish a good dinner, the marriage takes place at the bride's house, the bridegroom bringing with him as many of his friends as choose to accompany him. The same process as to *money* takes place here, and it is not uncommon for the collection to amount to twenty, thirty, and sometimes forty or fifty pounds, where the

parties are comfortable and have a long line of followers.* The ceremony is in Latin what, or nearly what the church of England ceremony is in English, and the priest closes it, by saying 'give your wife the kiss of peace.'

"The time most in favour for celebrating weddings is just before Lent. The guests are always numerous, and consist of all ranks, from the lord and lady of the manor through the intermediate grades of gentlemen, 'squireens,' farmers, down to the common labourer,—wives, of course, included. Perfect equality prevails on this occasion, and yet the natural courtesy of the Irish character prevents any disturbance of social order—every one keeps his place, while, at the same time, the utmost freedom reigns. The dinner is, as we have intimated, usually at the expense of the bride's family; and as nothing is spared in procuring the materials, and the neighbouring gentry allow their cooks, &c. to assist, and lend dinner services, &c.; it is always 'got up' in the best style. The priest sits at the head of the table; near him the bride and bridegroom, the coadjutors of the clergyman, and the more respectable guests; the other guests occupy the remainder of the table, which extends the whole length of the barn—in which the dinner generally takes place.

"Immediately on the cloth being removed, the priest marries the young couple, and then the bridecake is brought in and placed

* "The cost of the ceremony is consequently very considerable; and not unfrequently, the bride and bridegroom have to begin life within empty walls, their savings barely sufficing to recompense the priest for uniting them. We have indeed known instances in which Roman Catholics have been married by a clergyman of the Church of England, in consequence of the small expense of the ceremony there; being resolved to become 'one,' and finding it utterly impossible to collect a sum sufficient to induce the priest to marry them; such cases, however, are of rare occurrence."

before the priest, who, putting on his stole, blesses it, and cuts it up into small slices, which are handed round on a large dish among the guests, generally by one of the coadjutors. Each guest takes a slice of the cake, and lays down in place of it a donation for the priest, consisting of pounds, crowns, or shillings, according to the ability of the donor. After that, wine and punch go round, as at any ordinary dinner-party.”*

Bedad, were I not a physician I should like to be a priest. The cure of SOULS is a much easier and more dignified task than the cure of BODIES. The physician gets no fees by marriages, births, baptisms, deaths, or funerals. All these are fish for the priest’s net.

Well done VOLUNTARITY! How would a poor country curate in England, with a dozen of children, lick his lips at the prospect of such as these, among the chaw-bacons of Wiltshire and Hampshire! But here a sudden thought flashes across my mind. What, in the name of Providence, does the priest do with all this money! I remember, in my boyish days, hearing of a curious personage—“a priest’s wife”—I think she was designated by the strange term—“BANN SAGGART”—or something like that; but I never heard of the priest having any other family (at least to feed and educate) than this same “BANN SAGGART,” and therefore I am utterly at a loss to even conjecture how the priest disposes of his perquisites, considering Paddy’s propensities for the marriage state, and the christenings which generally follow matrimony in the Emerald Isle.

AN IRISH WAKE.

THIS last act in the drama of human life, follows, sooner or later, the wedding ceremony—too often precedes it! Within my own

* Hall’s Ireland, Vol. 1, p. 164.

memory, the wake was often more uproarious than the wedding; the howlings of the KEENIERS being frequently drowned in the boisterous and Bacchanalian merriment of the BOYS assembled from far and near to celebrate the death of their neighbour.

Thanks to Father Mathew, and the march of intellect, the POTEEN has now almost disappeared from the House of Mourning, and tobacco and snuff have happily usurped its place. Still the Irish wake presents a strange, not to say disgusting, medley of indecent mirth, fictitious wailing, and real grief, instead of the silent sorrow that becomes the solemn scene! If we look, however, to the other extremity of the chain of society, and contemplate the gorgeous trappings, the splendid emblazonments, the magnificent drapery that cover and surround the coffin and chamber where the mass of human putrefaction is crumbling into dissolution, we have but little more reason to cast a contemptuous smile at the *hired* mourners of the humble cottage, than the *bribed* adulators of the public press, whose business it is to invest royalty, rank, or riches, with all the virtues that ever adorned the wisest, best, and most virtuous of mankind, whatever may have been their character or conduct in life! In the funerals of the upper classes of society in Ireland, too, the display of carriages, and even of cars, filled with well-dressed and merry-looking people, presents a tolerable counterpart to the tumultuous and miscellaneous processions at the burials of the ignoble cottier!

But leaving these vanities, mummeries, and follies aside, let us approach another and more serious subject—the DEATH-BED scene that precedes the funereal rites. No epoch or event in the life of man is invested with so many baseless terrors, superstitious fears, or monstrous errors as DEATH! With our nursery tales, scholastic mythology, and even our biblical lessons, we learn to clothe in forms, images, and personifications, the grisly monster, the pallida mors, the inexorable tyrant, the “king of terrors,” the

horrid figure on the "pale horse," that is one day to cut the thread of our existence with his inevitable shears, or strangle us in unutterable anguish, with his relentless grasp!

And yet this dreaded **BEING** has no real existence—or exists only in the imagination! **DEATH** is not even a substantive act, but a mere negation, or cessation of action. Instead of being the ruthless inexorable torturer, **DEATH** invariably annihilates every species of suffering, moral or physical. But almost the whole human race have a strong impression that the last pang which liberates the soul from its earthly prison, is attended with an agony (the "agony of death") which no tongue can describe! Nothing is more completely false. In 99 cases out of 100, insensibility to pain precedes death, often for many hours—and invariably *accompanies* the transition; so that no human being ever felt the separation of mind from matter. No one was ever conscious of the moment when he dropt off in sleep—and the assertion holds equally good in respect to death.

Doubtless, many of those diseases which precede or occasion death, are very painful—especially those of the heart, rendering the recumbent posture impossible; but, as I said before, the sufferings of death itself are purely imaginary, and have no real existence. I may here also add, that comparatively few are aware of the approach of death—unless warned of it by officious, often cruel, friends, who think that the salvation of a man's soul depends on a prayer or two made on the verge of life!

But, it may be asked, what has all this to do with an Irish wake. It has been my fate to see a vast number of people, abroad and at home, pay the last debt of Nature. I have observed that, with the exception of the Jews, the Irish appear more afraid of death than any other people—or more properly speaking, they have more apprehensions of their fate beyond the grave, than their neighbours of England, Scotland, or France. I speak

of the Catholic population. They think more of death, than almost any other people, and often make preparations for their wake, when they ought to be working for their daily bread. When serious sickness overtakes them, the priest is more earnestly sought for than the physician—"Oh, keep me alive till the priest comes," is a common expression of those who think themselves, or are told that they are, dying. But no sooner are the sacerdotal duties performed—the confession of sins made—and the remission of them pronounced by the descendant of St. Peter, than the Catholic peasant reclines on the bed of sickness or death with ten thousand times more serenity and tranquillity than the most profound philosopher that ever lived!

Now, I am not going to offer an opinion on the only true religion or faith. I leave that to the "graceless bigot," who, usurping the functions and even the judgment-seat of the Almighty, hurls his anathema against every creed or interpretation of Scripture that does not square with his own dogma! I state the effects of the Roman Catholic faith on the dying peasant as worthy of notice. It explains, in some degree at least, the influence of the priesthood among the population of Ireland. It is not merely the sacerdotal ceremony of absolution or extreme unction that works such wonders on the mind of the sick or dying man. The priest is invested with a kind of supernatural character, which, it is supposed, gives him interest with St. PETER, in opening the gates of Heaven to the true believer, at the last hour; and it is no wonder that the same person should have influence with the peasant in all the other transactions of life.

A question might here be propounded, whether this maximum of faith, tinged with a modicum of error, be not an equivalent for vulgar souls, like the Irish, to a modicum of faith, without any error at all? That the Roman Catholic faith is stronger than that of the Protestant, I have no doubt; and, indeed, it stands

to reason. Protestantism is split into at least twenty different sects or creeds, and a divided faith, like a divided house, cannot be strong. The Catholic creed is "one and indivisible," and the ample and unhesitating confidence placed in it by the dying sufferer, is surely preferable to the lukewarm, doubting, or denying tenets of the Latitudinarian, the Freethinker, or the Sceptic—a race too numerous among Protestants—especially of the literary, philosophic, and scientific classes. These things ought to be considered by those religious enthusiasts who are so anxious to convert the Catholic to Protestantism, by shaking a firm faith, even though it be grounded on erroneous doctrines, and substituting a wavering one, though more orthodox in the opinion of the propagandist. In the transition from one form of religion to another, there is often danger of losing the prop that is to sustain us in the trials of life, as well as at the approach of death! Let the proselytising zealot beware how he undermines a FAITH in order to erect a CREED in its place!

FUNERAL.

WHILE travelling along the rocky, sterile, and dreary shores of Lough Corrib, on our way from Galway to Connemara, our ears were saluted with the distant lugubrious ululation of a funeral procession. On emerging from a hollow part of the road, we caught a full view of the train of mourners and followers, occupying full an Irish mile. The driver immediately drew off the road, and we were detained three-quarters of an hour by this immense procession. Forty years and more had elapsed since I had heard the "Irish Cry," and the mournful howlings of the Keeners brought up many a juvenile recollection, and portrayed many a scene of this kind, which had made vivid impressions on the youthful mind!

It was difficult to imagine how such a multitude could be collected from such a barren tract of country as now stretched for many miles on our left, while Lough Corrib occupied a large surface on our right. The cavalcade presented every variety of costume, and every species of vehicle, from the long shanks of the humble pedestrian, up to the saddle, pillion, car, cart, and nondescript conveyance of the rude cottier. Both sexes, of all ages, composed this rural cortege; while the ululations of the professed Keeners, the cries and sobbings of the female relatives, rendered more distinct and audible by the solemn silence of the long and mournful train, presented a picture, unique in its kind, and hardly to be erased by time from the memory of the spectator. Nor does such a spectacle fail to call up a host of sombre meditations and reflections in the contemplative mind! Yes—there is *one road* along which the prince and the peasant must travel at last! And, even on that journey, the pride and vanity of human nature, are nearly as conspicuous in the humblest as in the highest orders of society! The Irish peasant, as was mentioned in the preceding Section, had rather that his surviving wife and children should starve, than that the wake and funeral should be private and economical. Ambition follows us to—nay *into* the grave! Look at the useless and ostentatious display that attends the lump of lifeless and putrefying clay, on its way to a hole in its native earth. Four, six, or eight raven steeds, with nodding plumes, and as many sable pageants marching at their sides, dragging the huge black hearse, or omnibus, with its inanimate clod, to its last depositary! Then the train of *mourning* (!!) carriages, empty and hollow as the pretended grief for the departed friend! And what is all this “pomp and circumstance” for? To honour the dead! Alas!

“Can flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?”

No! it is all done to make people stare, and feed the vanity, though it beggars the coffers of the survivors!

But as the world gets wiser, or, at least, poorer [for adversity is often the parent of wisdom], this unseemly and injurious piece of extravagant pageantry, especially among the middle classes, will probably diminish. Nothing is more likely to curb expenditure on the *dead*, than copious taxation of the living—and there is every probability that this preventive check will be liberally dispensed among all classes of society. There are indications, even now, that this *post obit* economy is beginning to prevail, especially among the mediocracy of England. Instead of the huge black Noah's Ark, with one inhabitant, four sable quadrupeds, and half-a-dozen bipeds strutting through the mud, we frequently see a kind of church-yard cab, with one, or, at the most, two horses, conducting the remains of the unambitious tradesman to his final tabernacle of clay! Commend me to the ancient mode of sepulture—INCINERATION, where a small earthen pipkin contained (when wished) the ashes of the dead, and where MERCURY, with his golden wand, conducted all the rest of the obsequies, without fee or reward!

" Tu pias lætis animas reponis
Sedibus, virgaque levem coerces
Auræa turbam." —————

How much more dignified and wholesome was the reduction of the lifeless and loathsome corpse into its constituent elements, while a celestial courier wafted the immortal soul to its joyful abode (*lætis sedibus*) in the regions of bliss, as compared with the piling and accumulating the putrefying carcasses of humanity in sepulchres and grave-yards, to contaminate the air inhaled by the living, and scatter sickness and death in every direction. Nor ought this incineration to be repugnant to the feelings of the Christian. He knows that this body *must* corrupt, however slowly, and be ultimately resolved into dust in the noisome grave. Then why not employ the process which is quick in its operation, and innoxious to the survivors. The same miracle which would

raise the recent corpse from the grave or the ocean, will collect its constituents from the air, and embody them again in their pristine form.

But to return to the Irish funeral. The specious cortege is there more indicative of real friendship, or at least of neighbourly and social feeling, than the same procession in England. The deposit of the dead in his grave is not now disgraced by libations of whiskey, and the immense crowd disperses quietly and decently—each to his respective home. I am much surprized that the priest rarely officiates in the church-yard, and that the most imposing, solemn, and affecting of all pieces of religious ceremony, the *burial of the dead*, is seldom performed. This is the more remarkable, in a country, and in a religion where so much efficacy is ascribed to prayers and rites for the repose of the departed. Possibly the priest may follow a rather mysterious text of Scripture—"let the dead bury the dead."

CONNEMARA.

LEAVING the fierce old city of Galway, we skirt Lough Corrib for some time, and a more dreary or rocky aspect than its shores present, can hardly be anywhere seen. At OCHTERARD, however, we stumble upon a little OASIS in the desert—a most romantic village, a mile from the lake, with a crystal stream leaping, murmuring, and sparkling through it, forming a series of miniature cascades, very pleasant to the eye and the ear. There is, however, a drawback on this pleasure; for the church is built so close on one bank of the stream, that its foundation is being daily undermined, and the edifice will probably soon tumble down! This is very alarming intelligence for the "Protestant Ascendancy," and there is little doubt that, Daniel and the priests are at the bottom of this Popish conspiracy.

Nearly opposite the church stands King Martin of Galway's

Gate-house or Lodge, at the entrance to his domain, extending nearly thirty miles—a larger kingdom than some of the German States, and therefore not likely to be washed away by the river at Ochterard. We now entered a wild, and apparently unpopulated country, and were soon in sight of the “TWELVE PINS,” or proud heads of Connemara. I did not promise myself much from the scenery of this Irish Switzerland, and therefore was not disappointed. The mountains of this celebrated district are all conical, and the “Twelve Pins” are as like as twelve peas, or twelve triangles, with Croagh Patrick raising his head a little more conspicuously than his twelve Apostles. They are all bleak, barren, and boggy,—too often foggy! In vain you look around for the frowning precipice, the snow-capped peak, the sparkling glacier, where—

“Rocks on rocks their beetling brows oppose,
With piny forests and unfathom'd snows.”

Nearly all is barrenness, tameness, and sameness—the gloomy mountains occasionally reflected, when the atmosphere permits, from the surfaces of sombre lakes, “black as Cocytus.” The narrow stripes of cultivation along the shores of the loughs, or the bottoms of the valleys, dotted at long distances, with wretched huts, only tend to make sterility look more sterile! It would appear that bogs shew a remarkable partiality for Ireland, or Ireland for bogs (it is hard to say which), for we see them clinging to the sides, or covering the tops of almost every mountain in the Emerald Isle! If the Chinese had possession of ERIN, they would soon convert it into a “Celestial Empire,” to which title it certainly has little claim at present. We should then see “Paddy” flourish on the slopes and summits of every mountain, from Carran Tual to Carrantagher, instead of burrowing in earth-holes, inhaling smoke, and cranching the bones of potatoes; while

the water-tanks of the Atlantic clouds would irrigate the rice-fields in "illigant style."

In the midst of the best scenery, and not far from a lake, stands "Flynn's Hotel," or half-way-house, where we lunched. I looked in vain for Mr. Inglis's "magnificent creature—the landlord's daughter, with a fine expressive, and somewhat aristocratic face, and a *form of perfect symmetry*." Nine or ten years sometimes make a wonderful difference in the symmetry of a young lady's form, on either side of the Channel;—but I suppose such a "magnificent creature" as Inglis describes, was not permitted to "waste her sweets upon the desert air" of the half-way-house for so long a period, especially in Ireland. At all events, and although I visited the kitchen, I was not fortunate enough to meet with any *DEL TOBOSA* corresponding with the portrait of the tourist in 1834. The charm, or the charmer of Flynn's Hotel, having fled, we pursued our journey—Bianconi duce—the scenery becoming rather more bold, the lakes more numerous, and the bogs more passable, till we breasted the castle of the philanthropic Member for Galway, in about as dreary a locality as can well be imagined, except by those who have traversed some of the stony sterilities of Skie, Shetland, or the Ferroe Isles. The mansion is built on the side of a rapid stream that flows from an adjacent lake into the Bay of Roundstone. The honourable member exhibits, I am informed, all that hospitality characteristic of the Irish gentry in days of yore, when landlords were accustomed to live on their own estates, and kill their own mutton. But, as I had not 130 letters of introduction, I did not intrude on Ballinahinch Castle. Every one knows the extreme philanthropy of the worthy owner of twenty-six miles of mountain and valley—lake and morass in the South-West of Galway—a man whose generous heart bleeds at the sight of that monster in human shape, the *KNACKER*, 'perpetrating the last

office of *inhumanity* on the noble horse, after a long life of labour in the service of an ungrateful master ! The honourable senator extends his philanthropy to humbler classes of the brute creation, and burns, with just indignation, at the sight of a dog-cart, and still more at that of a vile and deformed urchin, supposed to have a soul, but unquestionably without a heart, trying the hardness of his stick against the toughness of a donkey's hide !

There are rumours afloat, however, and I fear with too much foundation in truth, that some dark deeds are done at Ballinahinch, and that it is not the good fortune of *all* visitors to the lion of that place to return to their friends and native home ! I will not, indeed, say of the castle there what has been said of a brother lion's lair elsewhere—" *nulla vestigia retrorsum* "—but certain it is, that the master of the domain has planted near his residence a colony of myrmidons, Terry-alts, or Peep O'day Boys, who lie in wait for visitors from distant shores, attracted by the fame of the honourable member, and fearlessly venturing up the river for a safe retreat, and a peep at the great friend of the ANIMAL CREATION—the great enemy to every species of cruelty towards God's creatures on earth—or, would that I could add—the waters under the earth !

Unhappy FINS, by instinct led to stray
Near Galway's rocks, or Roundstone's fatal bay !

The " Peep O'day Boys " are stationed along the river and on the lake to seize the unsuspecting strangers, and, horrible to relate, drown them in boiling water, or, what is worse, keep them without food or drink till they give up the ghost !! Oh ! Mr. Martin, Mr. Martin ! Call you this backing your friends of the animal kingdom ? How does your " Act " of St. Stephen's quadrate with your *actions* in Ballinahinch ?

A short run of half-a-dozen miles more, and still skirting the

Twelve Pins on our right, brought us to Clifden, the situation of which, at the head of a little bay, is picturesque, if not romantic. Although Bianconi did not that day deposit above seven or eight travellers, the majority of us learnt, to our surprise, that we could not have beds, whilst the "board" was of as ordinary a description as I had met with in any part of Green Erin! Altogether, this Clifden is a very sorry affair, though recently built, and with an indulgent landlord—Mr. D'Arcy. After a very meagre supper, consisting chiefly of an under-done lobster, I was obliged to take up my quarters on a rickety sofa, in the common sitting-room, which formed the passage from the head of the stairs to two or three bed-rooms! As soon as the bustle of the lodgers had ceased, the rats or mice took up their nightly vocation of sawing, gnawing, and, I suppose, eating the boards in various directions. Then came the "droning music of the vocal nose" from every bed-chamber in the vicinity, while, as a climax, a great TOM CAT posted himself in front of the inn, and began serenading a young puss in her teens, perched on the roof, and who lustily returned the melodious caterwaul of her swain below! Meantime, the dogs seemed determined that the cats should not have all the music to themselves, and therefore added their yelps and howls to the general chorus!

Under such circumstances, sleep seemed all but hopeless, and I could only toss from side to side, repeating the ejaculation of Gil Blas, in a similar situation—" *Maudit soit le Maton!*" But the human frame, after a long journey, will not easily be cozened of sleep, even amid the din of arms or the roaring of artillery. In these cases, however, when—

Kind repose
Steals us a few short moments from our woes—
Then dreams invade! —————

And such dreams! Oh, that I could distinctly remember, or,

remembering, portray, the phantasmagoria conjured up by the strange concert that continued to vibrate on my ears in sleep, at the Clifden caravansera, while the half-boiled lobster preyed on my vitals within! The Twelve Pins suddenly swelled up into so many young *Ætnas*, vomiting forth fire and ashes and lava on my devoted head—the lakes boiled with sulphur, pitch, and blue flame—while myriads of *Troglodytes* issued from their caves in endless forms of deformity—some with “heads beneath their shoulders,” some with broad Cyclopean visual orbs in their foreheads, and others clad in the skins of various animals, from which they could hardly be distinguished! They scowled fiercely on me, as they flitted past, and I could frequently hear the words “Saxon tyrant” applied to me in most fierce accents!

I appeared to have wings, or the power of flying through the air; but in no way could I effect my escape from the horrible turmoil around me! A huge amphibious animal, bearing some rude resemblance to a gigantic crimson alligator, for ever presented his monstrous teeth, or his lacerating claws, as a barrier to my egress from the *Pademonium* in which I was confined.

While endeavouring to evade the jaws of this terrible creature, my ears were saluted by a sound so strange and unnatural, that my attention was entirely engrossed by it for a time, and abstracted from the danger of the red monster’s teeth and talons. On looking in the direction from which the sound came, I perceived that the lake which I had passed the previous evening, near Ballinahinch, was frozen over, like a mirror, and that a triumphal car, and a long procession were circling round the ruin of an old castle in its centre. The car was lofty, and entirely composed of the blanched bones of animals. The procession itself consisted of the skeletons of almost all terrestrial quadrupeds with which we are acquainted, from the elephant down to the mouse. They were all in pairs—the elephants being yoked

to the car, and the others ranged in proportion to their size, till the head of the column presented such minute animals that they could scarcely be recognized. Seated aloft, crowned with a laurel-wreath, was the philanthropist of Galway; and behind him stood the tall skeletons of two Connemara giants, each nearly seven feet in height! Once in each gyration round the ruin, the whole cavalcade suddenly stopped opposite the castle, and every animal shook his dry bones so violently as to produce, altogether, the roar of distant thunder or the discharge of artillery, while each particular skeleton emitted a sound resembling the cry of the animal when alive! I have remarked that, in this multitudinous procession *almost* every tribe or class of terrestrial quadrupeds had its representative. There were, however, a few exceptions. I did not observe any stag, fox, or hare in the train; but whether "absent without leave," or from their not considering themselves peculiarly indebted to the philanthropy of the honourable member in the chair, I cannot say.

During one of these tremendous cheers or huzzas, I awoke; and found that "grey-eyed morn" was beginning to peep over the summits of the mountains, and that the chorus in Clifden had got a considerable accession to its number, in the shape of chanticleers, ducks, geese, grunterns, fish-fags, and various other bipeds and quadrupeds—especially a brace of donkeys on the little hill behind the Inn, whose Stentorian lungs almost drowned the sweet sounds of the other vocal performers!

It was doubtless this large addition to the midnight band that conjured up, in my feverish and nightmare dreams, the mysterious union of a triumphal procession with a "dance of death," on the lake of Ballinahinch. I confess I was rejoiced to see on my table the monstrous red alligator that had so cruelly persecuted me in my slumbers, reduced to the empty trunk and fractured claws of the lobster on which I had supped! Poor Lora, however, had

not died entirely unavenged of the cruel death to which he had been put by tyrant man ! Let the poets and painters, who eat raw beef-steaks at night, to obtain magnificent dreams, go to Connemara, and sup on half-boiled lobsters ! They will astonish the natives, if they can *realize* next morning !

In conclusion, I beg to say I have no complaint to make against the Clifden Hotel, or its keepers. They did all they could to accommodate me ; and what they wanted in means, they made up for in civility and attention. As I never evince any symptom of "book-making," at Hotels, the host, hostess, and waiter in Clifden, had no suspicion that they had—

"A chiel among them takin notes,
Resolv'd to prent them"—

and therefore they were off their guards.—

Having got a comfortable little CART and an intelligent young driver, I made a short survey of Clifden and vicinity, during which my guide pointed out the direction in which the estate of my friend Sir Henry Marsh, lay. It consists of nearly one thousand acres ; and, according to the information of my postilion, it only requires draining, digging, liming, manuring, ploughing, planting, fencing, sowing, building, &c. to make it, some half a century hence, a very pretty "MARSH-MANOR," for the transmission of the worthy Baronet's name to posterity, as one of the Lords of the Soil in Connemara.

JACK JOYCE'S COUNTRY.

TURNING away northward, we plunged through a wild and mountainous country, the Atlantic on our left, with Croagh Patrick and his twelve disciples a-head and on our right. After the "terrores magicos portentaque Thessala" of my gorgeous nightmare dream at Clifden, however, the scenery of Connemara

itself appeared stale, flat, and unprofitable. Bogs, lakes and mountains—lakes, mountains, and bogs—presented all the variety of changes which they could, till, at length, we reached the Killeries, and drove up to the Castle—not of Jack Straw—but of JACK JOYCE at Leenane. The situation of the little Inn here—for it is very small compared with its host—is picturesque—almost romantic, at the very foot of a steep mountain, and on the brink of a long, narrow, and beautiful inlet of the sea, finely tinted on the opposite side, and tranquil as a fresh-water lake. A torrent of rain had fallen in the night, and numerous cascades were leaping over the steep, foaming and roaring down to the creek, as if delighted to regain their original home in the ocean.

I naturally cast an enquiring eye around for the mighty host—JACK JOYCE, himself—but alas, the “Lion of the fold”—the terror and pride of Connemara—was “non inventus!” I concluded, of course, that Poor Jack had met with that remorseless “GIANT KILLER,” who spares neither castle nor cot, when he brandishes his inexorable scythe! But I was agreeably surprised to learn that big Jack had not gone to the lower regions, like Orpheus in search of his lost Eurydice—but to the mountains, in quest of a new wife—his faithful partner having left him a disconsolate widower for nearly twelve months past.

Jack Joyce is now no chicken; on the contrary, his move to the mountains in search of a mate, at his age, shews that he is still the game cock of Connemara. This step, too, affords the best proof of his late partner’s virtues, and his own confidence in the blessings of matrimony. Sour bachelors and stale old-maids, indeed, may insinuate that second marriages are based on the calculation that he or she must be a most unlucky wight, who can contract two unhappy alliances in succession, on the same principle that the Irish sailor calculated on the great improbability of a second bullet coming through the same shot-hole in the

ship's side, in which he was fighting. The fact is, I apprehend, that Jack Joyce adopts the same *reasoning* which sways the great majority of mankind on these and most other occasions—his OWN INCLINATIONS.

If I lost so fine a sight as that of Connemara's Lion, I got the Lion's share of provender—a magnificent dinner of salmon almost alive on the table, with two editions of potatoes—the first, of course, with the bones in them—the second, cooked for the Saxon stomach.

I cannot suppose that the bodies and bones of the Joyce boys have materially degenerated since the tours of Inglis and Barrow ; but unquestionably their *spirits* have been laid in the Red Sea, or the Creeks of the Killeries by Conjuror Mathew, for hardly any life is seen among the solitudes of these dreary mountains in the present day.

Few things attract a stranger's notice in Ireland, more than the excellence of the roads, even in the wilds of Kerry and Connaught—and that without any apparent repairs. In England, it is true, we meet with good roads ; but we are constantly annoyed by troops of highwaymen, armed with pickaxes and other dangerous weapons, tearing up the roads, and forcing us to grind over granite during a third, at least, of our journey ! There is nothing of the kind in the Emerald Isle. The highway once constructed, seems like the old *VIA APPIA*, to defy the operations of time and travel. I soon discovered the cause of this phenomenon. There is little or no wear and tear on the Irish roads. A few Saxon tourists, in the Summer or Autumn, with their jaunting-cars—and a few *barefooted* natives, at other times, are not calculated much to cut up the roads. You may often travel ten, fifteen, or twenty miles in Ireland, without meeting a single cart, carriage, or car ! No wonder the highways are excellent there !

WESTPORT.

THE drive from Leenane to WESTPORT is, I think, more interesting than that from Clifden to Leenane. "We proceeded," says Mr. Otway, "in the evening to Westport, going along the valley through which the Owen Erive river runs, and falling over many pretty cascades, feeds the head of the bay. This road is well laid out, is in excellent order (no wonder), and presents, I think, a succession of as fine mountain views as are in Ireland. Here dark and deep gorges—there a bold, bare bulwark of a hill, presenting his huge shoulder—now a long, deep, quiet glen, with its green sides covered with flocks, and bleating lambs seeking their dams along the precipices and ravines, giving a pastoral character to the district."

In Westport I observed symptoms of the national character—an itch for greatness amid nothingness. Here is a hotel that would do credit to Sackville Street, with an avenue of trees before the door—and a beautiful purling stream running in front of the hotel, calculated to lull the traveller to repose, after a journey through Connemara. I remarked, in a former Section, that the Custom-house of Dublin might serve as a DOUANE for Europe. Here the wharfs and warehouses are on a scale quite large enough for Dublin, or Ireland itself! The town has certainly an air of neatness and cleanliness superior to that of the generality of towns of the same size in Ireland, but not of prosperity. There was, rather than is, a linen-market here; but that great branch of national industry and wealth is nearly annihilated, according to the statements of the inhabitants. I learnt with regret that the Marquis of Sligo, once my patient, considered himself as treated with Athenian ingratitude by the people of WESTPORT, for whom he had done so much. But, alas!

ingratitude is not confined to the capital of Attica! It is indigenous in the human breast, wherever the sun illumines the terrestrial atmosphere! Gratitude, or rather popular applause, which too often assumes the title, is frequently paid where it is not due—and withheld or withdrawn, where it has been well and nobly earned! In this respect, the soldier, who seeks the bubble reputation, even in the cannon's mouth, is often more successful than the patriot, who struts and frets his hour upon the political stage, and then is heard no more—or retires to the grave amid the execrations of that populace whose suffrages he laboured to acquire!

ABSENTEEISM.

ABSENTEEISM appears to be, in some respects at least, to Ireland what POETRY was to Goldsmith. "It found him poor, and helped to keep him so." But Absenteeism goes farther:—It finds "Ould Ireland" poor, and *leaves* it poorer! Poetry made some *returns* to the author of the "Deserted Village," for his labour. Absenteeism leaves the labour, to the peasant, and takes away the return. It even refuses the labour, except at six-pence per day, *without food!*

The ABSENTEE is like the Prodigal Son. He gathers up his patrimony, takes it to foreign lands, and wastes it there too often on harlots and hotels.

The ABSENTEE says to the ox that drags the plough—as well as to the HIND that guides it—

"Sic vos *non vobis*, aratra fertis Boves."

To the sheep, whose fleece he annually shears and carries away, as well as to the shepherd, he jeeringly remarks—

"Sic vos, *non vobis*, vellera fertis Oves."

The philanthropy of the Absentee is like that of the Philoso-

phic Knife-grinder :—it is so universally diffused over the whole human race abroad, that there is nothing left for distribution among his own countrymen at home.

Absenteeism is like the valve of a pump :—it opens readily when there is anything to be drawn from the well or reservoir ; but shuts close when anything is likely to retrograde.

Absenteeism is exhibited by all nations—by none more conspicuously than by England herself ; but, for very obvious reasons, and more especially because Ireland is almost wholly agricultural, the baleful effects of Absenteeism are more marked there than in England. In such a country, the absence of the proprietor, and consequently the expenditure of his income in foreign climes, is, as nearly as possible, equivalent to the withholding of manure from the soil. But there are two classes of absentees from all countries, and especially from Ireland—those who migrate to spend—and those who wander abroad to acquire money. Between Ireland and Scotland there is a striking difference in these respects ;—the rich absentees from the latter country spend as little as possible of their property beyond the confines of their own land—the Irish are just the reverse. The Scottish wanderer, in search of wealth, always remembers poor “ Auld Scotland,” and, if possible, returns to end his days there, with all the property he may have accumulated abroad. The Irish rarely return to the land of their nativity, but spend what they may have acquired far from the Emerald Isle, of which they talk so much ! We must, however, exempt from these the poor Irish labourer, who goes over annually to England or Scotland, for a few weeks, to earn, by hard work, a guinea or two, which he saves for the use of his family on his return to his native place.

The absentee landlord alleges as the *cause* of his expatriation, the discontent, disaffection, and wretchedness of his tenantry and

the country in general. But these melancholy circumstances themselves must be the *effects* of some antecedent cause or causes. And is not the Absenteeism one of the chief causes? This link in the chain of causation, the landlord takes care to slur over, and overlays or conceals it by harping on the priesthood, O'Connell, agitation, native indolence, or even some fatal curse hanging over the land from which he derives his income.

Whether laws can be framed that will, at one and the same time, protect the rights and *enforce* the duties of property, this deponent saith not; but, it requires not the gift of prophesy to foretel that, if these rights be *enforced*, and these duties *neglected*, a time may come when the might of the many will overcome the rights of the few—and then, when too late, the *latter* will find themselves in the wrong! The laws divine have not been able to restrain, or, all at events, to extirpate vice; and so human laws are not likely to effect universal justice. But as it is to the law of CRUMENA that we owe most of our grievances, so it is by the same law that many of them are redressed. When an Absentee's *purse* is threatened with emptiness, it is then, and then only, that his heart will be likely to overflow with humanity.

It is not a little remarkable, that such a man as MACCULLOCH could persuade himself, and what is still more strange, persuade a Commons' Committee, that the Irish landlord, who draws ten thousand a year from estates in Ireland, to be spent in France or Italy, does no injury whatever to his native country. Now, if Mr. Macculloch declared that he had gone one fine morning by the mail-train to the moon, and returned in the evening, I would believe his ipse dixit much more readily than his dogma about Absenteeism. Mr. Wiggins, after 30 years' experience as a land-agent in Ireland, is of a very different opinion. "But are we to consider as nothing the difference to the rural population, between a rental of £10,000 a-year being spent on the spot which pro-

duces it, and being sent to England or to Italy? Can we shut our eyes to the moral deprivations which society *on that spot* endures by the desertion of its natural patron and protector—or be insensible even to the monetary difference, to that spot, at least, between this £10,000 being sent at once away from it for ever, and its returning to be distributed amongst the miller, the butcher, the clothier, the shoemaker, the shopkeeper, the carpenter, the mason, the smith, the labourer, and others, *each* of these, again, forming a nucleus for its distribution amongst all the rest? so that these £10,000 spent amongst those who raised it, circulates not less than ten times amongst them, each circulation producing some profit, occasioning some industry, and, superior even to charity, is not only twice, but ten times blessed.” —P. 143.

No one, indeed, could doubt the truth of these observations, except the politico-economical mole, who has dived so deep into his own *occult* science, that all objects are to him of the same size, colour, and consistence!

There is one, and only one glimmering of sunshine on this sombre prospect, as it, at present, exists—and that is dim and remote. It is this, that when the present absentee landlords have become pauperized by the division of property, the result of their own extravagance, mortgages, fore-closings, and sale of their lands, to others, &c. &c. the soil may pass into the hands of men more wise, prudent, and patriotic, who may find it their interest to live on their own estates, improve the land, and ameliorate the condition of their tenants. Alas! this prospect is far removed; but it is gradually drawing nearer, should no other mode of relief be applied. It is in these recuperative operations, that we see the wisdom of those laws which the Creator has framed for the government of human affairs. Evils have an invariable tendency, however slow, to correct themselves, by attracting the attention

of mankind towards them, when they become prominent—by drawing retributive justice, sooner or later, on the footsteps of crime—and exciting a re-action in all honest minds against “the whips and scorns of time—the oppressor’s wrongs—the proud man’s contumely.”

LANDLORDISM.

“ Their good, ill, health, wealth, joy, or discontent,
Being, end, aim, religion—rent—rent—rent ! ” — *Byron*.

THE species of landlords in Ireland, are nearly as numerous as those of the ferns and mosses in the moors and mountains of that country ! A modern ingenious writer, who has studied the subject thoroughly, has attempted a classification of the said landlords ; but I believe the task would puzzle the brain of a LINNÆUS or a JUSSIEU, were they to rise from their graves ! The fact is that they appear to grow according to no known natural order or law, a nondescript race of beings peculiar to the soil of Ireland !

It is observed by a gentleman who has had some thirty years’ experience, as a land-agent in that country, that, “ its occupying tenantry are reduced to a low state of *serfage*—their mode of living low—their condition abject—their treatment haughty—that they are handed over, in general, to the tender mercies of agents, whose chief duty consists in exaction of the highest possible rent.”* It is ridiculous to attribute, under such circumstances, the poverty and discontent of the people to the influence of religion and the priests. The fact is that the Irish people have little or no respect for the *law*, which they consider to be unjust, and were it not for the moral influence of the priest, the country would be over-run with crime and insurrection. The same writer gives the following catalogue of enjoyments possessed by the Irish

* Wiggins.

peasant, and which every traveller may see in every parish in Ireland! "A hole dug in the earth, walled with sods excavated, roofed with bog-sticks, and covered with potatoe haulm:—day-clothes scanty—bed-clothes almost none—children seeking warmth by contact with the pig! Yet even these look with compassion on the wandering beggar, and swell the already loaded wallet with potatoes from their scanty store."*

It appears that the miserable tenantry of Ireland, pay from one-third to one-half more rent—that is, of the produce of the soil, than the tenantry of England! Nor can this be attributed to want of humanity in the original lords of the soil, since, unfortunately, most of *these* have had the greater part of their lands alienated by long, or interminable leases, so that their possessions are now occupied by "tenants under tenants removed several times from the head landlord," who has therefore little or no control over these intermediates! This is a lamentable condition. But although there are thousands of landlords who are without direct tenants, there is not a single tenant without a landlord of some kind. Although it is impossible to enumerate the species of these, they may be thrown, without much regard to scientific nomenclature, into three great classes—good, bad, and indifferent. Each of these is capable of subdivision *ad infinitum*.

1. *Good*.—These let their lands on what are considered moderate rents, and spend a considerable portion of their revenue in what they call improvements of their property. This class includes a great many of the NOBILITY, and the LONDON COMPANIES, who are considered among the best Irish landlords. On passing through the estates of this class, and learning the character of the proprietors, one is not a little astonished to find that there is

* Wiggins, p. 23.

but little difference of appearance in their tenantry from those of very indifferent landlords! On closer examination, we soon perceive that one of the greatest curses of Ireland is ostentation, or aping at the magnificent, as was shewn under the head of DUBLIN. Thus, one-half or two-thirds of the gross rental of these lords of the soil, are often spent on what they call "*improvements*," viz: bridges, castles, hotels, churches, court-houses, docks, wharfs, breweries, and various other *public works*, whose chief utility consists in giving *temporary* employment to the poor, without any ultimate advantage to the tenantry or improvement to the soil on which they live. Nay, these great undertakings completed, and the capital sunk, the tenantry are worse off than before, on account of the afflux of labourers who have been drawn to the place, and become finally paupers on the parish. Now, had these large sums been expended in the actual cultivation of the grounds, amelioration of the cottages, and comforts of the peasantry, the result would have been very different. The casual visitor, on contrasting the goodness of the roads, the architecture of the bridges and churches, the loftiness of the prisons, and the imposing attitudes of the workhouses, with the squalid poverty of the inhabitants, may naturally enough exclaim, "*Oh! this is the consequence of being priest-ridden.*" The good intentions of these owners of the soil will not always compensate for want of judgment in putting these intentions into practice—verifying the sentiment of the ancient as well as the modern moralist—

— "how few

Know the true good, or, knowing it, pursue!"*

Nevertheless these landlords are entitled to great praise, as compared with many others of the same fraternity.

* ————— "pauci dignoscere possunt,

Vera bona." —————

But there is a subdivision of this class, not numerous indeed, but far more beneficial to the country than those just enumerated. Not labouring under a mania for the magnificent, they reside chiefly on their own estates, and by expending a fourth or even a sixth part of the gross rental (instead of half or two-thirds) on *internal* improvements, as draining, fencing, manuring, &c. with moderate rents, do infinitely more good to the country, and contribute more to the happiness of their tenantry, than those who gain a great name by liberality and public spirit. Unfortunately the subdivision in question includes but a very small number. They are literally—

rari

Nantes in gurgite vasto !

2. *The Indifferent Landlords.*—This class is more numerous than the former—but, I fear not so large as the class that succeeds it. These exact as high rents as their neighbours—that is, as much as they can; but they help their tenants in various ways. They are said to “load hard, but drive easy.” Thus, they will sometimes take the produce of the soil above the market prices. They will sometimes assist in draining the grounds, or otherwise improving it—and when the rent is unattainable, they will not distrain the goods, or eject the tenant; but let the arrears accumulate till better times occur. In such cases, the poor occupier of the ground may be said to be the slave of the landlord rather than a free and independent agent. He is in perpetual dread, and, indeed danger. “His nose is kept to the grinding stone !”

There are numerous grades and shades of this class, filling up a long space that intervenes between the maximum and minimum of **INDIFFERENCE !**

3. *Bad Landlords.*—It was the rapacity of this “**MONSTER-CLASS**” that drew from Lord Byron the two cutting lines at the

head of this Section. Where a population is so redundant, and manufactures at such a low ebb, as in Ireland, land is almost as essential to the existence of the peasant as the air he breathes! Without it he must either starve or beg. Under such circumstances, he will promise almost any rent, in order to get possession of a "holding" for himself and famishing family. And, to the disgrace of the country, there are but too many who will take advantage of this deplorable competition, and extort the highest rent from the highest bidder—in short, put the land up to auction, when far more than the value of the ground is sure to be offered in the desperate struggle for the means of existence. The following passage from the very last writer on the subject, will illustrate these remarks :—

"Fancy a 'Lord of the soil' (a petty one, it's true) walking with a bevy of bidders *humbly* following him; and after obtaining a bid in money far beyond the value from one, exciting the others to outbid in duty rent, thus: 'Well, Mich, you hear what Pat bids: now what will *you* advance?'—'Why, yer honer, God knows it's more than the value, but I'll give yer honer three days turf-drawing.'—'Three days is it, my lad, when you know well enough that my turf-stack takes a month's fine weather to get in.'—'Och! then,' says Denis, 'but I'll not grudge yer honer a week.'—'By the powers now,' says Larry, 'I'd give yer honer two weeks, if the place and the rint would kape a horse, or a mule, or a donkey, in the way of drawing; but I'll bring yer honer a fat pig any how and pay the rint of four pounds an acre as punctually as *any other* man.'—'Larry, the land is your's, my boy, and a mighty chape bargain too! Ted Sullivan promised me five pounds an acre plantation, but I was rather doubtful of his manes—I'll only ask ye to cut and save me a few slane, according to times, as ye cannot draw it.' " *

* Wiggins, p. 37.

What can be expected from such a system as land-letting by *tender*, but poverty, misery, and crime!

Among this extended class of bad landlords, must, I fear, be ranged a large portion of bad agents, who are *virtually* landlords in the absence of the owners of the soil. A ruinous system of bribery exists amongst a great number of this class—ruinous to the occupier, scandalous to the receiver, and injurious to the real landlord himself!—The grinding exaction of high rents is thus alluded to by Mr. Wiggins:—

“By too high rents, I mean too large a portion of the *saleable produce of the soil*, after the daily sustenance of the family of the occupier, and seed for the next crop are provided for. Sustenance for the occupier’s family!—Think not, ye too generous English landlords, that this means sustenance in the English acceptation of the word. No,—it means potatoes, and, if the rent afford it, sour milk for two meals a day, that being the most usual and indeed the almost universal diet of the occupying tenant in the South of Ireland. This sustenance, however, is often barely left to him, as the result of his toil, his cares, his hazards, and anxieties, which, though generally on a small scale as to property and capital, are *to him* as great and important as those of larger occupants, with a larger stake.”—*Wiggins*.

But the poverty and wretched diet of the Irish peasantry are not owing to high rents alone. The taxes are enormous among such a people—especially the COUNTRY-CESS, levied without their having any voice in the business, and too often expended on fine roads leading to insignificant hamlets—or perhaps to a gentleman’s lime-quarry, or even lime-kiln!

This tax ranges from 10 to 25 per cent. on small holdings. The whole of this cess is levied on the tenantry! The Grand Jury Cess also ranges from four to six shillings an acre *per annum*—all lands, good, bad, or indifferent, being equally taxed! The

accounts, too, are kept on that excellent system practised by Alderman Gibbs!

The "Commutation of Tithes" is the most successful reform that has ever been introduced into Ireland, though even that is not free from defect; for it fixes for ever the value of things that are ever fluctuating. Thus it fixes the income for labour that may and must, in many cases, gradually increase *five-fold* in extent. It exempts lands from future tithe, merely because they happen now to be uncultivated or *waste*, as they are called. The Irish Poor Law has been adverted to, under another head. But it forms the theme of loud complaint in Ireland, though its evils are grossly and most studiously exaggerated. If the system of "AGITATION" continues, and there are few symptoms of its subsidence, it is not improbable that the "Bastilles" will be converted into barracks, and some plan of out-door relief substituted.

When we survey the chaos of incongruous evils—the maze of clashing interests—the bitterness of religious hatred—and the maniacal fury of party politics, that pervade every county of unhappy Ireland, the prospect of discovering a remedy for such a complication of ills, seems to vanish from the sphere of hope itself! Still, as it is acknowledged that the master, or rather "monster"-misery, is the relation between landlord and tenant—the AGRARIAN DEMON of DISCORD—is it impossible to maim, fetter, or disable the monster for doing so much mischief? A hundred voices will exclaim, "there is no remedy—no tampering or interfering with private property—every man has a right to do as he likes with his own." Interfere with private property! Why, does not the Government every day interfere with our property? Does it not send an inquisition to us, demanding the amount of income we have received for our past year's labour, and then order us to pay over a *per centage* of it into the Government purse?

This is only one sample of the thousand ways in which Government daily and hourly intermeddles with property.

The usury laws warn us not to take more than five per cent. interest for the GOLD in our purse, without incurring a heavy penalty; but for the dirty *acres* under our feet we may take fifty or one hundred pounds per acre, (if we can get it,) and no law is broken! Now, what is the difference between these two instances? "All the difference in the world," cries a noble senator. What is it? "Why the land-owner is the law-maker. With the interest on *money* he has no concern—or, if any, it is *his* interest to make it as low as possible—one per cent. if you please. The smaller the interest on *money*, the easier will he raise it on mortgage; but if you touch the price of land, you touch his life, or, what is the same thing, his pocket." The Government regulates the price of CORN, by a beautiful and ingenious little "SLIDING-SCALE," to which we might adapt the words and the tune which Sheridan was in the habit of singing to one of his children or grand-children.

" Here you go up, up, up—
And there you go down, down, down;
Now, you go this way, and that way—
And last, you may—go to the ground!"

I say the Government carefully regulates the price of CORN; but if it pretended to regulate the price of the ground on which it grows—"Pooh! you are *interfering with property!*"

I shall here take the liberty of quoting a passage from a "leading article" of the TIMES, 6th February, 1844.

"Why, what is this grand question of the '*occupation*' of land in Ireland? The '*occupation of land*' is a simple-sounding phrase. But what if we say, instead of it, a '*war for land*'—land against life—and both against law!—for so, if we call things by their proper names—so it stands—a bloody war, which rages

against rich and poor, and against the laws that are insufficient for the defence of either—a mutual war of the stomach against the purse, and *vice versa*—of desperate passion, on behalf, and for the relief, of inevitable hunger—of the right to live, original and inalienable, against the right to possess, the creation of conventional society.

“ We must not, for fear of a subordinate and prospective peril, be scared from the assertion of one which already exists—which actually surrounds and bids fair to overwhelm us. We must not be deterred by the sly pedantry of Lord BROUGHAM from looking at this question as it really is. We must not patiently listen to that fingerer of all things in and out of season, while he lectures the Earl of DEVON, when just on the eve of opening his gigantic task, upon the necessity of shrinking from the faithful and heroic discharge of it. When Lord BROUGHAM has the face to caution the Earl of DEVON against doing, in the conduct of his commission, aught that shall in any manner ‘compromise the rights of *property*,’ we ask him, whose property does he mean? Is it alone the rich man’s right to his acres, to the use of them, and the infinite abuse of them? or does he not mean to include in his protest some regard for the right of the poor man, under God’s charter, to live and breathe on this the Almighty’s world?

“ We say of a mere lawyer, usurping and defiling the name of ‘philosopher,’ that it is too audacious in such a man to attempt this barricade upon the conscience of a great public officer just entering, like Lord DEVON, into a function so sacred and so difficult—that he must have a care to take none but a conveyancer’s view of a question, embracing as well rights antecedent to human society, as rights derivative under it, and be governed by a one-sided solicitude for the maintenance of the subaltern interest to the overthrow and subversion of the chief!

“ What was this same Lord BROUGHAM’s argument in the case

of West Indian slavery? Why, he scouted scornfully the notion of respecting the property of the West Indian colonists. He said their property in slaves was a disgrace to the country—that the public interest and public honour, and our place among nations, required that such property should no longer exist—that such a right as that of the colonists in their slaves should be no longer tolerated; yet it was lawful property—yet it was a vested right. But the national interest called for its abolition, and abolished it was—BROUGHAM *non dissente*. Then, is the Irish landlord's right so to use his land as to make it an instrument for the destruction of human life one whit more sacred according to law than the right of the West Indian to the fruits of that capital which he has laid out in the lawful purchase of slaves? But we propose nothing so monstrous as Lord BROUGHAM did. We recommend not the confiscation of any man's estate.

“Here is the case Lord DEVON has to deal with :—The peasant population of Ireland are in pressing want of land to raise food for their families. The *immediate* possession of every given five acres out of lease is essential to, perhaps, each one of some 20 individuals, having wives and children. They bid against each other without exactly calculating the produce of the land; they have a right to do so—a legal right. The landlord accepts the highest offer, which also, without professedly calculating the acreable value, he has an undoubted right to do. We say nothing of the moral right of either party—of the tenant to offer more than the land will pay, or of the landlord to accept it. But if we must give an opinion upon the subject, beyond all question it is as dishonest in the tenant to offer, as it is in the landlord to let the farm for, a higher rent than can be fairly made of it. But the difference is this :—The tenant is compelled by the iron hand of hunger—an excuse assuredly for deeper crimes than an untenable promise under pinching want; whereas the landlord is not forced

by famine, and is not to be excused by purblind cupidity, for demanding a rent which the most industrious occupier could not pay—for which no solvent tenant, and none but a perishing desperado, would have the face to pledge himself. What then happens? The rents are not paid—ejectments are executed—the defaulting tenants are ousted, the incomers murdered in their beds. Is not this a true picture? Is anything exaggerated? And must the reality last for ever?

“This is what Lord Devon has to deal with. Property is already outraged; living men are sacrificed to the name of property; yet there comes in a vociferating lawyer—‘Oh! take care you don’t touch the rights of ‘property;’ hold sacred every blood-stained clod; let peasants by hundreds gasp in their own gore; let *them*, Lord Devon, manure the wasted soil with their bodies, but, above all things, protect the full purse—prey upon the empty stomach.’

“Now, we tell Lord Devon that such things are not to be reconciled. The rights of property thus abused are inconsistent with the paramount right of human beings to their existence. If some law be not founded by his Lordship and his Commission, or some expedient devised, by which such horrors shall be put an end to, you may talk as you will, Lord Brougham, about the rights of property, but so sure as there is a power above this world, the rights, in spite of all speculative theory—the rights *will* fall a prey to the abuses.”

In the foregoing sentiments I entirely coincide; and, coming from the *Times*, which cannot be accused of an overleaning towards Ireland, though a stanch advocate of the poor in every part of the British dominions, they are worthy of perpetual record.

But when the sticklers for “property” are driven into a corner, or forced to admit the principle of legislation even for rent, they have a postern gate to retreat through—the *impossibility* of regu-

lating the price of land by Act of Parliament. Where there is a will, there is a way.

An ordnance survey is examining every spot of Ireland, and an able land-surveyor attached to that establishment would find no difficulty in forming a fair estimate of the value of land. The Tithe-Proctor, in days of yore, readily discovered what the land produced, and taxed it accordingly; and a valuator might easily be appointed in every parish to establish, septennially, a fair and equitable rent—especially for those minute divisions of the soil, for the accommodation of the poorest of the poor, on the *conacre* system. While landlords are allowed to multiply the rent in proportion to the narrowness of the stripe of ground let out for the season to the wretched cottier, misery, starvation, discontent and crime, will multiply in the same ratio!—If these *conacre* Lords of the soil were prohibited from extorting more than double the rent of regular farms, for their ridge or two of potatoe-ground, there would still be profit and temptation enough for them to split their fields into narrow ribbons for wretches who are unable to take larger plots.

But when we contemplate the dreadful but certain prospect of agrarian assassination that is spreading over the darkened horizon of Ireland, is it not the duty of Government to appoint and support a “RENT COMMISSION” permanently in that island, and which may be far above the shadow of a suspicion as to its justice and impartiality? And as a sense of personal interest and self-preservation governs the whole human—nay even the whole animal creation, will not this sense also perceive the impending storm that is actually beginning to burst over the LORDS OF THE SOIL in that unfortunate and unhappy isle, and acquiesce in a measure of Government that will relieve *them* from the odium and danger of popular indignation (even if unjust) on account of agrarian extortion? If a landlord desire only a fair rent for his estates,

why should he dislike the valuation or fixture of that rent by a disinterested and competent tribunal? And if his purpose be, to extract from the starving tenant a greater rent than the soil is worth—does such a landlord deserve to have a voice in the policy or impolicy of establishing such a tribunal? Let justice and common sense answer that question!

A properly organized Commission sitting in Dublin, and authorized by Act of Parliament, might enact local or bye-laws, from time to time, to meet the anomalies or peculiarities of particular localities or circumstances. Surely every owner of the soil, who wishes to *live* himself, or let his agents and tenants *live* around him, would hail the establishment of an agrarian tribunal, capable, if anything can be capable, of shielding his own life, and that of his locum-tenens, from the deadly blow of the midnight—alas! the *mid-day* assassin, whose detection is next to impossible, on account of the deadly hatred of the people against the Lords of the soil! To some such arbitrement must this dreadful AGRARIAN war be referred at last. It will not be quelled by the military sword, but only by the sword of justice. A slaughter of the populace may impose silence and solitude on the scene for a time; but the Phoenix of disaffection will rise from its ashes, infuriated by traditionary recollections, and too prone to substitute the poniard of the murderer and the torch of the incendiary, for open resistance with the pike and the fire-lock! The longer the adjustment is delayed, the more blood will be shed, and the more difficult will be the establishment of peace! Let the Lords of the soil weigh these grave matters in their minds—and may they come to a safe and a wise conclusion!!

No Act of Parliament, except that of investing a mixed agrarian commission with ample powers, will ever be able to meet the exigencies and anomalies of Irish landlordism. Such a commission, board, or tribunal, would prove the best substitute.

for a "DOMESTIC LEGISLATURE," without the perils of a Repeal of the Union.

And yet the most strenuous and well-meant exertions of the legislature may be insufficient to restore peace, prosperity, and content to Ireland. There would seem to be a fatality hanging over that unhappy isle, which bids defiance to all human means of remedying her ills, till some revolution in the womb of fate, which Heaven has hitherto concealed from human ken, shall change the face of things, and, like an angel, bring healing on its wings! Meantime, we cannot reasonably look forward to such an interposition of Providence, without first deserving it, by redressing every wrong, and dealing out even-handed justice with scrupulous impartiality. It will not do to fold our arms, and exclaim—"Nothing will please or pacify Ireland," while we do those things which ought not to be done, and leave undone those things which we ought to do. If Whig or Tory government—but especially if resident and absentee landlords can lay their hands to their hearts, and affirm that they have done all that was just and proper towards Ireland, and left no grievance unredressed which it was in their power to remove—then let them sit down, each under his fig-tree, and wait till Providence does its part!

CROAGH PATRICK.

BEING within a few miles of this holy mountain, which had kept its head uncovered for several days, as if to welcome me to do penance, I proceeded thither one fine morning—not so much to see the Cyclop's Wall, the Druid's Altar, or the Christian's Purgatory, as to have a magnificent view of Clew Bay, Clare Island, Achill Head, the broad expanse of ocean, and the sea of mountains that rise like huge buttresses to stem the fury of the Atlantic surge. The way up the first range of the mountain, is

rough and laborious ; but, as I had climbed many a higher mountain than this without a guide, and as I preferred my own meditations to the absurd legends and superstitions with which the guides here and elsewhere bore the ears of travellers, I determined to dispense with themselves and their tales. At length, I gained the WELL situated at the summit of the secondary range, and having slaked my thirst at the beautiful spring, I sat down to enjoy the magnificent prospect and the reflections to which it gave rise. On looking upwards, I perceived that Croagh Patrick had put on his night-cap—a large white cloud, which rendered his head completely invisible, while rolling masses of the same kind were rising on the western horizon, and portending a storm. All thought of visiting the apex of the mountain was therefore abandoned. The view from this point, however, was grand in the extreme, and, by far, the best I had yet seen in Ireland. The land and seascape would recompense any one for a journey of fifty miles. But as description is not my fort, and as the mountain on which I sate, was well calculated to call forth meditations and reflections, I gave myself over to a long reverie.

THE LEGION.

It is a melancholy reflection, but a still more melancholy truth, that, the name, the form, the attributes, the MASK of that pure religion which descended from the skies, for the benefit of man, have been usurped and assumed by a LEGION of agents from the EVIL ONE, for the misery of mankind, and even for the destruction of millions and millions of the human race!! Wherever a continent or island has raised its head above the face of the waters, and furnished a footing for man, *there* did SATAN dispatch his emissaries to preach “ false doctrines, heresies and schisms,” in order to embroil their hearers in hatred and malice, battle and cruel death! Had these emissaries of Lucifer only preached

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against true religion—the worship of a Creator—the sphere of their malignity would have been greatly narrowed. But they were commanded, each to inculcate a different and distinct creed from all others—each to maintain that his creed alone was the true one—and that they were to make war upon one another, with equal ferocity as upon the common enemy—the simple worshippers of ONE GOD ! They were, moreover, enjoined, where they could not vanquish or eradicate a faith, to split up the faithful into sects, and thus engender animosity, strife, and even bloodshed ! The chief leaders or generals, under the great EVIL ONE, are ignorance, fanaticism, superstition, intolerance, and credulity. But the subordinate agents are countless ! !

In no country of the world are the deplorable consequences of this evil more conspicuous than in unhappy Ireland ! The CHRISTIANS of the South and West brand their brother CHRISTIANS of the North and East, as “ Heretics ”—the *latter* return the compliment by stigmatizing the *former* as “ Idolators ! ” In periods of comparative tranquillity or torpor, the fires of discord smoulder though they are not extinct ; but let a spark from political or agrarian excitement fall among these magazines of sectarian gunpowder, and an explosion immediately ensues—the fiends of the legion are instantly on the alert, and busy as their master in a gale of wind—the Catholic and Protestant seize their pikes, pistols, or muskets, and the work of slaughter goes on more furiously than that of scalping among two hostile tribes of Indians ! Priests, parsons, and preachers of all kinds, have much to answer for, in not inculcating, as *paramount* rules of conduct, the Cardinal precepts of Christianity—peace and good will—charity, and mercy ; instead of launching forth, *ex cathedra*, their polemic firebrands !

Who, arm'd at once, with prayer-books and with whips,
Blood on their hands, and Scripture on their lips,

Tyrants by creed, and torturers by text,
 Make *this* life hell in honour of the *next* !"

* These reflections are not unnatural or misplaced, when we see the sides of a mountain actually furrowed and worn down by the friction of human feet and knees in the performance of penances for sins, real or imaginary, while the adherents of another creed, in the very same locality, laugh at, and revile the credulity, superstition, and idolatry of the fools who put themselves to such torture, under the influence of a false and monstrous system of religion !

I am not going to advocate the wisdom or the religious necessity of these painful pilgrimages to the summit of Croagh Patrick ; but I would inculcate the policy, the charity of abstaining from that condemnation and censure too often indulged by " HERETICS " on such practices.

When we reflect that we are enjoined by Holy Writ to—fast and pray—to mortify the flesh—to clothe in sackcloth and ashes, &c.—we can hardly wonder that the ignorant world should take these injunctions in the literal sense, and employ such sacrifices to propitiate the Deity for the sins which they have committed. If such be the real objects and ends of the penitents—and doubtless they are so—we should hesitate in condemning penances, and putting our own constructions on passages in Scripture. Probably, we are safer in taking the "*ipsissima verba*" of Holy Writ for our guide than the interpretations of commentators.

But while we treat with charity, rather than censure, the religious superstitions of the unlettered Irish peasantry, there are some points of the penancial system which provoke a smile. I shall only allude to one.

DHURRUS; OR PENANCE BY PROXY.

Praying by proxy is not at all uncommon in Ireland. Thus, if

a person has any urgent business or recreation on hand, preventive of going to mass and performing the proper number of Aves and genuflexions, he or she hires a substitute, generally a mendicant, who, for a trifling recompense, goes through, with most conscientious punctuality, the vicarious duties of the holy service committed to their charge. The prayer by proxy is considered to be nearly as efficacious as that delivered up in *propria persona*.

But the penance by proxy goes a step farther, and shifts the burthen of actual suffering or punishment from the shoulders of the rich to those of the poor!

The following anecdote, abridged from the Rev. Mr. Otway's Ascent to Croagh Patrick, will illustrate the penance by proxy system.

"A little puffy, barrel-bodied attorney, hired a guide to conduct him up the mountain. The little man grunted, groaned, panted, and perspired—'larding the lean mountain,' as they ascended. The guide did his best to alleviate his difficulties, and at length they came to the Well, where St. Patrick made his first stop, when proceeding to disenchant the mountain. Here the little fat tourist was in a pretty plight, like a tallow candle in a hot tavern!

" 'Well,' says the guide to himself, 'this dacent man is certainly doing penance for some great sin, and the poor simple sowl doesn't know that I could put him out of pain for a few shillings; it is a wonder all out that some one, even if the priest hadn't the good nathur, would not tell him that there's many a one about here that would do the DHURRUS for him. So it's myself that'll have the innocent* fellow out of his trouble in a jiffy.'

* "Innocent amongst the Irish always, with a grown person, carries the force of simpleton."

So with that the guide came up to him where he sat wiping with his silk handkerchief his reeking, steaming head and neck.

‘ Why, then, your honour, I wonder you’d be after thinking of going up yon mountain, and working thro’ all its stations, when you know that I’ll go up for you and do DHURRUS with all the veins in my heart.’

“ ‘ What do you mean?’ says the attorney, ‘ you go up for ME!!!’

“ ‘ Yes, plase your honor, and that I will, and you may sit there quietly until I come back, not a one I’ll miss—look at my knees when I return and see if they’re not battered and bleeding enough to *plase* yees.’

“ ‘ Why what, honest man, do you mean? can you *see* for me—can you *admire* for me—can your going up enable me to say, when I go home, that I have been at the top of Croagh Patrick?’

“ ‘ Ah then,’ says the guide, ‘ is that ALL that brings yees to the Reek—myself thought ye were a *religious* man, and that yees were undher vows or orthers to perform stations here, and sure all the world knows that I could do all *that* for yees, and *chape* enough—ay chaper and just as well as ever Rob of the Reek did, ‘ rest be to his sowl, and the heavens his bed.’ ”

Now, considering the state of Ireland—the destitution of the poor—and the want of employment—this proxy-prayer, and proxy-penance, seem to be useful items in the popular practice of religion, as giving an occasional job, however painful, to the idle and starving pauper.

I wish the fashionables of England would employ the paupers of their neighbourhood in this way. It would be beneficial to one of the parties at least!

So then, the story of St. Patrick casting the venomous crea-

tures of Ireland into the sea, from the summit of Croagh Patrick, is all a fable, a mere allegory! We have the testimony of Solinus, Avienus, and others, that there never were any poisonous serpents or other animals of the kind in Ireland. "The serpents which the Patron Saint dealt with, were the doctrines of the DRUIDS, and it was on this eminence that the Druids had one of their great religious establishments." What a pity that we have no Patron Saint, now-a-days, to hurl the "venomous creatures" of Ireland into the sea from Croagh Patrick, or the cliffs of Achill! I suspect the Great Apostle would have more difficulty in dislodging the SAXONS from their present hearths and altars, than he had formerly in expelling the Druids!

It appears that St. Patrick, though a conjuror, was not a true prophet. He declared that Ireland should be for ever free, not only from toads and serpents, but from ALIENS. The Court of Chancery, or, at least, the Lord Chancellor, has decided that eight-tenths of the existing inhabitants of Erin are ALIENS!

GRANA UAILE.

From Croagh Patrick a magnificent view is obtained of CLARE ISLAND, in the mouth of Clew Bay, surrounded by 300 isles of various magnitudes. Clare Island is celebrated in authentic history as the chief residence of GRANA UAILE, pronounced by the Irish "GRAGNAH WAILE," or Grace O'Mealey, whose name is now synonymous with HIBERNIA itself, in popular songs.* This heroine, the daughter of a chieftain of Mayo, whose motto was—"Terra marique potens"—assumed the reins of government, on the death of her father, and proved herself well qualified for the task. She became not only the governor, but the general of her Sept, and far exceeded her predecessors as a sea-rover and free-

* Vide page 74—one of the ballads at Tara.

booter. She was alternately a smuggler or a sea-pirate, as the case might be, and acquired the name of "GRACE OF THE HEROES." She soon gathered under her command a host of outlaws and adventurers, and sided sometimes with the Saxons—sometimes with the Celts, in conformity with her own interest at the moment. She was hence called the "GAMBLER," and has had imitators in the present day! She took, for first husband, O'FLAGHERTY, Prince of Connemara, and evidently proved that—"the grey-mare was the better horse." On Connemara's death, GRANA UAILLÉ soon contracted another matrimonial alliance; but, thinking that short leases were preferable to long, she stipulated that the marriage should be *on trial*, and that, at the end of the first year, either party should have the power of dissolving the contract. During eleven months of that happy year, GRANA took care to garrison most of her husband's (Sir Richard Rourke's) strongholds along the coast, and, towards the close of the trial-contract, she shut the gates of her castle on Clare Island, and desired her dear spouse to take himself off, as she had no more occasion for him!

After this, Grana took part with the Saxons, and Queen Elizabeth invited her sister, of Clew Bay and its islands, to visit her at Hampton Court! The interview of the two queens—or queans—must have been highly amusing. GRANA UAILLÉ was dressed in a *chemise*, containing thirty yards of yellow linen, wrapped loosely round her body, with a red mantle flung over one shoulder. Her wild hair was twisted round a large golden pin, as her only head-gear, while her red legs and feet were clothed in the habiliments which Nature gave her at her birth. Thus stood GRANA UAILLÉ, from Connaught, before the stiff and stately TUDOR, dressed out with stays, stomacher, and farthingale, cased like an impregnable armadillo!!

"Grana, having made a bow, and held out her bony hand,

horny as it was with many an oar she had handled, and many a helm she had held, to sister Elizabeth, (as she called her;) sat down with as much self-possession and self-respect as an American Indian chief would now before the President of the United States. Elizabeth observing Grana's fondness for snuff, which, though a practice newly introduced, she had picked up in her smuggling enterprises, and perceiving her inconvenienced, as snuffers usually are when wanting a pocket-handkerchief, presented her with one richly embroidered, which Grana took indifferently, used it loudly, and cast it away carelessly: and when asked by Sir Walter Raleigh why she treated the gift of her Majesty in such a way, the answer of the wild Irish girl was of that coarseness that ought not to be read by ears polite. Moreover it seems Elizabeth was not happy in the presents which she proffered to the Vanathess: she ordered a lap-dog, led by a silken band, to be given to her, 'What's this for?' says Grana. 'Oh, it is a sagacious, playful, and faithful little creature, it will lie in your lap.' 'My lap!' says Grana, 'it's little the likes of me would be doing with such a thing—keep it to yourself, Queen of the English, it is only fit for such idlers as you—you may, if it likes you, fool away *your* day with such vermin.' 'Oh, but,' says Elizabeth, 'Grana, you are mistaken, I am not idle, I have the care of this great nation on my shoulders.' 'Maybe so,' says Grana, 'but as far as I can see of your ways, there's many a poor creature in Mayo, who has only the care of a barley-field, has more industry about them than you seem to have.' Of course Elizabeth dismissed her soon—she offered, at her last audience, to create her a countess. 'I don't want your titles,' says Grana, 'aan't we both equals; if there be any good in the thing I may as well make you one, as you me; Queen of England, I want nothing from you—enough for me is it to be at the head of my NATION; but you may do what you like with my little son Toby

of the ship, who has Saxon blood in his veins, and may not be dishonoured by a Saxon title—I will remain as I am, Grana O'Maille of the Uisles.' ”*

Honour to GRANA UAILE say I. She was every inch a queen ! I doubt whether Elizabeth, with the fiery blood of Harry the Eighth in her veins, would have spoken out so boldly and independently at the Court of Connemara ! One thing is certain—that the British Queen heard more truth from the tongue of the wild Irish woman, in half an hour, than she had heard from the lips of her own courtiers during her whole reign !

I have said that the Connaught Queen verified the adage respecting the “ grey mare being sometimes the better horse.” Every body knows the meaning of this ambigu ; but the most practical and visible illustration of it occurs, when the wife assumes that portion of her husband’s wardrobe, which, like a town that Horace met with in his journey to Brundisium, cannot be named to ears polite—“ quod versu dicere non est.” Now, among the lower classes of the Irish, it is by no means unusual to see the wife wearing the coat, and sometimes even the waist-coat of her husband ; but, I never saw a single instance of her usurping his nether garment. This speaks volumes in favour of the Irish woman’s delicacy, even in the humblest grades of society.

The finale of Grana was rather tragi-comic. She was buried in Clare Island ; where she had long kept her swiftest galleys for the double purpose of smuggling and pirating. She had often visited the banks of the Clyde, and pillaged the inhabitants, personally heading the marauding parties ! But, the day of retribution came at last. A company was established in Scotland, not long ago, for preparing bones for manure, and a foraging

* Rev. Cæsar Otway.

vessel swept the western coast of Ireland, where immense quantities of human bones are piled up in every grave-yard, and especially in the old abbeys. Clare-Abbey was among the first to suffer under the spoiler's hands, and poor GRANA UAILE's bones were sacrilegiously transported to the highlands to enable some farmers to grow larger turnips than their meagre soil would otherwise produce! Mr. Otway mentions, but does not vouch for the authority, that one of GRANA's grinders was found in the centre of a fine turnip, which nearly choked the farmer who was enjoying the delicious product of his bone-manured field!!—Alas! to what may we not come, in the end,—when we find the scone of the magnanimous GRANA pulverized and scattered over the arid grounds of a Sansculottes Highlander, whose skull she would have cracked without ceremony, in the beginning of the sixteenth century!

PAT, FIG, AND CO. OR COW.

This ancient respectable FIRM, whose branches are more numerous and extensive than even the cars of Bianconi, has afforded a theme for ridicule, satire, pity, and contempt to travellers of all descriptions—philanthropic, political and moral. And yet, to me, there does not appear anything very extraordinary that the partners of a "firm" should reside under one roof, in the same way as the members of a family. These wondering wanderers might call to mind a celebrated ancestor of their own—a pater-familias too, of the name of NOAH, who domiciliated not only with pigs and cows, but with much more unsociable measmates—porcupines, pole-cats, hyenas, ourang-outangs, jackals, tigers, &c. Now the cow and the porker are, by far, the most useful and valuable members of Pat's establishment. They not only supply him with milk, butter, veal, and a litter of young squeakers, annually, but, at their death, instead of putting him to the ex-

pense of a funeral, they bequeath him the most important legacy he ever receives—the rent of his farm, and—a Winter store of savoury beef and bacon. Now is it unnatural or unreasonable that Paddy should afford these most useful animals the shelter and protection of his humble roof, from the winds and rains of his humid climate? * I am ready to grant that the voice of his sleeping partner, the porker, is not the most musical in the world; but I submit that it is not a whit more disagreeable than that sent forth from the nasal organ of his master, or any other of the human family. As for the cow—her breath is wholesome and sweet—sweeter by far than some breaths that I have inhaled from lungs of loftier animals in the scale of creation! The poor cow chews the cud—but not of resentment at seeing the remains of her slaughtered parent hanging up in the chimney—and *ruminates*, perhaps with more philosophy than some of her neighbouring Lords of the soil—on the merciful dispensations of Providence—and the comforts of shelter from the pelting storm.

But still, the ejaculation is repeated—what! live under the same roof with a pig and a cow?

“Foh! the offence is rank, it smells to Heaven.”

Perhaps it does; but how smells the practice of our mothers, grandmothers, aunts, and sisters—that of entertaining a host of pampered pets at their tables—in their drawing-rooms—carriages—and even bed-rooms—mangy dogs, malodorous cats, chattering parrots, squalling mackaws, &c. &c. animals clean or unclean, but only calculated to consume food that would sustain hungry human beings;—and incapable of proving useful during life or eatable after death!

Politicians, moralists, and even theologians deplore the paucity

* Happy indeed is poor Pat to have possession of a pig or a cow, for rarely is he able to inherit their property after their decease. He is generally compelled to part company with these useful animals during their natural life!

of social intercourse between the upper and lower classes of society—especially in Ireland. Now Pat and his pig, not forgetting the cow,—have set a striking example, and a practical one, to their superiors, on this point. They, at least, have not petitioned for a Repeal of the Union!

ACHILL.

FROM Croagh Patrick, where the tutelar saint of Ireland converted the heathen to Christianity, I determined to visit Achill Island, where Mr. Nangle is now converting the Papists to Protestantism. It will probably be evident to the reader, especially after what I have said at page 192, that I am no great admirer of the system of proselytism; nor did the controversy between Mr. Hall and Mr. Nangle offer much inducement to visit the “Colony,” or mingle in the *BELLUM POLEMICUM* of those fierce belligents, who are neither—

“*Cast-are pares, nec recant-are parati.*”

I acknowledge that this compliment is somewhat equivocal—but each party will, doubtless, construe the line in his own favour.

The road to Newport is not very interesting; but the sea wrack, which the people were still continuing to drag from the coast to the interior, perfumed the air in all directions, and was by no means ungrateful to my olfactories. This marine vegetable has almost entirely superseded kelp for the manure of the ground. The storms often drive it on shore in large quantities, and the wild western tempest is hailed by the people as a godsend, though it may be disastrous to the fishermen along the coast. When not aided by the storms, however, the operation of cutting the wrack from the rocks—often miles from the shore—is sometimes more dangerous than that of samphire-gathering, “dreadful trade,”

described by the immortal Bard of Avon. The potatoe thrives so remarkably on the soil manured by this article, that the population is more redundant along the gloomy shores of Clew Bay than in some of the most fertile districts of the interior.

At a short distance beyond Newport, and on the left hand, near the road, a kind of rude monument is seen, and, on my asking the driver what it was, he answered that a priest was found dead on that spot. I thought no more on the subject, knowing that priests must die as well as other people, till I observed in the Rev. Mr. Otway's tour, an allusion to this said "*MEMENTO MORI*." Mr. O. took more pains to investigate the history of this rough cairn of stones than I did, and the following is the result :—

"It was erected over the place where a priest was found dead in the morning, after lying there all night. He was a friar, who got his living principally by saying offices. For what? For souls. No, guess again, reader,—you can't,—well, to put you out of pain, I'll tell you,—for saying offices, for spirits; yes, he went about blessing *potteen stills*; and according to his vocation he could not, as a *spiritual* person, avoid partaking of such blessed liquor, and it was on his return from such a sanctification as this that he fell down on the road side, and was found dead in the morning."

On the taste, the feeling, the charitableness, and the insinuations of this passage, I shall make no other comment, than that, in my humble opinion, it is very unworthy of a Protestant divine!

The remainder of my journey to the ferry which separates Achill from the main, is about as wild, picturesque, and romantic, as any I had seen in Ireland. Croagh Patrick was seldom out of view, while Clew Bay, Clare Island, and hundreds of islets, with mountains, sea-loughs, and endless bogs, constantly presented themselves, in every variety of combination.

At length we reached the ferry, which is narrow but rough ; and Charon was represented by a canny chiel frae the North of Ireland, who urged cogent reasons for sending back my car to Westport, (which I did with great reluctance) and take his car and horse on to the Colony. The inn here is small, but comfortable—the host as smooth-tongued a “SAVAGE” as I have ever seen—and the hostess is one of the greatest women in Connanght, since the days of GRANA UAILLÉ. However, I must not complain of master Charon, who conducted me safe across, and furnished me with a good horse and car on the opposite side.

An hour and a half’s drive through as wild and primitive country as human eye ever surveyed, brought us to the far-famed COLONY of Achill. It is situated at the foot of a steep mountain, (Slieve More) close to the sea, and facing the North-east. It consists of a range of pretty houses, or rather cottages, all white-washed, and with a terrace and small stripes of gardens in front and below the row of buildings. Stretching some way up the mountain behind, and also in the neighbourhood, there is some tolerably cultivated ground, with a mill and some necessary buildings adjacent. The original Irish village of Dugurth is close by, but lower in the vale. On driving down to the “COLONY,” a slight feeling of embarrassment came across my mind. The reader is aware that I had no letters of introduction, and I thought to myself, what will be the use of “BILLETS-DOUX” from Messrs. Coutts, in such a wild and holy place as this. The first thought that occurred to me was to present myself to Mr. Nangle as a *proselyte*, when I might be pretty sure of a night’s lodging at the least. But, of all my numerous sins, I cannot accuse myself of hypocrisy—and so the neophyte scheme was, at once, abandoned. I recollected that there was a physician to the Colony, and to Dr. Adams’ house I repaired. I found the good man in his surgery, attending to one of his patients, and handed him my card. I

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shall not easily forget the look of surprize, not unmingled with joy, which the benevolent Dr. expressed. He cordially shook both my hands, and assured me that I was well known to him for nearly thirty years—and that no man ever visited the Colony with a more hearty welcome than I did! I need hardly say that, after this, I received great hospitality from the magnates of the mission.

The Good Samaritan, (Adams), left a large practice in Dublin, and a fine house in College Green, to embark his fortune in, and dedicate his professional exertions to, the welfare of this Colony. Nine years has he spent in attending the sick of the *whole Island*, (six thousand souls), and furnishing medicine, without fee or reward—excepting those which he may receive beyond the grave! I strongly suspect that this practical philanthropist has been the main-stay of the Missionary Colony, and that the establishment would, long ere this, have been broken up, had not the benevolence and real charity of Dr. Adams secured the affections, as well as the respect, of the whole Catholic population of the Island!

After visiting the chief lions of the place, including Mr. Nangle, the schools, male and female, the corn mill, and the drill of the boys in military exercise, in the manner of the School in Chelsea, I made an inspection of the printing establishment of the “ACHILL HERALD,” by which I was a good deal amused, if not improved. The press of Achill is not on quite so large a scale as in Printing-house Square, nor does it require such high-pressure steam to work the machinery; but the grand defect here is the want of a “DEVIL!” That important, and almost indispensable personage in an establishment of this kind, dares not venture within a cable’s length of either Nangle or the Colony! Even the evil spirit of Popery, when evicted from the converted neophyte, cannot rest within the precincts of the consecrated ground, but, like a wretched disembodied *Diavolo*, rushes over the steep,

and disappears in the Atlantic. The "ACHILL HERALD" and "The TIMES" present a remarkable contrast in this respect. The Giant Automaton on the banks of the Thames, has a legion of "Devils" at his command, all ready to execute their master's orders without inquiry or remorse. Numbers of them are so masked and minute as not to be cognizable even by the lynx-eyed individual, or Argus-eyed public. But they are not the less formidable on that account—tearing and lacerating the most sensitive parts of their victims, or sitting on their breasts, during sleep, like monstrous INCUBI !

Once, and once only, the "Devil" stole into the Colony, in the guise of a tourist—"a Syntax in search of the sublime," and was kindly treated by the Missionary. But, being invited by Mr. Nangle to attend evening prayers, he suddenly vanished, like a flash of lightning—leaving a strong odour of brimstone behind him. Mr. Nangle informs us that, though this "Printer's Devil" remained but a few hours in the Colony, he contrived to haul (HALL) away some important documents out of a portfolio, with which he decamped, and which he afterwards mangled and distorted, spreading reports through the world, most injurious to the Proselytizer in Chief and to the whole of the missionary establishment ! It must be confessed, however, that here the "DEVIL," for once, met with his match, and caught a Tartar among the mountains of Achill.

When introduced to the head Missionary, he evidently eyed me with some doubt, and appeared to suspect that I was another "Printing Devil" in disguise—an Emissary from the Pope, and bent on mischief to the Island ! When I expressed a wish, however, to attend divine service in the evening, his suspicions vanished. After the usual, and indeed the most kind hospitalities, I met the Colonists in the house of prayer, where some fifty or sixty men, women, and children joined in devotion. Hymns

were sung to popular airs, and a discourse, rather than a sermon, was delivered by the assistant missionary, in fluent and *ex-tempore* language, apparently, far above the level of the auditory, considering the locus, and the "*genius loci*" where it was delivered. There was no formal text, but the themes of declamation were chiefly HYPOCRISY, BIGOTRY, and INTOLERANCE. I could not but think that the discourse was intended to be diffused far beyond the boundary of the little colony—and was probably levelled at the Romish hierarchy and priesthood. Be this as it may, had it been addressed from the platform of Exeter Hall, to a full-grown congregation of saints, I guess that it would have been more appropriate to, than relished by, the fashionable audience !

Through the influence of my brother-officer, Dr. Adams, I had a whole house dedicated to my accommodation for the night. True, it was not of the largest dimensions—being about twelve or fourteen feet square—and rejoicing in the name of "BACHELORS' HALL."

"Which served me for study, for bed-room, and all."

It was as neatly furnished as an officer's cabin in a man of war, and never did I spend a happier night than in this little dormitory, with a blazing turf-fire, some excellent poteen, abundant meditation, and profound repose !

The evening threatened a storm ; and, before midnight, it blew a hurricane, with deluges of rain. At one time I feared the door and window would have been blown in ; but I barricaded both, and fell into deep reflections on the comforts I enjoyed, as compared with the thousands of my fellow-creatures who were now shrinking into the sordid huts of cheerless poverty, throughout the Island, during the dire commotion of the elements !

It is a certain fact, though contrary to general opinion, that we never feel for, think of, or talk about the poor so much as

when we are snug, comfortable, and happy. The reason is very obvious. When we experience reverses, and fall into poverty or distress, we have *then* no time to think about anybody—but *ourselves*! It is *then* we are more apt to envy the rich than commiserate the poor.

PROSELYTISM.

There seems to be a general, a universal *nisus* or impulse throughout the whole human race—the desire of converting others to our own opinions—especially our theological opinions. I have no doubt that it is based in philanthropy and honest zeal; but it may not always be practised with judgment, or eventuate in happiness. The main spring of proselytism is the conviction that our own creed is the only true one, and that, by converting others to it, we save their souls alive.

The motive is noble—generous—and one of the distinctive characteristics of man. Proselytism may be divided into two great classes—the conversion of Heathenism to Christianity—and the conversion of one sect of Christians to the creed of another. To the first class of Proselytism, there can hardly be a reasonable objection; because any system of Christianity must be greatly preferable to the darkness of Idolatry. The working, however, of even that system of Conversion, has proved much less beneficial and successful than was anticipated, or could be wished. Those who have witnessed its career in the great eastern hemisphere, will acknowledge this unwelcome truth.

The second class of Proselytism is much more questionable in its utility. The CHRISTIAN FAITH is split up into a great number of modifications, and each modification becomes the centre of a system of Propagandism, exerting a constant endeavour to draw all others into its own circle. It surely requires no argument to demonstrate the evil of such perpetual oscillations, attractions,

and repulsions. Now, although each sect in the Protestant divisions is eager and zealous in the propagation of its own doctrines and opinions, yet the differences are so comparatively slight, that the conversion of one sect to the tenets of another, is not productive of very serious consequences.

BUT CATHOLICISM and PROTESTANTISM stand so widely opposed, that the transition from one to the other is necessarily accompanied by a kind of religious revulsion, which every mind will not bear with impunity! Each of these two great divisions of Christianity—at least the majority of the less enlightened among them—views the other as in the path to final perdition. Between the Papist and the Heretic, there is no neutral ground—no resting place; and every Proselyte or Convert must feel that he has adopted a system of Religion which he once considered damnable—and deserted one which he previously believed to be the only path to salvation! Now, if, antecedent to this awful transition, and during the prime of mental energy, the anxious Christian doubted, and wavered, and trembled at the step which he was *about to take*, is it impossible, is it improbable that when the dread moment arrives for yielding up the ghost, the weakened mind should again doubt, and waver, and tremble at the step which it *had taken*, and was now irretrievable, if wrong?—The agony of such a scene is not only beyond description, but beyond conception! Let the zealous Bigot and the fiery Propagandist ponder on the terrible responsibility which he incurs, by breaking down a FAITH which never doubted, and substituting a *creed* which was itself the offspring of doubt!

My own conviction is that, between Catholic and Protestant, no attempt at Proselytizing should be made with ADULTS. Let the infant mind be trained up, if you will, in that faith which you conscientiously believe to be the best—but do not unhinge religious principles that have grown with the growth—strengthened

with the strength—and become a part and parcel of the soul itself.

And here I freely bestow my warm commendation on the Colonial Schools, containing the orphan children (male and female) of Catholics, and who are educated in the Protestant religion, in useful knowledge, and in trades by which they may afterwards earn an honest livelihood. These Schools, the children, their clothes, their dormitories, their diet, and their exercises I examined, and have no fault to find. To the Propagandist teachers, preachers, scripture-readers, and commentators, who traverse the Island, I have nothing farther to say.

It appears that, while O'Connell and others were conspiring against the UNION, the Priests and inhabitants of Achill were conspiring against the life of the Head Missionary—or rather against "PROTESTANT ASCENDANCY," which was creeping up the side of Slieve-More mountain, in the guise of barley, oats, and potatoes. Mr. Nangle, however, has not been so fortunate as the Attorney-General, in bringing the conspirators to the bar of justice, and convicting them of high crimes and misdemeanors. A prelude to this Popish plot seems to have been enacted while I was on the Island. Two Protestant damsel-errants had been lionizing it through the wilds of Connaught, and also of Achill; unattended by either man or maid servant, or by any friend or relation. Yet they were as safe and as fearless as if they were sauntering up and down Sackville-street, in Dublin. They had been over in a boat that day to Beagle Island, and being overtaken by the vanguard of the storm to which I have alluded, they got completely drenched by rain and spray, before they regained the Colony, in the middle of the night. The heroines regarded the excursion and danger as nothing.

Doubtless this security and protection of the Protestant maidens among the wildernesses of the West, was a concerted arrange-

ment of the Papishes, in order to put the Missionaries off their guard, so that they might all be murdered in their beds. The "Conspiracy" would form a very interesting and horrifying Episode for rehearsal at EXETER HALL, and make many a GODEMOUCHE, and many a TABBY shudder at the ferocity of the wild Irish, and open their purses to protect the Colonists from the machinations of Popery!

I should not be doing my duty, as an independent and impartial traveller, if I passed over, in silence, the language and tone of the "ACHILL HERALD," in its advocacy of Protestantism and its diatribes against Popery. The "HERALD" seizes on an expression in Scripture, purporting that Christ came not into the world to introduce peace, but the sword! Let it beware of such literal interpretations—for a sword may cut two ways! The Roman Bard, with all his "*suaviter in modo*," and in an Augustan age, was forced to acknowledge that his moral strictures were sometimes considered too severe:—

"Sunt quibus in Satyra videor nimis acer et ultra."

It would, probably, be more conducive to the object which the "HERALD" has in view, to substitute mild persuasion for angry denunciation, in the prosecution of its labours to expose the errors of Popery. Mahomet, indeed, propagated the Koran by fire and sword; but that was not the mode adopted by the Divine founder of Christianity. Neither persecution nor ridicule will ever convert either Protestant or Catholic to the opposite creed.

Those who wish to visit some of the boldest scenery on the Western coast of Ireland, should, on their return from the Colony, keep away to the right, instead of turning short round to the left, at the lonely Catholic Chapel in the middle of the Island. A few miles will bring them to the gigantic cliffs that overhang the vast

Atlantic, and present an impassable barrier to its mighty waves. There the eagle and the fox hold their solitary reign, seldom disturbed by the intrusive footstep of man. Croghan Mountain is 2254 feet above the level of the sea.

“ From the commencement of the ascent, indeed, we became exceedingly interested in the prospect all around us : we soon obtained a view of Clew Bay, with its host of islands—Clare Island, with its tremendous precipices, topping them all. The hills were covered with wild flowers, in immense varieties ; of the orchis tribe there were numerous specimens ; the heaths were in rich luxuriance, and among them is plentifully found the *Erica Mediterranea*, to be procured in no other part of Great Britain ; and the wild juniper formed almost a close matting under our feet. Two or three foxes ran along our way ; and many times the eagle rose from his eyrie and hovered above us. Once we nearly trod upon the nest of a grouse ; the bird was sitting and flew off as we approached. We stood a few minutes to examine her eggs, and were startled by an almost human cry of sorrow from the summit of an adjoining crag. It was the wail of the frightened bird ; and we passed upwards without disturbing her dwelling.* Looking below, we saw the village of Keem—a group of dots of stone ; and further east, the village of Dooagha, dwindled almost to a few specks ! while the winding roads about the Island seemed no broader than a ribbon. At length we reached the summit—and what a view ! On one side was beautiful Clew Bay ; and on the other a bay scarcely less beautiful, Blacksod Harbour. Behind us were the island hills and valleys,

* “ Our guides, who seemed to have anticipated an opposite result from our curiosity, seemed delighted when we signified our intention of leaving the nest unrifled ; and one of them roared out at the top of his voice, addressing the bird,—‘ There ! birdeen, give thanks to the Virgin, for the strangers wont hurt yer little family.’ ”

and the mountain of Slieve-more, which, although nearly as high as Croghan, we seemed to look down upon. Before us was the broad Atlantic—no spot of rock or land upon which a sea-mew could find rest, between us and America; so that literally, as the guide said, ‘if we flung a stone out of our hands it would fall into another world, barring it didn’t sink in the sea.’ It was, indeed, a glorious sight, but one to which no language can do justice.”*

BOLUS MIRABILIS ACHILLIS.

Long before the Advent of my excellent friend, Dr. Adams, to the wilds of Achill, there was neither physician, surgeon, apothecary, chemist, or man-midwife on the island—or within thirty miles of its inhabitants! And yet, with all these advantages, strange to say, some of the inhabitants occasionally got ill, and even died in their native moors and mountains! An old woman, who was suspected to be half a witch—or “something more”—took it into her head to study physic; and, like some people, *melioris notæ*, she formed a theory that all diseases sprang from “disorder of the digestive organs,” and especially from “obstructed bowels.” She concluded that if such obstruction were overcome, health would return. But how was this to be effected? She had not the means of studying the laws of gravitation, as Newton had, by observing apples and pears fall from the branches of trees—for trees there were none on the Isle of Achill. But she had seen boys throw stones into wells, lakes, and streams, and she had remarked that they went immediately to the bottom. Now the thought struck her that, if round and solid bodies were swallowed, they would be likely to take the same course as the stones—and go plump to the bottom. As for pills, she had none

* Halls, vol. iii., p. 405.

—either black, blue, or grey; but she happened one day to pick up a musket bullet, which had been unsuccessfully discharged at a wild deer, and with this pill, or rather bolus, she determined, like many others, to try experiments on the human machine. She was not long before she found a patient; and as such gentry have generally a *large swallow*, she contrived to administer the bullet, being first well soaped. In about 48 hours, “the bullet found its billet”—in other words, it did its duty, went “au fond,” and the patient was quickly well! This wonderful cure was soon bruited over the Island, and new patients applied to the old woman, who was now considered to be half sorceress half doctress. The canning weird sister, however, would never take more than one patient at a time, on her list, and never lost sight of that one till her remedy had effected its object—or, at all events, gone to the bottom, like the stones in the well. Several cures resulted from the bolus practice; and these were more than sufficient to crown the old woman’s brows with laurel, and establish her professional reputation. In an evil hour, and after a sup of potheen, she disclosed the secret, that the bolus was a bullet! This soon got wind, and, on the principle—“*Omne ignotum pro magnifico*”—rather staggered public confidence in the remedy. A question now naturally suggested itself to the minds of the Achillians. Where did the old woman get so many musket-bullets? Alas! she had but *one*! Her whole *ARMAMENTUM MEDICAMINUM* consisted of one bolus only; but when the poverty of the arsenal was discovered, Medea’s occupation vanished!

TUAM.

THE road from Castlebar to Tuam, is not very interesting; and one stage of it was rendered most painful, by the sight of one of the horses of her Majesty’s royal mail coach, going *on three feet*

for ten long miles! Such a disgraceful and cruel spectacle my eyes never beheld before, and the post-master who yoked such a wretched animal to the coach, deserved to be dragged by one of his own legs made fast to the axle of the mail! Where are Mr. Martin's videttes even in the vicinity of his own county?

On approaching the residence of two Archbishops, I was startled by a sight which induced me to think, for a moment, that I had stumbled on the temple of Neptune, amid the plains of Pæstum! It was a magnificent edifice, however, and dedicated to the worship of the true God. Over its portals might be written a monkish couplet:—

“ Pater Deo—JOHN DE TUAM,
Fecit hic—Cathedram suam.”

The Catholic Archbishop seems as meek and humble as a lamb, but bold and courageous as a lion, when the fold of Judah is to be defended from the ravenous wolves of heretics and infidels. His humble mansion, near the gate of his brother Archbishop's palace, appears like a *lodge* to the Protestant residence; but his noble Cathedral throws the Reformed Church completely into the shade. The two prelates differ in another respect. The Catholic is contented with the *title*, and refuses the emoluments of the bishoprick—the Protestant is wiser in his generation, and takes both.

John of Tuam and Edward of Achill are two church-militants of the first water. A few years ago the LION of JUDAH learnt, with indignation, that a heretic wolf had invaded his fold in Achill, and was daily carrying off some of his flock! This was not to be borne, and JOHN proceeded to the Island, heading a chosen band of holy fathers, and thirteen pieces of canon ecclesiastical, together with numerous tumbrils filled with the most destructive theological missiles and combustibles—fulminations, damnations, cauterizations, extirpations, &c. These were hurled

by John of Tuam into the little camp of Edward of Achill; but the *latter* was undismayed, whilst his "Protestant boys," closed the gates of the Colony—hoisted the flag of "No surrender," and returned shot for shot to the invading enemy. The Lion of Judah now perceiving that the heretic camp could not be taken by storm, converted the siege into a blockade, interdicted all communication with the Colony, under pain of excommunication from the church—and verified to the letter, the celebrated ancient adage:—

"Delirant Reges, plectuntur Achivi."

It is melancholy to reflect that schisms in religion have led to animosities and wars, since the creation of the world to the present moment—and that they are likely to continue to the end of time! Verily MAN, thou wert the last, and the worst of created beings!

Retracing my steps, I passed, once more, the ferry of Achill; and, instead of a horse and car to myself, as was promised by Mr. Savage, I was saddled with two passengers and all their luggage to Newport, and modestly charged with the full expense of the whole!

From Newport I took my favourite and independent vehicle, the *car*, and proceeded through a high and rather interesting country to CASTLEBAR, where I slept at a tolerably good inn, with civil attendance, and next morning visited the prison, a remarkably clean and well-regulated institution, which, next to that of Galway, merits the notice and the approbation of the philosophic and the philanthropic tourist.

RUINS.

Ireland is the field for the antiquary—the land of ruins! There is no country, of equal extent, which presents such a variety of antiquities, as the Emerald Isle. They are of all eras, and

numerous species. *First*, there are the Ante-diluvian ruins—as the shattered columns of the Giant's Causeway. *Secondly*, the paulo-post diluvian, as the ROUND TOWERS, whose heads are either struck off by the great executioner, TIME, or shrouded in the clouds of mystery. *Thirdly*, we have the Druidical Circles, *ante Christum*, shadowing forth bloody rites, barbarous ceremonies, and revolting superstitions. *Fourthly*. Then come the Pagan temples, (as at Cashel, &c.), with their uncouth and animal deities, dæmons and hydras dire. *Fifthly*. Passing a little farther down on the stream of time, we trace the mouldering ruins, passim, of the Primitive Christians, in their dwarfish chapels, cells, and hermitages. *Sixthly*. The middle ages have transmitted to us the venerable fragments of splendid cathedral edifices. *Seventhly*. The RATHS, of doubtful origin, set the antiquarians by the ears, as to their regal, Danish, military, or judicial functions and æras. *Eighthly*. We now take leave of the *antique*, and survey the *modern* ruins. They present themselves in the form of dilapidated mansions of broken-down or absentee squires—roofless distilleries—and, worst of all, the naked walls of huts and cottages that once gave shelter to the industrious peasant, long since ejected from his “holding,” by the ruthless middleman or absent landlord, to wander with his family in quest of another home. *Ninthly and lastly*. A melancholy class of ruins obtrude themselves on the eye of the traveller, in every direction throughout Ireland. These may be termed “*RUINS RESUMENTARY*”—or, in other words, the rags of the peasantry and pauper! That the beggars should rejoice in ruined habiliments need not excite surprise, since these are as much a part of their stock in trade as a voluble tongue, or some personal disease or deformity;—but that the peasant should allow his clothes, such as they are, to fall, piecemeal, from his back and limbs, till the clothing of nature is exposed to light, and air, and cold, without a single attempt to prevent the dilapidation, by a needle and

thread, is really inexplicable ! The maxim of "a stitch in time," never enters an Irishman's imagination. He will let one skirt of his coat fall, like an autumnal leaf, in the field, for want of a stitch, and go about with the other skirt dangling at one side, for weeks, till it follows the example of its departed neighbour. How are we to account for these phenomena ? Are they owing to the natural *inertia* of Milesian blood—to the sheer force of example, which reconciles the eye to anything—or to the depression, almost despair and recklessness, of the Irish peasantry ? Perhaps all these causes conspire to form this trait in the Hibernian character.

There are many other ruins in Ireland ; but partaking more of the social, moral, or political nature, than of the architectural. We have, in the Roman Forum, the ruins of the "TEMPLE OF CONCORD." Moral traces of such ruins are abundant in Ireland ; while temples of DISCORD are rising on their foundations.

HOPE.

We are told by one great Poet that "Hope comes to all"—and by another, that—

"HOPE springs *eternal* in the human breast."

But neither of the bards has given us any estimate of the comparative number of visits which this "ANGEL of LIFE"—

Whose glittering wings explore
Earth's loneliest bound and Ocean's wildest shore—

pays to the different classes of mankind. HOPE may be likened to Champagne or Burgundy. There are many people in this world, and even in this rich country, who do not taste either of these sparkling wines once in twelve months—whilst others drink them every day. My friend Campbell, indeed, gives us, in immortal verse, a long catalogue of personages whom this

“ANGEL” illumines with her welcome presence—from “the ship-boy on the high and giddy mast,” down to the wretched slave, fettered in the dark Peruvian mines; but the Poet has not, if my memory serves me, included the Irish day-labourer in this list. The state of the agricultural as compared with the manufacturing labourer, is remarkably different, in many respects, as well as in that of HOPE. The artizan, or mechanic earns his bread by the sweat of his brow, in the same way that his poor brother of the fields does. But his wages are greatly superior, and he therefore hopes—and often fulfils the hope—to lay by some part of his earnings for the support of himself or family, in case of sickness or misfortune. He has also the hope that, by exercising his invention, he may make some improvement in his mechanical vocation that may better his fortune, or enable him to earn more money for his labour. Independent of these, he hopes that an increased demand for the manufacture at which he works, may enhance the price of labour, and add to his comforts. His children can assist him at a much earlier period of their youth, than the children of the soil-tiller; so much so that laws have been passed to restrain them from premature exertion.

It is not pretended that the labouring artizan or mechanic is possessed of more happiness or virtue than he of the fields, because he has more hope. The highwayman and thief are actuated by *hope* of booty, when they set out to rob, murder, or steal. The labourers in factories and mechanical trades are more vicious, disorderly, immoral, and prone to insurrection and crime, than the rural workmen. They too often present pictures such as were drawn by the ancient poets of the iron age, and the degeneracy of the human race when they fell from their primitive simplicity and innocence. The following lines will apply to them, even at this day :—

“ When Peace and Mercy banished from the plain,
 Sprang on the viewless winds to Heaven again—
 All, all forsook the friendless guilty mind,
 Yet HOPE, the charmer, lingered still behind !”

Now what has the agricultural labourer in Ireland to hope for, in the fields of his master ? The utmost extent of his hopes, is that of constant work, at 8d., 10d., or 1s. per diem, throughout the year—a sum scarcely sufficient to procure dry (or rather wet) potatoes for himself and family, without a single article to season the wretched meal !! But not one labourer in fifty can get permanent work, if he wished for it, or was able to perform it, and the *minimum* of wages, above-mentioned, is infinitely more common than the maximum, or even the *medium*. The agricultural labourer, then, in Ireland, has no prospect, probability, or *Hope* of bettering his condition ; and, in such case, how can we expect to find energy, ambition, or even activity ? Hard labour can only procure as much of the potatoe as will keep life and soul together—mendicity cannot well do less—perhaps it may do more !

MAYNOOTH.

IRELAND may be said to have no manufactures—but, till very lately, she had one factory of surprising activity—the MAN-FACTORY, of a thousand-horse power, multiplying a population of paupers almost in geometrical progression ! The FACTORY at Maynooth is of a very different description. It is a PADRE-FACTORY, or great BACHELARIUM, which sanctions, blesses, and licenses the MAN-FACTORY, but never takes part in the operative duties of that establishment. In this respect the PADRE-FACTORY of Maynooth differs, *toto celo*, from the Parson-factories of Oxford and Cambridge, whose Bachelors of Divinity are, I believe, the most active supporters of the State, as far as population is

concerned. It is extremely rare to meet an English Parson—or even his Curate—with a family of less than ten children, if the marriage has been of ten or twelve years' duration !

And here a question naturally suggests itself to the contemplative mind—which system is preferable—the coelibacy of the Popish Priest, or the matrimony of the Protestant Parson ? On this point doctors have differed in opinion. The Priest, at his ordination, like the Nun on taking the veil, is married to the Church—the Parson is at liberty to join in the holy bands of wedlock with flesh and blood. We may ask, which of the two has made the best match ? I suspect that the Priest has the greatest chance of leading a quiet life. The Poet tells us that the Dukes of Venice, who married the Sea (though *she* is sometimes termagantly inclined) had quieter wives than many of their fellow-citizens :—

“ The Dukes of Venice who are said
The Adriatic Sea to wed—
Have gentler mates, perchance, than those
For whom the State decrees such shows.”

Be that as it may—the Catholic neophyte's collegiate education is in keeping with his future destiny and avocation. It is almost exclusively theological. The Irish Priest, whose whole academical expenses do not, probably, exceed 60 or 70 pounds—if so much, may truly be said to be “ of the people, from the people, and *for* the people.” Of what use then, to him, (beyond a moderate classical knowledge) is any thing but THEOLOGY ?

The Protestant Collegian is very differently situated. He is to mix with the gay and fashionable world—and ultimately, perhaps, sit on the bench of Bishops in the HOUSE OF PEERS ! HE has a great many things to learn besides Greek, Latin, and Theology. Mathematics and all branches of Science and the Belles Lettres

are necessary. He has also to learn to hunt, shoot, dance, sing, play at whist, chess, backgammon, and even dominos. And last, not least accomplishment, he must know how to drink port wine, and get into debt with all the tradesmen of Oxford and Cambridge—besides the Hoby's and Stulz's of London. No wonder that some thousands of pounds are often expended on these important, or rather indispensable acquirements—and that health or even life is sometimes forfeited in addition.

The rigid system of monastic life, in Maynooth, leaves the student little time or opportunity for the above-mentioned pursuits. He is roused from his slumbers at five in Summer, and six in Winter, to engage in a series of masses, prayers, meditations, lectures, silent meals, short recreations, and drowsy perusals of the Holy Fathers, till ten o'clock at night, when his narrow cell or dormitory, the principal furniture of which is the everlasting CRUCIFIX, reminds him only of his grave and his resurrection !

I found the College on a larger scale than I expected, and they are building an additional wing for an increased number of students. I went over the whole establishment, down to the refectory and even the kitchen. In the latter, there were piles of meat, enough to satisfy the appetites of a small country town. The dining halls were plain, but clean, and the students themselves were by no means a vulgar-looking class. They had not, indeed, the sickly cast of countenance, nor the rakish, or dissolute air about them, which too often characterizes Trinity, Oxford, or Cambridge Alumni. They were stout-built farmer's sons, apparently, and extremely quiet and grave.

Ireland is too poor to send her sons to foreign Universities for the study of theology and general literature. And if she could do so, there is little encouragement for the better classes of society to send their sons abroad, with the prospect of a scanty or precarious subsistence afterwards. Nor is it quite certain that a foreign

theological education is superior to that of Maynooth, humble as it is. I have my doubts about it. But if the Government will not give, nor the Catholic Clergy take salaries for their spiritual services, it is surely the duty of the State, and the object of the Priesthood and the people, to afford a good *education* to those who are to work in the vineyard of Religion afterwards. The High Church complains that the Irish Clergy are imperfectly educated; and yet remonstrates against affording their only Seminary—MAYNOOTH—any assistance from the State! This inconsistency is just tantamount to a declaration that the Catholic form of religion is worse than no religion at all. To insure a good education, the teachers must be fairly remunerated, which they are not now, in the national, single, and only University for seven millions of inhabitants. A petition against a grant to Maynooth presents one of the most humiliating proofs of human bigotry and impolicy, that can be committed to record on the page of history. Shame on those who affix their names to such a document!

DOMESTIC LEGISLATURE.

SHOULD this “Millennium Politicum” ever obtain in Ireland, the “CONCILIATION HALL” will only suffice for a Hannaper Office; as the New Parliament—the New “ST. STEPHENS”—must be held in STEPHEN’S GREEN. This will be a glorious theatre for nine millions of people to legislate for themselves! I am astonished to find that women are still to be excluded from the *franchise*—and that, too, in a “*domestic* legislature!” Such unjust exclusion will, I am confident, keep up *agitation*, and, in many instances, lead to a repeal of the “*domestic*” union! And why should not women have votes as well as men? Elections could not be more corrupt than they now are—that’s certain; and I am

disposed to think that, with a mixed constituency, better men—at all events, *better-looking* men, would be returned to Parliament than at present. The female franchise would exclude many a horrid phiz from the Commons' House—though it would not be equally operative in expurgating the other and higher branch of the legislature, where, unfortunately, dignity and deformity are hereditary and not elective. Yet even there, the female franchise would exercise some beneficial influence, since a considerable number are "*pitched*," from time to time, into the upper from the lower mansion.

But if *votes* are denied to the female sex, it will not be easy to exclude their *voices* in Stephen's Green. It is true that this magnificent "*COMMONS' HOUSE*" for Old Ireland, is not quite air or water tight. But what of that?—there are very few *Commons'* houses that are either the one or the other in the Green Isle. With palaces for walls, and the canopy of heaven for a dome, the New House of Parliament will not require the expensive apparatus of Dr. Reid for ventilation; while the sprinklings from an Irish sky will effectually lay the dust in the driest season of the year.

The REPEAL will give Ireland an opportunity of forming a Constitution on a new and very improved plan. Perhaps the following hints might not prove unworthy of attention.

1st. The bribery, corruption, intimidation, drunkenness, false-swearing, rioting, and other crimes and immoralities attendant on elections, might be swept away at once, by the simple enactment of AUTO-REPRESENTATION—that is, that each inhabitant, after the age of 21 years, should *represent himself*, in the New House of Commons, Stephen's Green. This would do away with another abominable nuisance—those tribunals of injustice, called "*PARLIAMENTARY COMMITTEES*." Such system has the sanction of high antiquity, where, in legislative assemblies, the *VOX POPULI*

was, as it always ought to be, the *VOX DEI*. When laws are made *for* the people, they ought to be made *by* the people, whose duty it is to obey them.

2d. In a reformed Parliament of this kind, all discussion and speechifying should be strictly prohibited. When a law is proposed and seconded, let it be put to the vote, when loudly read by the clerk, and either passed or negatived at once. If an amendment be proposed, let that be put first, and in the same way. Discussions merely serve to waste time—to indulge personal vanity or spleen—and to puzzle people's brains. Commend me to the *CADÍ*, who would never listen to more than one side of a question.

3d. When a popular law is approved by a large majority of the people, what necessity is there for the sanction of an "UPPER HOUSE?"—Besides, I don't see how there can be an "Upper House" in Stephen's Green, unless it be erected in the clouds. As there is no necessity for an Aristocracy—there can be none for a CROWN. Surely the *VOX DEI* in Stephen's Green, must be equal, if not superior to a *VOX REGIS* vel *REGINÆ*, in Westminster or Windsor.

4th. The Radical proposition to pay Representatives for their actual labours and presence in Parliament, would never do in Ireland. If half-a-crown a day were given, there would be nobody left to cultivate the fields, but the women and children. Dublin—and its *Liberties*, will always turn out Senators enough for the Auto-Representative Parliament, without taxing people to come from a great distance, or paying for Bianconi's cars to transport them to the metropolis.

5th. As there must be an executive as well as a legislative body, a Select Committee, in other phrase, an "EXECUTIVE DIRECTORY," will be amply sufficient for Ireland, as it was found to be in a much larger country, some half a century ago. But, in

the subordinate departments of the **EXECUTIVE**, immense improvements and economy may be introduced. Thus :—

6th. **THE ARMY.** If the Emerald Isle be able to throw off the **SAXON** yoke, not only without an army but in despite of a powerful one—and that, too, by mere moral argument and “peaceable agitation,” of what possible use can be an expensive and dangerous standing force in Ireland—that ready and dexterous weapon of despotism and oppression?

7th. **THE NAVY** of Ireland will hardly require an **ADMIRALTY**, for some years to come. A **TRINITY BOARD**, to regulate the fishing boats and pilot schooners, will be amply sufficient. The horrors of impressment and flogging will thus be strangled in their cradle.

8th. **THE FOREIGN DEPARTMENT** of the New Irish Government will not require the talents of a Palmerston or an Aberdeen. A small consulate at Liverpool and Glasgow to superintend the debarkation of pigs, potatoes, and poultry, will suffice. In the new order of things, there will be no compulsory shipments for Sydney; and, under a “**DOMESTIC LEGISLATURE**,” where the humblest *con-acre* will have his “acre of ground and cow’s grass”—and—

“Where no fierce landlord, breathing rage, shall say
These fields are mine, ye veteran hinds away!”

there will be no emigration to Transatlantic regions.

9th. **THE COLONIAL DEPARTMENT** of Young Ireland will be little more than a sinecure—a kind of *officina sine officio*—always excepting Mr. **NANGLE**’s Protestant Colony in the Island of Achill, the expenses of which, however, will be defrayed annually by the pious congregation of Exeter Hall.

10th. **CHURCH.** This is a tender as well as a sacred subject. It has been the “*raw*” of Ireland for ages—the prolific source of

wars, bloodshed and animosity in all ages and countries!—The only two ways in which the establishment can be settled, after repeal and separation, in my humble opinion, are—1stly. That the working Clergy, Catholic, Protestant, and Presbyterian, be paid by the State, in proportion to the extent of their clerical duties. This plan is pursued in some other countries and without inconvenience. 2dly. That they be paid nothing at all from the public treasury. This would be the wisest plan. Why should Priest, Parson, or Preacher receive stipends from the State, any more than Barristers, Physicians, Attorneys, and Apothecaries? Would these last classes work more zealously for the good of their clients and patients, if they derived their income from the public purse, and without any remuneration from those for whom they worked? No, verily. How have the Catholic Priests maintained themselves for centuries, and obtained such influence over their flocks, but by the voluntary system, and its inevitable consequences—zeal and labour? How have the Methodists multiplied on the same system?—Why do our “*Chapels of Ease*” contain only Chaplains of Industry, with well-filled pews and an admiring audience, while the Parish Church too often presents either the fat Parson or his lean Curate, with a thin congregation? How are the seceders from the Scotch Kirk (half the Clergy of Scotland!) going on without stipend from the State, but trusting entirely to their own exertions, and the voluntary system?

But it is contended by the High Church party, that Parson, Priest, and Preacher should be the sons of gentlemen—should have an academical education—be deeply versed in Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Philology, Philosophy—in short, the whole circle of Literature, Science, and the Belles Lettres, in order that they may adorn the pulpit and reflect honour on the Church. This argument comes with rather a bad grace from those who profess that faith which was first taught by fishermen, and disseminated

by apostles sprung from the lower orders of society, with little pretensions to literature or science. Piety, and even learning, are not confined to particular ranks; and the humble seminary of Maynooth may, and often does, call forth talent, wisdom, religious zeal, and genuine philanthropy from among the sons of Ireland's peasantry—the poorest on the surface of the globe.

One thing seems clear to all but the veriest bigots, that, if religious instruction be considered necessary for the people—and of that there can scarcely be a doubt—all the labourers in that vineyard ought to be paid by the State, or none. When one sect only is paid and patronized by the Government of a country, it looks very like a premium on the *profession* of a particular creed, rather than one on the zealous *practice* of it afterwards.

BREACH OF THE PEACE.

WHEN the Irish Chancellor declared that vast assemblages of the people had an inevitable tendency to “BREACH OF THE PEACE,” he evidently concealed a mental reservation. He did not mean a breach of the peace in the common acceptation of the term—*riot and bloodshed*—but only a breach of the *peace of mind* of the Government. The magnitude of the mass assembled is merely a proof of the unanimity and universality of sentiment entertained, and not of any disposition to quarrel among themselves, or molest any individual or even class of individuals. Mr. Inglis and other tourists declare that the PEOPLE—the shopkeepers, peasants, and paupers—“are Repealers to a man”—in the South and West of Ireland. The shopkeepers are not political but *pocket* repealers, believing that a “DOMESTIC LEGISLATURE” would bring more customers to the counter. The peasants and paupers are *paunch* repealers, expecting that a Parliament in Stephen's Green would give them more potatoes than they can now procure, and, perhaps,

a red herring on Sundays. Now these two things—the pocket and the paunch—are amongst the most powerful agents in attracting or propelling the human race into vigorous action. It is the paunch and the pocket that draw or drive *three hundred thousand* Irishmen into one field, to hear the orators who denounce their grievances and promise them redress. A multitude of this kind is of a very different description from that which is occasionally seen in England. They do not meet, like the mob at Manchester, to set fire to factories—nor, like REBECCA and her DAUGHTERS, to break turnpike-gates and demolish workhouses. No. They congregate to evince their determination to obtain a real or supposed good—to throw off a real or supposed burthen. And with whom are they to quarrel? Not with one another—for they are all of one mind—all in pursuit of one object. They can only come into collision with “Aliens”—the Orangemen of Ulster, or the Red-coats of England. That such collisions may take place is by no means impossible; but woe to the men who may facilitate or promote such bloody rencountres!

The worst consequences of the MONSTER-MEETINGS are the confidence which they inspire among the multitude, respecting the efficacy of physical force—and the terror which they create in the public mind respecting insurrections and outbreaks. I doubt whether the Government did not evince more wisdom in its tolerance of these meetings at first, than in its suppression of them at last. True, they are large and loud volcanos that belch forth the popular feelings at a great rate; but they are, or were, wide safety valves through which those same popular feelings escaped into the empty air, with little danger to the public weal. The eruption of Vesuvius is alarming to behold; but the earthquake which it prevents, would be a far more dangerous evil. The secret sittings of a Ribband Society are more pregnant with crime than the monster assemblages of Tara or Baltinglass!

ARMS' BILL AND THE LIBERATOR.

Arma virumque cano—

SIR Robert Peel's Arms' Bill, or rather disarm-bill, is not worth a sous. The Liberator might drive not only a coach and six, but the whole of Bianconi's cars through the Act! What precious bunglers these Crown-Lawyers are! If, instead of a long rigmarole declaration against muskets and pistols, swords and scythes, pikes and pitchforks, *cum multis aliis*, they had, in a few and intelligible words, directed my friend the Surgeon-General to amputate the arms dexter of all males between the ages of 15 and 65 years, without distinction of creed, from Cape Clear to Lough Swilly, *that* would have been striking at the root of the evil! *That* would have proved an effectual way to *disarm* the "Aliens in *blood*." Whenever the LIBERATOR sent forth his edict to "Agitate! Agitate! Agitate!" the Lord Lieutenant would then have met it by a "counter-blast"—"Amputate! Amputate! Amputate!" But to leave Paddy in possession of the "ARMS" which Nature gave him was a grievous oversight! With these very arms he can hide away all sorts of weapons; and if they are seized by Government, he can construct others equally deadly in their insurrectionary application to the persons of his enemies. Pat, the *repealer*, will not be such a ninny as to take his musket or pistol to be branded with the mark of degradation. He will rather commit all arms and instruments designed for *offence*, to the bog, the lake, or the mountain, till wanted—while the peaceable peasant or loyal subject will deliver up those which would only be used in lawful *defence*;—or, if he retains them by certificate,

he will be plundered of them by midnight bandits of superior force, who will turn them against himself or the Government !

But by what process is Pat to be deprived of his shillelagh ? That species of Arms he will retain " any how." And, from what I have seen, even in my boyish days, I have a notion that a starred skull from a sprig of shillelagh is a much more serious affair than a salute from the " morning-star" of a Norway Policeman, at any time. Now the process of *disarming* by the " Amputation Act," which I have suggested, would obviate the foregoing inconveniences and dangers.

THE BLACK CATALOGUE OF GRIEVANCES.

An Address to the Subjects of the British Crown all over the World.

BY IRELAND'S ORGAN.

FELLOW SUBJECTS ! We are anxious for your sympathy and support ; but we know well that we shall obtain neither the one nor the other !* Nevertheless we shall state our grievances, and place them on record.

1. England has inflicted more calamities on Ireland, than any one country has ever inflicted upon another since the creation.

—Q. E. D.

2. The climax of these atrocities was the Legislative Union. The pretext for this abduction of the Irish Legislature was, that the people of the two countries should be amalgamated—that there should be no difference of rights or privileges—but perfect equality on both sides of the Channel.

* In a Second Edition of the Black Catalogue, the Organ will be obliged to omit or modify this preliminary—since Covent Garden Theatre has given the negative to this clause in the petition.

3. That the exact reverse was the case. Every pre-existing evil was continued ; and new and severe grievances were inflicted.
4. The manufactures that flourished before the Union, have since been nearly annihilated. The exports of Ireland have merely sufficed to pay the absentees, and brought no return.
5. That our hardy peasantry, for want of work at home, are obliged to emigrate, and enrich, by their labours, the soil of other countries.
6. That Ireland is, in consequence, overspread with pauperism—there being two million and a half of beggars in this land.
7. That Ireland is now, the most heavy taxed country in the world, in proportion to her means.
8. Ireland being almost exclusively agricultural, pays, in Tithe-rent Charge, £500,000 per annum—Grand Jury Assessments, £1,500,000—Poor-rates, one million, or nearly so.
9. There are 84 per cent. of the rural population in woeful want—and 70 per cent. of the civic population in the same state.
10. The population of Ireland, instead of rapidly increasing, as formerly, is decreasing, at the rate of 70,000 per annum. Such are the physical injuries which Ireland has sustained by the Union.
11. These physical miseries are aggravated by political injury and religious insult.
12. The great majority of the Irish are Catholics ; and yet, in their impoverished state, they cheerfully support their own Clergy. Meantime, the Ecclesiastical temporalities emanating from the bounty of their Catholic ancestors, are dedicated to the sustentation of Protestant Clergy.
13. By the Union, Ireland was compelled to give up two-thirds of her Representatives, while England gave up none. By the Reform Bill she only regained five, instead of seventy members.
14. The Parliamentary franchises of Ireland are wholly inadequate

- to give a true reflection of the opinions of the Irish constituencies. One riding of Yorkshire has more voters than all the agricultural counties of Ireland. Wales, with a population of 800,000 souls, has more than 36,000 voters, while Cork county, with a population of 720,000, has only 2,000 voters.
15. The Municipal Reform Bill in Ireland, is almost a mockery. The pecuniary value of the franchise is so high as to exclude the great bulk of the population of the towns and cities.
 16. The pecuniary exhaustion produced by Absenteeism is the main-spring of all Irish evils. Nine-tenths of her exportations of provisions are barely sufficient to pay the absentee landlords, who spend the whole of it in England or on the Continent.
 17. The connection between Landlord and Tenant is on the worst possible basis. The labouring population live, habitually, on the verge of extreme destitution. They must obtain land or they die. The issues of life and death are in the hands of the landlord. "The massacres of the Clearance System consign to a premature grave hundreds of thousands of victims. This, in its turn, leads to hideous assassinations, in detail, of the instruments of Landlord rapacity." These crimes, on both sides, cry to Heaven for vengeance and redress.
 18. Another species of Landlord tyranny, is the compulsion of their tenants to send their children to Schools, where no Catholic Clergyman is permitted to enter—thus usurping a bigotted power over the souls as well as the bodies of their wretched serfs.
 19. The languishing condition of commerce and manufactures in Ireland, evinces the baleful effects of English Legislation.
 20. An Anti-Catholic spirit governs the distribution of all offices and appointments.
 21. Feelings of estrangement are rapidly diffusing themselves throughout the Irish population. Despairing of redress from

an Imperial Parliament, they rely upon their own strength in obtaining a domestic legislature, from which salutary measures may flow.

22. The voice of a civilized world lays to the charge of British misgovernment this state of alienated and exasperated feeling on the part of the Irish people.

COMMENTARY.

I. If the foregoing catalogue were as true as it is black, it would be a frightful document ! But *ex parte* statements are rarely uncoloured or even unmixed with errors and exaggerations. The philosophic observer, especially if untinctured by party politics, must be struck with the general tone of this "STATE PAPER." It is more like the Manifesto of one nation whilst proclaiming war against another, and alleging its reasons and excuses for having recourse to the "ULTIMA RATIO REGUM," than a petition for redress, or a remonstrance against grievances.

If the means of redress be those which the Liberator constantly invokes—moral argument, instead of physical force, which he abjures—surely all topics of irritation should be avoided. Of what use can it be, in the present case, to rip up the tragedies of remote ages, and bring their *Dramatis Personæ* once more on the stage ? The *causes* of these bloody or tyrannical transactions have passed away—and even the minutest traces of their effects have long vanished from the memory, and are only to be found in the musty and melancholy annals of bygone times ! Their resuscitation can but add fuel to the flame of discontent, and prompt to that outbreak of physical force, against which the Liberator is ever declaiming. It is not for man to judge the *motives* of his fellow-man's actions. But if Mars, Bellona, and Beelzebub were to hold a *SENATUS CONSULTUS*, they could hardly devise a more

effectual means of hurrying the multitude into the worst species of war—REBELLION—than by torturing history to inflame their passions ; and mislead their judgment by confidence in numbers !

The Liberator says that Ireland is anxious for the sympathy and support of England ; but knows well that she will receive neither. Why not ? If the cause of the Liberator be good, and the advocacy of it be judicious, why should the English be the only people on the earth insensible to wrongs and oppressions ? They have not hitherto shewn themselves so callous to human injustice. But when he represents the English as more cruel and ferocious towards Ireland than was ever Attila, Zgengis Kann, Mahomet, Nero, Pizarro, or the Autocrat, towards their own or any other country, he can hardly expect either their credence, their sympathy, or their support. He deprecates PHYSICAL Force, yet constantly displays it.—He apostrophizes MORAL Power, yet annihilates it in the same breath, by his violent anathemas against all parties but his own, by his perpetual exhumation of long-buried and long-forgotten grievances, by his fervid aspirations after unattainable objects, and by the daily distribution of promises that can never be fulfilled—of hopes that can never be realized !

It would be difficult to reconcile this conduct with any known principle of human action during integrity of the intellectual functions ; but, assuming the existence of a mental delusion, some clue is afforded towards the solution of the enigma. The line of demarcation between eccentricity or enthusiasm, on one hand, and monomania or obliquity of judgment, on the other, is often extremely difficult to fix—sometimes impossible. The case is generally determined by the nature of the illusion. Thus, if O'Connell took it into his head to agitate for the demolition of all the Irish mountains, and their precipitation into the lakes, so as to render Ireland a level and fertile plain, the project would be looked upon as a crotchet in his brain, and laughed at accordingly

But if he agitated for a Repeal of the Union—if he went about preaching and promising that he could *persuade* England, without the slightest exertion of physical force, to make Erin independent—to confide Ireland to the Irish, and confine the Irish to Ireland—[an enterprize scarcely less difficult than the other]—it would immediately be said, “Oh! that is not monomania at all—it is conspiracy and sedition, in perfect sanity.”*

As the Liberator charges all the evils of Ireland on the Union, (for he declares that it perpetuated all previous grievances, and added new ones,) why does he search back, through a space of five hundred years, to disinter the horrors of history? It would appear that he does not think the high-pressure steam of excitement could be kept up by ordinary fuel—and therefore drags

* Monomania often takes on a character of periodicity—the paroxysms varying in duration from a few months to many years. Mr. O’Connell’s disorder has exhibited that form. The first fit lasted more than twenty years, and assumed a religious turn, and might have been termed *Monomania Emancepans*. It resisted every remedy, till two State Physicians—Drs. Wellington and Peel, who, on well considering the case, determined on the wise prescription—“*Sublatâ causa, tollitur effectus.*” The remedy, or rather the removal of the cause, was instantly effectual. The Agitator, as if by a spell, fell into a profound sleep, or rather trance, which lasted many months. On awaking, however, it was soon perceived that the disease had only been suspended, and not subdued. It now assumed a somewhat different character. It was formerly religious—it was now political. From *Agitatio Emancepans*, it became *Agitatio*, or rather “*Monomania Separans.*”

A new Physician was now called in—a man Grey with years and experience; but he could not master the delusion. Then two others were called in, who contrived to mitigate the malady for a few years. As their tour of duty expired, the original Doctors took charge, when the patient became almost frantic, and raved more than ever against the grievances which his country had sustained, and the necessity of her independence and freedom from all legal control of her Sister Britannia. The strait-waistcoat, as a last resource, was employed; but the disease is not eradicated.

combustibles from "their dread abode" in the grave, to ignite the more furious passions of the living !

II. That the UNION was carried by means not the most moral or honorable, can hardly be denied—and that very circumstance proves the corruption and corruptibility of the Irish Senate, and the Irish Senators ! The less that is said on that part of the subject, by either side, the better !

That the UNION was by no means an amalgamation of the people of both countries—a perfect equalization of laws, rights, and privileges—must also be granted. There never will be peace, content, or prosperity, till this equalization obtains, though the *amalgamation* may require a thousand years—or something more.

III. That the Union perpetuated all pre-existing evils, and inflicted new ones, is obviously untrue. The very progress of civilization, and the current of TIME itself, renders such a thing utterly impossible.

IV. In asserting that commerce and manufactures have been nearly annihilated, Mr. O'Connell has evidently fallen into the same kind of error as he did in respect to population. He has confounded tardy progression with retrocession. But if certain species of manufactures and commerce have become "almost annihilated," since the Union, it does not *necessarily* follow that such decay was caused by the UNION. Of all arguments, that is the most fallacious and unphilosophical, which is founded on the "*post hoc, ergo propter hoc*." Look at the roofless distilleries throughout Ireland. Did the "all but annihilation" of that glorious branch of manufacture—the distillation of POTEEEN, result from the Union or Father Mathew ? If from the *former*, then the said UNION has conferred the greatest benefit, moral and physical, on Ireland, that the Emerald Isle ever received since it first rose from the ocean !

The Liberator must surely know that it is the very nature of

manufactures and commerce to shift their seats and channels perpetually. They have ever done so—from the manufacture and trade in Tyrian Purple, down to that of Irish Poplins—and they will continue to do so, in accordance with the changes, the chances, the discoveries, and the inventions, that chequer so much the history of nations as well as the life of individuals. What revolutions has steam effected, and will effect in commerce, by transporting the raw productions of one country to the manufacturing districts of others! The Linen Manufacture is said to be on the decline in the North of Ireland. And why? On account of the UNION, of course, says Mr. O'Connell. But he *will not believe* that COTTON can be more easily and more cheaply imported from Asia and America, than FLAX from Ulster—that the yarn and cloth of the *former* can be far more easily spun and woven by machinery at Manchester, where the coal is at hand, than the thread and web can be constructed in Coleraine and Belfast, where they must import their coals from Sunderland—and finally, that the opinion, or the prejudice, is gaining ground, that cotton shirts are cheaper and wholesomer than linen. Trade and Manufactures, in short, never did, and never will take free-hold or permanent residences, nor even tenements on lease of 999 years, in any country or locality. They wander about, on the stream of Time, impelled by laws of their own, no doubt, but very inobedient to legislative enactments, which, by fettering the freedom of commerce, do little else than sap the foundations of industry, and retard the march of prosperity. But these oscillations and mutations of commerce and manufactures afford excellent themes for the political declaimer, and supply a magazine of ammunition for battering the Minister who is, for the time, the *ex officio*, origin and cause of every evil that afflicts the body politic.*

* On reading Mr. Martin's recent Tables and Statistics of Trade and Ma-

V. Mr. O'Connell's complaint against Emigration affords a proof that there is a dark speck on his mental optics, which prevents him from distinguishing good from evil, at that point. He tells us that there are two million and more of paupers, who cannot get either work or bread; and yet he deplores or anathematizes their migration to the wilds of America, Canada, or Australia, where there is and will be sufficient scope for human labour, and ample means for human existence during the next five hundred years. Why, migration may be considered as one of Nature's first laws. Without its daily and hourly operation, from the first ages of man to the present moment, the human race would long since have become extinct, and the earth left a desert for wild animals! In no country on the face of the globe, is emigration more necessary or more beneficial than in Ireland, where the very poverty and idleness of the inhabitants tend annually to swell the streams of a redundant population!

VI. That the country is "overspread with pauperism," I admit; but that emigration acts otherwise than as a remedy, I deny.

VII. VIII. That Ireland is overtaxed in *proportion to her means*, is very probable, and very much to be lamented! Renovation of industry is the only cure.

IX. The per centage (84 in the country, 70 in the towns) of woful want over common comforts or even necessities, is a picture authenticated by Government, and frightful to contemplate! It ought to mitigate the fury of the rich Saxon against the turbu-

nufactures in Ireland, one is completely confounded! We would, from them, draw the conclusion that the banks of the Liffey were quite incapable of bearing the merchandize imported and exported—that spare Custom-houses were hired, like spare barracks, for the accommodation of the merchants—and that the silk-weavers in the LIBERTIES, were as numerous as the factory girls in Manchester! All I can say is, that things look much better on paper than on the quays—in type than in the warehouse!

lent but starving millions of the Sister Isle. If the English populace were in a similar condition of destitution, they would soon be in open rebellion.

X. I have shewn, in another place, (Mendicity), that Mr. O'Connell has mistaken a diminished *rate* of increase in the population, for an actual decrease. But either or both would be one of the greatest blessings that Ireland could be favoured with, instead of a grievance on his black list!

XI. XII. The CHURCH-GRIEVANCE is admitted to be a real one by all unbiassed observers. It will continue to be one of the grand elements of agitation and discontent, till it is removed or greatly mitigated. Until the Clergy of all creeds are paid by the State, or left to their own exertions, like the Professors of Law and Physic, there will be grudges, envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness. If neither the voluntary nor the pensionary system be adopted, it would be far better for the Government to pay the paltry five hundred thousand pounds, annually, to the Protestant Ministers, out of the Public Exchequer—*offering* the Priesthood a stipend from the State—than raise it by Commutation of Tithes, or Church Property of any kind. But it is said, the Priests repudiate a State stipend. Try them. They will soon adopt the "*Nolo Episcopari*" mode of declining a good thing!

XIII. By the Union, and afterwards even by the Reform Bill, Ireland was left without a proper proportion of Representatives. The latest writer, (Ireland and its Rulers) who is anything but a friend to O'Connell or the Catholics in general, admits that Ireland ought to have 30 more representatives than she now has. Such an addition would give them more weight in the discussion of Irish questions in the English House of Commons.

XIV. ABSENTEEISM. On this subject, I have touched under a distinct head. It is THE EXHAUSTER, par excellence, which like a huge vampyre, sucks the blood, by day and by night, from the

veins of unhappy ERIN, leaving her a half-dead, half-living spectre floating on the Western wave!

The Absentees having contributed largely to the present disorganized state of society in Ireland, turn round, and, blinking the origin of the evil, ask us how we can think of their returning to live among such savages! This is a cruel refinement on the ancient Roman complaint—"Ubi solitudinem faciunt, &c.,"—except that the Absentees reverse the termination of the sentence, making it *Bellum*, instead of *Pacem*. But Time—Public Opinion—and, perhaps, LAW, may correct, in a great measure, the tenure of land, and the absence of the landlord.

XV. XVI. The other grievances may be passed over, as very subordinate or very futile. But the proposed remedy for all these ills is worthy of a single remark. It is said that the Union has perpetuated Old Grievances, and added New Ones. The REPEAL, in eradicating existing evils, would add ten new ones, in the place of every old one—and each of a worse description than its predecessor.

"The TRUTH, the WHOLE TRUTH, and nothing but the TRUTH."

THIS is the sublime precept inculcated in COURTS—at least, of LAW—but whether rigidly practised in either Courts Legal or Regal, this deponent saith not. Whoever has frequently witnessed the proceedings at the Old Bailey—or, indeed, at tribunals of higher rank—will acknowledge even honest John Bull's tenacity for TRUTH—that is, the reluctance with which he sometimes parts with that valuable article. But Johnny has not half the talent, wit, or genius for "bilking the Barrister," and defeating law, that his neighbour PAT possesses. The *latter* never dreams of going into a witness-box, merely as a *Witness*, but as a *Lawyer*,

to advocate the cause of his patron, clan, or party, and puzzle the opposing Counsel and Clients. This being the case, I maintain that the formula of the Oath, in the Emerald Isle, containing the precept at the head of this Section, is most impolitic, and what is worse, irreligious. It should run thus:—"Remember, Witness! that, in swearing by the Holy Evangelist, you are to take most especial care, *not* to kiss the Cross that is on the book, but your thumb that is on the Cross—and then you are *neither* to tell the whole truth, nor any part of the truth, so help you Bob." Now, by this formula, the Court would elicit precisely the same amount of truth as by the other—and Pat would not be perjured. It is true that this amended formula for an Irish Oath would not be necessary on all occasions, or in all parts of Ireland; but chiefly in those litigations which follow feudal fights, and where the O'Sullivans come forward to swear down the O'Gormans—or the Connemara boys the Joyce's! On such occasions, the Hibernian witness could not say *that he was*—"Nullius addictus jurare in verbo Magistris." But by leaving out the "*Nullius*," the Horatian declaration would fit him to a T.

But perjury is not the only crime that is so frequent in Irish Courts. Concealment of crime—even of murder—is remarkably prevalent in Ireland. Hear what the talented Author of the "*COLLEGIANS*" says on this point. A better authority could scarcely be quoted.

"The peasantry of Ireland have, for centuries, been at war with the laws by which they are governed, and watch their operation with a jealous eye. Even guilt itself, however atrocious, obtains a commiseration, in their regard, from the mere spirit of opposition to a system of government which they consider unfriendly. There is scarcely a cottage in the South of Ireland where the very circumstance of a legal denunciation would not

afford, even to a murderer, a certain passport to concealment and protection.”—*The Collegians*, vol. iii.

But if truth be such a benefit, and falsehood such an evil to society, in Courts of Law, why should not the one be enjoined, and the other punished in all other courts and places? Why do not the Bishops, when confirming their flocks, impose upon them a solemn *oath* to “tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth,” in all the transactions of private, as well as public life—explaining to them the heavy penalty that will be inflicted on perjury, even in this life? Such an article of Education and Creed might be more beneficial to themselves and the world, than some of the THIRTY-NINE! Such a system of *swearing* would be of infinitely greater importance than that of swearing-in Lord Lieutenants, Magistrates, and Constables! It would work a moral revolution among all classes of society, from the palace to the hovel. I should like to hear the first speech from the Throne, after such a system of TRUTH-TELLING came into full operation! It would probably run in something like the following strain:—

“MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

“Of the past, you know just as much as I do—perhaps more—thanks to those authentic records of passing events—the TIMES, the CHRONICLE, &c. As to what is under diplomatic consideration, at the present time, I know little or nothing, as my Ministers always make up their minds to measures, before they ask my consent, or rather my signature. To them, therefore, I refer you on all points of current policy.

“I have paid a friendly visit to my royal and gallant neighbour, the King of the Bastilles, and taken a *dejeuner à la fourchette* with His Majesty. He professes the greatest friendship and attachment to my person, and assures me that he loves my loyal subjects almost as much as he does some of his own.

"I have signed several documents, since we last met, with the contents of which I do not pretend to have much acquaintance. One of these, indeed, attracted my particular attention—being a long and voluminous Treaty of eternal Peace, Amity, and Commerce, with the BROTHER of the MOON. Into the particulars of this solemn covenant with so celestial a personage, I did not enter, considering them, of course, as matters of moonshine.

"It is with mixed feelings of pleasure and regret, my Lords and Gentlemen, that I announce to you that I am at peace with all the world—excepting a few millions of my Irish subjects, who, obstinately refusing to learn wisdom in the School of Adversity, and patience in poverty, desire to go forth from beneath the shadow of my protecting wing, and expose themselves to the machinations of demagogues, and wolves in sheep's clothing. But I have sent over a large number of able-bodied shepherds who, I hope, will gather these erring flocks into the folds of their kind and indulgent masters and pastors.

"In respect to the future, My Lords and Gentlemen, it is needless to predict. 'Sufficient, and more than sufficient, for the day, is the evil thereof.' I consign to, and rely on, the wisdom of your councils, for alleviating the sufferings of my faithful subjects—for devising the means of employing the idle, feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, housing the destitute—and making all ranks and classes happy and contented with their lot."

Then think of the benefits that would accrue to society at large, from the exercise of the swearing-system, and the perjury penalty. On the Hustings, it would greatly check the premeditated lies that are annually and monthly issued from that stage. In the Senate, it would curtail the speeches more than one half. In the Daily and Weekly Press it would work more reform than the Law of Libel. In the latter, TRUTH is a libel, and therefore the peri-

odicals endeavour to steer clear of that dangerous shoal. At the Bar it would effect a revolution ; for if law were purged of *fiction*, the briefs of barristers would be much briefer than they now are. In Medicine, the new system would knock up the whole of the quacks, and some of the regulars, who deal so largely in lies and false cures.

There is one large and most important department, however, which the new penalty would not, I fear, reach—the CHURCH ; though, if report speak truth, false doctrines, heresies, and schisms, have crept into some forms even of the Christian Religion. But as the VENUE, in such trials, would be laid in another, and perhaps not a better world, witnesses would be very unwilling to go there, and very unlikely to come back again !

HELEN OF HIBERNIA.

WEXFORD has the distinguished honour of being the ILIUM of Ireland. It appears that, seven hundred years ago, as now, there were “ ABDUCTIONS ”—spontaneo-reluctant abductions—where the captured female exclaimed, “ I *will* be carried off, and nobody *shall* rescue me ! ” So Princess O’Rourke, wife of the Prince of Breffni, was seduced and abducted by King Dermott M’Morogh, of Leinster. Here was a pretty kettle of fish ! The fair frail one eloped, under the escort of her own brother, and threw herself into the arms of her husband’s deadly foe ! The Hibernian PARIS refused to deliver up his beautiful HELEN, and a war was kindled up between the feudal princes. King Roderic O’Connor, of Connaught, was appealed to, and redressed the grievance of O’Rourke. Ultimately the seducer was despoiled of his Kingdom of Leinster, and repairing to England, the foreigner was invited ; and certain adventurous knights-errant from the opposite shore, Fitzstephen and Longbow, in particular, landed near the mouth

of Wexford Harbour, and, after some hard fighting, made good their footing till, two years afterwards, their master, HENRY the SECOND, of England, invaded Ireland, with an army, and ultimately conquered the country, which, till this day, has remained an appendage, rather than an integral part of the British Empire!

Thus, then, DAN, the Deliverer, when he looks up, with exultation, at the ladies' gallery, during a repeal-dinner, ought to recollect that the fair ancestor of one of these dear *crathurs* (Mrs. O'Rourke) was the cause of Ireland's subjugation by the haughty SAXON! He should also reflect on the *sympathy* of foreigners in the wrongs of Ireland. It appears that a descendant of the celebrated Anacharsis Cloots (Scoticé "Hoofs") has sprung up on the Gallic soil, and is busily employed in organizing a sansculottes sympathetic society, for promoting a five-sous subscription to aid the Irish repeal rent! And moreover, Anacharsis Cloots has offered himself as Ambassador to the "NATIONAL CONVENTION" in College Green, as precursory of a Legion of Sansculottes from the banks of the Seine—the AUXILIARY LEGION!! Now, if the Clootses should ever gain a footing in the Emerald Isle, their *Hoofs* will be apt to bear harder on the heels of honest Pat, than did the wooden shoes of the Anglo-Normans under Strongbow and Fitzstephens. England and Ireland united, may indeed laugh at the philanthropic offers, as well as the idle threats of foreigners from either side of the Atlantic, but let the *Union* be dissolved, and one or both of the Islands may take for motto—

"FUIT ILIUM."

Yet we must not make poor and frail HELEN the scape-goat of Ireland's woes. The kings, princes, and chiefs of her native isle were then as great a set of bloody tyrants, wretched imbeciles, and plundering robbers as ever disgraced so small a nook of this earth! They were devoid of patriotism, honour, humanity, and

almost every good quality, except brute, or mere animal courage ! As the Jews were butchering each other in the Temple, while **TITUS** was thundering at the gates, so the kings, princes, and chiefs of Ireland were more intent on despoiling and murdering one another, than in co-operating to repulse the Saxon invader !

It is a remarkable fact that, about a thousand years previously, an Irish Prince came over to Britain, then in the hands of the Romans, to induce **AGRICOLA** to invade Ireland, which was represented to be in such a state of disunion and anarchy, that a single legion would be sufficient to conquer the island !

“ It is, indeed, mournful to reflect (says the Poet of Ireland), that, at the end of nearly eighteen centuries, the features of this national portrait should remain so very little altered ; and that, with a change only of scene from the tent of the Roman General to the closet of the English Minister or Viceroy, the spectacle of an Irishman playing the game of his country’s enemies has been, even in modern history, an occurrence by no means rare.”

It was calculated that seven-tenths of **IERNE**’s rulers perished by the hands of their successors or subjects, after brief reigns ! The kings, the princes—even the chieftains, were elective—and, as *property* was transferred from hand to hand with *power*, there was no security for either the one or the other ! What a blessed system is popular election, compared with hereditary right, to rule a people !

POETICO-POLITICAL ECONOMY.

If the following dogma of **GOLDSMITH** have any foundation in fact, Ireland is, and for centuries, has been, in the most flourishing condition of any country in Europe.

“ Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates as men decay.”

Now Ireland has long presented a picture the very reverse of the above. Wealth does *not* accumulate; but men do—*teste* nine million of population—two million of paupers—and four million of “the finest pisantry in the world” living on wet potatoes, with or without salt. The last line of the couplet, therefore, should run thus:—

“Where men *accumulate* and wealth *decays*.”

Even if it were contended that wealth *accumulates* in the hands of the great land-holders (which is not true) the other member of the proposition, respecting the decadence of the population, would be utterly inapplicable to Ireland. It is curious that Goldsmith should have made this blunder, seeing that he drew the whole of the scenery and machinery of his beautiful poem, even the village parson (his own brother), the schoolmaster, the inn, and the emigration scene, from the place of his own nativity. *A-propos*—what a godsend—what a treasure-trove—would be a “deserted village,” in the poet’s isle, at the present time! The rush to it, from every point of the compass, would endanger the lives of half the candidates for “*holdings*!”

But the lines of Goldsmith would apply, with perfect propriety, to a great commercial and manufacturing country—like England. Here there is a constant drain from

—————“the bold peasantry, our country’s pride,”

to the hot-beds of moral depravity and physical deterioration—the factories, the mines, and the mechanical trades. In the hands of great capitalists,—the millionnaires—wealth does, indeed, accumulate, while the operatives themselves decay—not in numbers—but in every good quality that ennobles the mind and preserves health in the body.

LAW AND LIQUOR.

OF all people on the face of this globe the Irish are the most fond of LAW. I attribute this propensity to the lively imagination and sanguine hope, which characterize that people. An Hibernian, like a Mahomedan Cadi, seldom contemplates more than one side of a question—and that will naturally be his own side. Hence it is, that, even now, when sober, he is as much attached to the Court-house as he used to be to the Pot-house, and would, though poor and naked, prefer a suit at law to a suit of frieze !

If O'Connell should succeed in the introduction of a LEXO-PHOBIA among his countrymen, as Father Mathew has the SPIRITO-PHOBIA, it may be difficult to say which will prove the greater blessing to Ireland—arbitration or the pledge ! At all events, the Four Courts may follow the example of the four hundred distilleries, and shut up shop ; for the silk of their lawyers' gowns will very soon be turned into sack-cloth.

At present, indeed, the gentlemen of the long robe sneer at the Arbitration Courts ; but if PAT once tastes the sweets of a decision without costs, there is no knowing how far he may carry this new franchise.

FATHER MATHEW,

OR THE DIVORCE.

IF *pledges* form any index to the amount of business done, FATHER MATHEW must be one of the first PAWNBROKERS in Europe. His cliency is prodigious. It is true that the value of the articles pawned with his Reverence, is not very great. No jewels, watches, or costly furniture. They consist of words or promises entirely—*voces et vreterea nihil*. But, then, the dupli-

cate returned for these words is of inestimable price—an amulet, or charm, which protects the wearer from a multitude of *Evil Spirits*, so long as it is carefully preserved, and its admonitions faithfully obeyed. Among its other attributes it is strongly conducive towards tranquillity of mind, health of body, and success in business.

But the Rev. Father has more than one string to his bow. Besides the important vocation, of pawnbroker, he holds prerogative courts, where he sits as LL.D. uniting the function of granting divorces with that of proclaiming the banns of marriage. It will not be credited in foreign countries, that PAT is daily and hourly petitioning his Reverence for a divorce from POTEEN!! The “Libel,” (as it is legally called in such cases) which the Pursuivant brings against his old consort, and bosom friend, is not a little curious. He accuses her of all sorts of crimes and misdemeanours. She has repeatedly prompted him to break his neighbour’s head, and, of course, to get his own head broken in return—to neglect his family and his affairs—to spend his time and money in the shebeen—to break the laws of his country—to disobey the exhortations of his priest—to take unlawful oaths—and even to commit murder itself!

It is in vain that poor POTEEN appeals to Father Mathew against the fairness of some of these charges. Am I not, she exclaims, the offspring of my accuser’s brain—the very work of his own hands?—I was happy and contented, as one of the nymphs of Ceres, to wave my golden tresses in the Summer breeze on my native plains and fields, till torn from thence by my ungrateful upbraider, and *abducted* into the mountains, where, by secret and illicit means, I have been made—WHAT I AM!!

The inexorable judge, though he acknowledges the justice of the reclamation, lends a deaf ear to the prayer. He at once divorces poor Poteen, “*à mensa et thoro*,” of PADDY, and grants

a licence for marriage between the plaintiff and the nymphs of the cold Castalian font. In other words, PAT forsakes the ætherial spirit of the "mountain dew," for the insipid potations of the "crystal well."

But if Father Mathew has severed the "*vinculum matrimonii*" between Pat and Poteen, he has soldered the *bands* between Temperance and Euterpe—in homely language, between music and teetotalism. Pat now, instead of scalding his stomach and firing his brain with ardent spirits, has turned his attention to cultivation of the ear, and attuning his auditory nerves to the "concord of sweet sounds." Wherever we go in the Emerald Isle, we hear the notes of heavenly music floating on the evening breeze, while crowds of the peasantry gather round the "band" to inhale the delicious airs.

The change which the Reverend Father has effected in Ireland, and that in the course of a few years, is not merely a revolution—it is a MIRACLE! As no other man than O'Connell could have acquired such political influence and authority over the Irish—so it is probable that no other personage than FATHER MATHEW could have wrought the moral miracle in question. The apostle of temperance is the very beau ideal of an Evangelist. There is something so noble in his countenance, so eloquent in his speech, so zealous in his manner, and so persuasive in his exhortations, that we cannot wonder at his unparalleled success. But he has had many adjuvants. Besides the prestige of his person, and the sanctity of his character, he has inspired a vague and undefined hope among his proselytes that complete abstinence from spirituous potations will effect some wonderful regeneration, moral, religious, and political. Without for a moment suspecting that Father Mathew, himself, had any expectation or design of *political* results, I am convinced that the people of Ireland anticipate the most important and beneficial events from the universal

system of teetotalism. Such a system of temperance, will, in fact, prove a mighty engine of good or evil. If persevered in, it will work a most wonderful change, for the *better*, in the moral habits and domestic comforts of its disciples—but it is not to be denied that it will enable them to combine, conspire, and act in a *wrong* political direction, if prompted so, with infinitely more unity and skill than if intemperance still infused its disorganizing poison into the mass of the people.

Here an interesting question presents itself—will the temperance system continue? On a first view of the subject, one would be inclined to think that the vast, obvious, and practical good which it effects, would secure its perpetuity. And what philanthropist would not join in the apostrophe—“*ESTO PERPETUA!*” But if there be any foundation for the opinion that the origin of the Temperance movement was owing to the *prestige* of an individual, and that its success, hitherto, has chiefly rested on some vague but sanguine hope of a political regeneration; then there is reason to fear, as well as deplore, the temporary duration only of this most admirable enthusiasm! Father Mathew is mortal—and the expectation of a new Political Millennium is destined to end in bitter disappointment! This frustration of long-cherished hope will naturally be succeeded by discontent, if not despair—and this again, I fear, will lead to indulgence in the intoxicating poison, as a solace for incurable woes! It is possible indeed that, during the Apostle’s life-time, the sacred character of the man, and the solemn nature of the pledge, may check the natural tendency of human nature so relapse into evil habits, and enable the present enthusiasts to bear, with some degree of fortitude, the political chagrin and despondency which must be the inevitable consequence of visionary hopes and delusive expectations dissolved into air at the touch of sad reality!

But the removal of the Apostle from his benevolent vocations

will, in too many instances, be considered as a redemption of the "Pledge," and an emancipation from the promise. And who will be found to catch the mantle of the holy Priest? The rising generation will require a ministering angel, like FATHER MATHEW, to sustain their faith in the pledge, and retain their steps in the path of temperance—but another apostle is not likely to succeed. Such personages appear at long intervals.

Meantime a conscientious meditation on these things ought to excite fear and caution in the breasts of those who continue to feed the ignorant multitude with sanguine hopes of chimerical—and, indeed, unattainable objects! The honest mind shudders at the prospective scenes of despair—rage—and revenge that must certainly result from such *insane* deception.

LEGENDS AND SUPERSTITIONS.

THESE are not the same thing, though often confounded together. A Legend is an amusing or horrifying tale, sprinkled, like the *Iliad* or the *Æneid*, with plenty of the *supernatural*, which nobody believes. A Superstition is a kind of creed, as in the existence of fairies or banshees in Ireland—kelpies, &c. in Scotland—goblins, spirits, dæmons, genii, &c. in various other countries. The fairy and banshee creeds are rapidly disappearing in Ireland; but I apprehend that another kind of creed, of questionable character, is very prevalent among the *saints* of that, and perhaps some other portions of the Union. It takes a much higher range than that of the fabulous machinery of fairies or banshees, and applies the agency of the ALMIGHTY to every, the minutest, event that may occur to the individual—or, to the whole of the human race—from the volcano and earthquake, down to the slightest change of the barometer or thermometer. Every phenomenon—every apparent accident—is a direct and special

interposition of the Deity—not the operation of the wise and beneficent laws established by Omniscience from the beginning of the world ! Thus :—two men are pulling in a boat on the Thames. The boat is upset by the wave of a steamer. One man is drowned, and the other regains the shore. “ There,” says the saint, “ is a signal proof of Divine interposition. The Creator of the Universe stretched forth his hand, and saved one of the men—the other he consigned to a watery grave.” It would be useless to urge that one of the boatmen could swim, and the other could not. “ Away with your blasphemy and infidelity,” cries the saint, “ the event was a *special* interference of the Deity.”

Again. The snow has accumulated on an alpine height, till its foundation gives way. The avalanche descends, with thundering noise, to the valley below, and entombs half a village. “ See, again,” says the saint, “ the hand of Providence. It was stretched out to save half the population of the village, while it hurled the snow from the mountain’s brow on the other half.” In vain might we urge that the avalanche must take place at a certain time, unless the Almighty suspended one of the great laws that keep man and the universe from rushing into confusion—*gravitation*. No such thing, says the Saint. The snow would never have quitted its aerial citadel, had it not been hurled from thence by the arm of OMNIPOTENCE.

The plains of Germany are deluged with rain, for weeks, and the crops menaced with destruction—while the fields of England are burnt up with drought. This special dispensation of PROVIDENCE is visible to all—and prayers are offered up, for showers in one country and suns in the other. Who would not be set down as an Atheist who should attempt to maintain that

“ the universal cause

Acts not by partial, but by general laws,”

and that the *varieties* in the rotation of the seasons were regu-

lated by *laws*, enacted by the Deity, and not by the special interposition of Providence?

What would be thought of a lawgiver—of a Solon or a Lycurgus—who, having enacted a code of legislation for the guidance of a people, perpetually afterwards interposed his own authority, and annulled his own laws! Now it will not be denied that the laws imposed by the great Creator on man, animals, vegetables, earth, air, and water, are the perfection of Celestial Wisdom. They reach all crimes—they reward all virtues. For, be it remembered that, the scaffold and the gallows, the dungeon and the wheel are not the only instruments of *punishment*—nor is the coronet, the star, the place or the pension, the only modes of rewarding virtue. These rewards and punishments are comparatively seldom *seen*, but marvellously often *felt*—and their apparent absence is therefore no proof of their non-existence. To represent the Deity as perpetually annulling, abrogating, or modifying his own unerring laws, and thus interfering with their wise and impartial operation, is, in my opinion, *impious* rather than *pious*.

It is acknowledged that evil greatly preponderates over good in this world. Now is it not probable that this preponderance of evil is more owing to man's infraction of the laws of the Deity than to the direct agency of the Deity himself? "*Utrum horum mavis accipe.*"

Does this doctrine do away with the necessity for prayer? Far from it. Pray for things appertaining to the soul, rather than the body—for matters relating to an eternal, rather than a finite life—for remission of sins, rather than the acquisition of riches or good harvests—for humility rather than honours—for resignation to the Divine laws, rather than for a reversal of them in our own favour—for charity towards our neighbours, rather than enmity towards their tenets.

These I conceive to be the legitimate objects of our *prayers*. Our *praises* ought to be for the blessings of our present chequered existence, and for the prospects and promise of another and a better world.

PASSIVE OBEDIENCE AND NON-RESISTANCE,

VERSUS

PASSIVE RESISTANCE AND NON-OBEDIENCE.

THE plaintiff's *name*, in this action, is very familiar to English ears, though his *person* is very seldom seen, now-a-days, in England. The defendant, however, is a personage hitherto unknown and unheard of; although it is far from improbable that he may become more familiar than welcome in the Green Isle of Erin. Let us suppose that the plaintiff is a landlord, who applies to the defendant (Passive Resistance) for his rent. The latter demurs, as being contrary to his tenets, or, at least, his inclination. The plaintiff then seizes the pig and the potatoes, or any thing else that may be on the premises, and issues an ejectment. But "PASSIVE RESISTANCE" opposes merely the *vis inertiae* to these processes, and is left, with his family, houseless and food-less! Now, according to the law of the land, especially the New Irish Poor-law, a man cannot be allowed to starve in the streets. If without food or means of subsistence, he must be received into the workhouse, or fed at the public expense. If, therefore, "PASSIVE RESISTANCE" should become epidemic in Ireland, (and the country is extremely predisposed to moral epidemics), in what state would the workhouses, the rate-payers, and the great proprietors be!

Well! the pig and the potatoes are put up at auction. "PASSIVE RESISTANCE" is mute and regardless. Nobody will or

dare lift his hand, or bid a tenpenny! The pig is left to eat the potatoes!

Turn we to a still more important scene. Three hundred thousand people are concentrated to petition for a repeal of the Union. They are armless, and harmless. But the Viceroy pronounces that such congregations have a *tendency* to break the peace. The military is at hand—the magistrate reads the Riot Act, and orders the multitude to disperse. “PASSIVE RESISTANCE” folds its arms, and remains silent and motionless. Will a British Government order a park of artillery to plough this prodigious mass of breathing human beings into furrows of slaughter, streaming with tides of blood—amid the universal execration of mankind? Let not the ruling powers believe that the appearance of “Passive Obedience” is real, when the crowd disperses, at the word of command, or obeys the order, not to agglomerate. The very compliance itself is ominous of a subterranean volcano!

WORK FOR THE POOR.

POOR Ould Ireland has long contended with sickness and poverty; and many have been the nostrums prescribed by political quacks both for the one and the other. Some of the remedies have been impracticable—some too expensive—and others have been neglected, because the state physicians had too much practice among the rich to attend to the maladies of the indigent. The most favourite and frequent prescription, however, has been “WORK FOR THE POOR.”

There can be no doubt that regular exercise is a very important preventive as well as curative means for the removal of numerous disorders, bodily as well as mental. The hypochondriac or the gourmand, who walks eight or ten miles after a good

breakfast, in order to coax an appetite for dinner, finds the benefit of bodily exertion, and may truly say that—"Labor ipse voluptas." But the poor Irish labourer, with nothing but dry potatoes—and not plenty of them—has little inclination or need to walk a dozen miles to get an appetite, when out of work, knowing, as he does, that he will have scanty allowance of the homely root on his return.

The philanthropist tells the Government to employ the poor in the construction of PUBLIC WORKS, as railways and the like. In countries where capital is small, and where a railway, if constructed, would yield any profit, or even pay fair interest for the outlay, it may be prudent in a Government to advance the first expense, and receive a proper interest for its capital, when the work is in complete operation. But where a rail-road will not yield any profit when constructed—and still more, when it will not defray the wear and tear of machinery, and the necessary expenses of the establishment, such an undertaking would be far more insane than to employ fifty or a hundred thousand labourers in digging up the ground on the side of a mountain, and then replacing it as it originally lay—or in carrying water from Lough Neagh to Sleeve Gallon mountain, and there emptying it out into a rivulet to run back again into the lake. And why would it be more insane? Because the hire of the labourer—say 8d. per diem—would be the whole of the capital expended—whereas, in the construction of an unproductive rail-road, the whole of the prodigious outlay on that construction—say £20,000. per mile—is entirely lost, though, if expended on mere labour, it would support multitudes for a very long time.

In a purely agricultural country, like Ireland, rail-roads can never be profitable, to any extent. For a small island, with a few commercial towns, on its borders, the coasting craft will be always adequate to its wants—and as for railways, there would

be neither a sufficiency of travellers, nor of manufactures for transit from place to place. Of what use would be a rail-road through Lincolnshire, as compared with the neighbourhood of Birmingham or Manchester.

Ireland, however, exhibits such an immense proportion of mountain and bog—and so much of both that is reclaimable by draining and culture, that here lies the scene for the employment of LABOUR. The Bog of Allen, alone, presents a surface more than a hundred times sufficient to furnish turf for all the inhabitants around it. Patches of it are reclaimed and exhibit excellent fields of potatoes and corn.

Almost the whole of the bogs in Ireland, and they are prodigious! might be turned into good arable land by the hand of industry. Ireland may be said to repose on one universal bed of limestone, which only requires to be quarried and burnt to afford ample manure for every acre of her soil. Yet millions and millions of these acres lie almost wholly waste, while one-fourth of her people are out of work—idle, starving and begging! That the flat red bogs in the central portions of Ireland are reclaimable, is evident by a glance along both banks of the Grand Canal, as we traverse it in the fly-boat, from Dublin to Shannon Harbour. But Bog seems to be Ireland's national livery. She wears it, not only in the valleys and plains, but up the slopes, and even on the summits of her mountains. Between these there are, invariably, lakes or streams, affording complete facilities for drainage, and leaving no excuse for absence of cultivation.

But, alas! Ireland has long been cursed with a large class of "HEREDITARY BONDSMEN"—not Mr. O'Connell's bondsmen—but their masters—whose profligate ancestors begot them in debt, and transmitted them as legacies to an impoverished country, with millstones round their necks, in the shape of MORTGAGES that keep them with their heads nearly under water all their lives,

incapable, even if willing, of rendering the slightest return to their natal soil, whose heart's blood they suck, like vampires, and spew it on foreign shores. Thus, the sins of the fathers are visited on the children to the third—nay, the twentieth generation! But this is not all, nor even the worst—bad as it is! Unhappy Ireland is torn by religious and political feuds that render callous the most amiable and sensitive hearts—turning the pure precepts of CHRISTIANITY into the most deadly hatred and animosity—the liberty of conscience into tyrannical bigotry—and the freedom of political discussion into ferocious persecution and murderous slaughter!—In no part of the world is the “odium theologicum” more intense and hearty than in the Emerald Isle. The Jew and Mahomedan do not more cordially despise and detest each other's creeds, than do the Protestant and Catholic sections of the same religion! This sectarian bigotry (for it does not deserve the name of religion) insinuates itself into, and mingles with, all the transactions of private life. It is carried even to exclusive dealing. The tea of a Protestant grocer would stick in the gorge of a Catholic consumer, and *vice versa*. It is ever tracing the most common and innocent actions to sinister and evil motives. Thus, the pledge of Father Mathew, and the temperance resulting from it, are traced to the Pope, or even to a worse personage (if worse there can be) as agents of Romish ambition, spiritual tyranny, and political revolution! This odium theologicum blinds the mental eye, or causes it to see every thing through a jaundiced, distorted, or uncharitable medium. An instance lies before me, recorded by its own author. A Protestant Parson was travelling from Newport to Achill. He observed a kind of monument at a little distance from the road, and, on inquiry, he learnt that it was erected by the country people on the spot where a priest was found dead. Was the reflection on this information accompanied by “the tribute of a passing

sigh," for the melancholy end of a fellow-labourer in the vineyard? Not at all. The instant conclusion, most jocularly come to by the Protestant divine, was, that the Catholic priest died, no doubt, of too much whiskey! Yet I was informed that this said pastor was a man of most exemplary conduct and excellent moral character, while his work stamps the author as a writer of talent and acquirements.

There is every reason to believe that no man would more energetically inculcate, *ex cathedra sua*, the divine precept—

" Teach me to feel another's woe,

To hide the fault I see"—

than the Protestant parson who put on record the awful visitation experienced by the poor Popish priest. But, alas! sectarian bigotry hardens the heart, and freezes every warm and charitable current of the soul!

Another monster-misfortune connected with, if not springing from, the "*ODIUM THEOLOGICUM*," is political agitation. While there are grievances to be redressed—and Heaven knows they are as plentiful as blackberries in Ireland—the elements of agitation will never be wanting—nor will *AGITATORS* fail to spring up if the *LIBERATOR* were gathered to his forefathers to-morrow. The groans of the oppressed may be stifled by the dungeon, or silenced, for a time, by the bayonet; but the still small voice will rise to Heaven, and finally be reverberated thence in peals of thunder!—The arm of the law, in a free country, can never be strong, except when it wields the sword of *JUSTICE*, while the very semblance of injustice gives a giant's strength to the arm of treason.

Unhappy Ireland! Torn by furious factions at home—while daily drained of thy very heart's blood by absentees abroad—thou lyest prostrate and chained between thy rocky mountains and roaring seas—incapable of driving off the dæmons of discord

from thy smiling vales, or the vultures of bigotry and superstition that prey on thy inmost vitals!

In such a condition, how are labour and food to be procured for thy starving millions? Can foreigners be expected to vest their capital in lands where the owners of the soil themselves dare not shew their faces, or have not the means of ameliorating the state of their wretched and discontented tenantry? Hear the sentiments of a high-church Protestant clergyman—an ultra Tory—and a hearty hater of Pope and Popery!

“ Thus the landlord, making use of his proper influence, gradually, temperately, firmly, evidently disinterestedly, nay more, evidently ready to make great pecuniary and personal sacrifices, what a field he would have here; what a great theatre for the exercise of Christian philanthropy; yes, but where is such a landlord to be had; I might go to and fro through the British empire and hardly find such. I might find men with prudence without zeal, and men with zeal without prudence, and might find one ready and one willing, but suffering under the sins of his forefathers and not able; and another politically or religiously unqualified; and he *dare* not do the good he would for fear of his sect or his party. Such being the case, I think it must be allowed that good landlords, as well as good tenants, have been very scarce in Ireland, and sure I am its evils have in a great measure flowed down from the rich upon the poor; and that if there was an Irish Dante to arise, his bitter and gloomy satire would allocate in his Modern Inferno, a large district for the bad landlords of the last century; yes, room, much room, ample room and verge enough for the crowds coming down from where aristocrats were basking in their club-house selfishness and forgetfulness of duty.”*

How then, I say again, is labour—and its consequence, food—

* Rev. Mr. O’way’s Tour in Connaught.

to be procured for the people of Ireland? The landlords, with their mortgages, and their attachment to foreign countries, are unable to improve their estates, much less reclaim the wastes and wilds in their vicinity—strangers are afraid to speculate in such a doubtful or dangerous market—and Government cannot force either the one or the other to work out the problem of political economy! Those who can contemplate this painful and perplexing scene with common sense, and divested of prejudice, would be very apt to conclude that the first, and indeed the fundamental remedy is—**PACIFICATION**. This can only be obtained by rendering **JUSTICE**—strict, rigid, impartial justice, with a perfect equality of rights and privileges to all classes. This *may* be done—and sooner or later, it *must* be done, by a strong Government. But it will not be effected without the exhibition of a rough, and to many people unpalatable remedy, the formula or prescription of which was penned some two thousand years ago—

“*Parcere subjectis et debellare superbos.*”

But pacification, by the entire redress of grievances, will only pave the way to an amelioration of condition among the lower orders of Ireland. Work must be found for the labouring classes. To find it for them in public undertakings, as rail-roads or manufactories, would, I repeat it, be worse than insanity. On rail-roads the only traffic—the only passengers, would be the engines themselves. You may often travel fifteen or twenty miles, even on some of the greatest lines of road, without meeting a single vehicle, except a solitary jaunting car—or a man with his wife behind him, on a pot-bellied horse!

Manufactures may, one day, thrive in Ireland; but it can only be by means of water-power (of which there is no lack certainly), coal being woefully deficient in the limestone isle. The manufacture of **POTTEEN** is gone to the dogs—and that of **LINEN** is speedily

following it! Cotton, spun by the machinery of the coal districts in England, is rapidly superseding the yarn spun by the fingers or the spinning-jennies of Ulster. Who are there amongst the natives of the three other provinces of Ireland who know anything of manufactures? If manufacturers from England were to settle there, they would soon be murdered, if they did not quickly decamp! There are no other means of employing the poor in Ireland, for half a century to come, but in agriculture.

But then there is *EMIGRATION*. This is a temporary *PLACEBO*—a safety-valve to allow the redundant population to flow through—and a tolerably expensive one it is! Here, the capital is sunk in the Atlantic or Pacific Ocean—without the hope, or indeed the wish, for any *return*! By emigration, men are bribed to cultivate the soil of Canada instead of Connemara—to fertilize the banks of the St. Lawrence or the Mississippi instead of the Shannon or Lough Corrib! And, after all, emigration is a triste and a sad expedient. This kind of weeding the population too often leaves the weeds behind, and pulls the corn up by the roots. The pathetic lamentation of the Roman peasants, when obliged to emigrate from the fair fields of Italy to make way for the ruthless soldier, has been put on deathless record by the Roman bard.

“ But we far hence to distant climes must go,
O'er Afric's burning sands or Scythia's snow,
Where roars Oaxis, or where seas embrace—
Dividing from the world the *BRITISH* race.”

Little did the poet or the peasant dream that this same race, already exiled, as it were, from the rest of the world, should spread their colonies over the face of the globe, and become so numerous as to be themselves obliged to migrate to the remotest corners of the earth, in search of employment and subsistence!

It is to be remembered, too, that emigration merely leaves a blank to be instantly filled up, in all probability, by a worse tenant.

It sets no example of patriotism—inculcates no habits of industry—improves no branch of handicraft; but, on the contrary, deports to foreign climes the cream, not the scum, of the industrial population! It is hardly necessary to say that emigration first severs, and ultimately obliterates, the affections for FATHERLAND—the strongest ties with which Nature has entwined the human mind! But still, as was said some pages back, and must be repeated again and again, emigration is a natural remedy, bad as it is, for a great evil—a safety-valve that prevents the explosion of a huge cauldron boiling over with a redundancy of combustible materials!*

The FISHERIES are a very different thing from Emigration. One would conclude that reproduction is even greater among the finny tribes of the Irish Seas, than among the biped race on shore! Every coast, every inlet, swarms with fish—and the salmon alone, that penetrates into every lake of the interior—darting up the foaming cataracts of the Shannon, the Bann, the Erne, and fifty other streams, would seem sufficient to feed half the people of the Green Isle! But the fisheries are not worked one-tenth as much as they might be. The Irish are by no means fond of fish. The poor, indeed, cannot afford to buy it, cheap as it is—and the rich seem sated with that delicious article of food, and very careless about it. Is this the reason why the fish themselves are much fonder of the Irish than of the Scotch and English coasts, where they appear to know the magnitude of their danger, and the Ichthyophagic propensities of the people? Be this as it may, the Irish fisheries are capable of great improvement and extension, opening a field for lucrative speculation, were the country tranquillised.

* On this subject in particular, and, indeed, on some others, *iterations* are almost unavoidable, from the reflections being penned as the objects presented themselves to the senses.

It has already been remarked that Ireland may be said to repose on a huge bed of lime-stone. This is a most fortunate circumstance for a country presenting so much bog and mountain. Yet the burning of lime is far from being so extensive and general as it ought to be. Three-fourths of the kilns are mere holes scooped out of rock or clay-banks, instead of being regularly of stone, which is so plentiful. This important process (lime-burning) is one that is susceptible of immense extension, and one that is essential to the main source of prosperity in Ireland—the RECLAIMING OF WASTE-LANDS. This is, after all, the most primitive, the most natural, and the most feasible scheme for ameliorating the condition of the working classes in that unhappy country, and of keeping them out of the streets as beggars, and out of the bastilles as prisoners and malecontents. But not one in ten of the landlords are able or willing to undertake this work, and the Government cannot do it without the consent of the proprietors. Nothing but an arrangement and co-operation between the Legislature of the country and the lords of the soil can effect this paramount measure, which ought to go hand in hand with the redress of political and religious grievances.

Several benevolent and patriotic landlords are now acting on this principle. Thus, they assign a piece of bog or mountain to an industrious family, giving the ground free, and perhaps supplying lime, for three or four years, till it begins to yield crops, then imposing a very low fine for a certain number of years, when a fair rent is charged. If this course became general, there might be some prospect for Ireland; but nine-tenths of the owners of the soil are unable to follow such example, and require the assistance of Government.

P.S.—Before leaving the subject of LABOUR, I may allude to the remarkable contrast which England and Ireland present in

this respect. The fervid aspirations of the Irish operatives are for *more work*:—Those of the English for *more play*! Yes! Lord Ashley's "less work and more play" bill will usher in a new æra in social life. It will be utterly impossible to restrict the *principle* of the bill to a particular class, or its operation to certain limits. The wedge, once introduced, will never retrograde till it splits the solid oak. In all ranks and grades of life, servants predominate over masters prodigiously. What are ministers themselves but servants of the Crown? Lawyers, doctors, and the members of all other professions, are servants of the public—while divines are servants of God. They are all "OPERATIVES" in their way—all of them work for wages—all are entitled to rest from their labours, when they have worked enough—and all have a right, aye, and an *equal* right, to the advantages (such as they are) of the "TEN-HOURS-BILL." Thus, Lord Ashley's ladies' maid, house-maid, dairy-maid, nursery-maid, kitchen-maid, maid of all work, cook, butler, &c. who rise at seven o'clock, and pursue their respective occupations till five o'clock, p. m. may fairly and properly apprise his lordship, at that hour, that their "*ten hours' labour*" has been truly and faithfully performed, and that they are, according to his lordship's benevolent Act, discharged from further work for the day, and at liberty to appropriate the remainder of the twenty-four hours to amusement, or any other domestic employment they may choose!

I am totally at a loss to know what answer his lordship could make to such a reasonable annunciation! If he said, "I did not compel you to enter my service—you came voluntarily, and accepted my terms of seventeen or eighteen hours of daily vocation;" they might well reply—"true, my lord, *you* did not compel us to accept such terms; but our necessities, like those of the factory women and girls, compelled us to do so, till your lord-

ship's philanthropic bill in parliament emancipated us from such prolonged drudgery!"

Now, so far from finding fault with this result of the legislative enactment, I hail it as a measure of the greatest importance to human liberty, that has occurred since the signing of *MAGNA CHARTA*. This will prove the real *REFORM BILL*. Masters and mistresses will now be obliged to dine earlier, or to dress their own dinners, aye, and their own dear selves, too, without the aid of filles and valets de chambre.

It would be difficult to imagine, much more foresee, the important changes which the "SHORT TIME" system of service may introduce into this country—the most active, laborious, and operative country between China and Peru! One thing, I think, it will certainly effect—and that a measure of no mean consequence. It will lead to shorter parliaments—or at least to shorter speeches. As no reporters will attend after five o'clock, most of the orators will go home to write the speeches they intended to make in the House! What a blessing to the other members!

POLITICAL ARITHMETIC.

THERE are two rules of arithmetic which are much used, and, I fear, much abused in Ireland. These are "MULTIPLICATION" and "REDUCTION." The former is divided into two—multiplication of children, and multiplication of tenants. Multiplication of children has, despite of the preventive checks of Malthus and Martineau, gone on increasing for ages past. It has been attributed by political economists to pigs, potatoes, and poteen. I have shewn, in another place, that the whiskey was the chief cause, by inducing PAT, when tipsy, to contract imprudent marriages, and thus multiply too fast his progeny. Father Mathew

discovered this, and on the principle, "*sublata causa*," laid the axe to the root of the evil, by giving the pledge.

But the "**MULTIPLICATION OF TENANTS**" is another of Ireland's grievances, scarcely inferior to the one just mentioned. A landlord lets or sets his grounds to five or six tenants on lease. These tenants consider themselves as sub, or lieutenant-landlords, and let off a part of their farm to half-a-dozen sub-tenants, at, of course, an increased rate of rent. These last, following the good example set them by their superiors, sub-divide their small farms still farther, till, at last, the majority of the actual cultivators of the soil are reduced to petty cottiers—to "an acre of ground and a cow's grass"—nay, to a pig-stye and potatoe garden. In all these divisions and sub-divisions, the rent of the ground goes on increasing, as the scale of acres decreases. Such a state of things is not very well calculated to beautify the estate of the great landholder, nor beatify the peasantry under him.

The conacre system is a beautiful illustration of this admirable state of things in Ireland. A plot of ground is let to five, six, or more of these miserable cottiers or pig-stye holders, all and each of whom are bound for the rent of each and all of the cotenants or conacres!!

REDUCTION.

At length the evil is seen, and the remedy is attempted—a remedy worse, if possible, than the original malady! As the leases of the principal or primary tenants fall in, the grand landlord, or his middleman, insists that the small fry of sub-tenants, or tenants at will, together with the parias or conacres, shall be turned out, to make way for larger and more substantial farmers. This attempt has been written in letters of blood, in too many of the Irish counties! The swarms of wretched cottiers and potatoe gardeners exposed to the wintry winds, have often sworn ven-

geance—and performed their vows—against the heartless absentee landholder—his henchman or middleman—and even against the hapless successor to their wretched acres!!

“ Hinc subitæ mortes, et intestata senectus!! ”

Hence the “ battles, murders, and sudden deaths,” which we deprecate in our prayers, but which we too often deserve by our conduct!

“ FIXITY OF TENURE.”

I do not know, precisely, what this term means. I am quite sure, however, that man has nothing like “ FIXITY of TENURE ” in this world—nor, in *certain parts* (and those by no means the *worst*, if some Catholic tenets be correct) of the world to come. It is true that there are species of property, called “ Entails; ” but we every day hear of those “ tails ” being cut off. And even where they cannot be entirely severed from the body, we often see them docked to a mere stump, by a kind of legal amputation, entitled “ MORTGAGE.” In no part of the world is this operation better understood, or more frequently practised, than in the Emerald Isle. As to all other genera and species of property, it shifts from hand to hand, and is never stationary for a day. But supposing that every “ acre of ground and cow’s grass,” could be entailed—that is, fixed on the tail—what enormous work would it make for the lawyers!—Why Ireland would be obliged to import more CONVEYANCERS from England than she exports pigs to Liverpool.

There is one kind of “ tenure,” indeed, to which “ fixity ” might be expected to attach—namely, that small “ holding,”—some six feet in length—which is let, on the true *conacre* system, in certain localities of each parish, and that at a very small “ ground-rent,” free from tithes and taxes. But even there, the

incumbent is not sure of that great desideratum—"FIXITY of TENURE." His lease, I admit, is now somewhat longer than before the "Anatomy Act;" but, Hamlet's men have not lost their occupation yet, and many a Yorick's skull can tell you, without a tongue, that there is no such thing as "fixity of tenure," even in the *grave*! The empty catacombs, the disembowelled Pyramids, the tenantless round towers—all vouch for the same fact—no fixity of tenure in the tomb itself!

EMIGRATION.

AMONG the many panaceas that have been recommended for Ireland, emigration is amongst the most important. It is the most ancient remedy which Nature, reason, and even instinct have suggested to mankind for relieving the pressure of redundant population in old countries by peopling new. It is coeval with the human race—and will continue to be practised till all parts of the earth shall have attained the maximum of population which they are capable of sustaining. When that point of saturation has been arrived at, Heaven knows what is to become of mankind! They must either eat each other up—adopt a life of celibacy—or, as the Chinese now do—drown their children, as a useless and redundant litter of puppies and kittens!

Emigration does not remove the *cause*, but only relieves, for a short time, the *effects* of redundancy of population. It even increases the tendency to a re-accumulation by giving the thinned ranks that remain behind more elbow-room. Emigration is like the safety-valve of a steam-engine. It lets out the steam when its distention and pressure endanger the boiler; but it does not check—it rather augments the generation of fresh vapour. Nothing will effectually *prevent* the conversion of inert water into

dangerous expansion of steam, but the removal of the fire from beneath the coppers.

Several months ago, the *Times* journal drew a very ingenious comparison between emigration and the tapping of a dropsical patient. The operation gives temporary relief to the sufferings from distention, but removes not the disease. On the contrary, by taking off the pressure of the water on the mouths of the exhalents, it facilitates the re-accumulation of the fluid.

Crescit indulgens sibi dirus hydrops ;

Nec sitim pellit, nisi causa morbi

Fugerit venis, et aquosus albo

Corpore languor.

To the *pathological* illustration of emigration, as given by the *Times*, I shall venture to add another, of a *physiological* nature ; and I think it will be found to be somewhat apposite. A young married couple begin to have a family : but the lady not liking the business of suckling her children, puts them out, successively, to nurse. What is the consequence ? Why that her family becomes, in all probability, twice as numerous as it would be if she performed the proper part of a mother at home.*

Voluntary emigration will, for a thousand years to come, afford a considerable safety-valve in Ireland and England ; but the expense of exporting the poor to other countries by Government, would be so enormous as to render the measure a nullity, by impoverishing instead of relieving those who remained at home.

It is pretty certain that redundancy of population is not confined to the British Isles. The ocean appears to be much in the

* An ingenious physician has written a work to shew that, if every mother nursed her child for three years, the population would keep on a par, with little increase or decrease. In many countries the women suckle their young a couple of years. It is curious that Mahomet seems to have foreseen the evils of redundant population, and ordered females to give the breast to their children for two years.

same predicament. The finny tribes of the watery element, like the tribes of Fins, in former days, and the Celts of modern times, have an instinctive impulse to "*move South*," with the view, no doubt, of "bettering their condition." These FINS have evidently some notion of political economy. They, probably, have a Malthus, a Martineau, or a Macculloch, as well as ourselves. Time immemorial, they have employed *emigration*, and that on a very large scale, by way of thinning their ranks in their native haunts of the North. They have great advantage, however, over the poor Scotch and Irish in their migrations. They carry no bags of oatmeal or potatoes with them, as provender for the journey;—neither have they to pay for "dry lodgings" on the road. They have improved vastly on the *infanticide* system of the Chinese—and the *poor-law* systems of Europe. They make no provision for the aged, the sick, or the helpless—but kill and eat them, when they are incapable of providing for themselves. This is, perhaps, a more humane system than some of those which boast of more philanthropic origin.

Be that as it may, it is certain that the sea offers an inexhaustible supply of wholesome food for man. This is particularly the case with the British Isles, whose extent of coast quadruples that of any other country in Europe; yet, by one of those strange fatalities so frequent in unfortunate Ireland, the people of that country, though starving, have neither the genius nor the disposition to draw from the ocean around them an abundance of excellent nutriment! No. They had rather gnaw a bony potatoe in their hovels, than bring in boat-loads of magnificent fish from their bays, loughs, and rivers. This magazine of food and wealth is not explored to one-tenth the extent which it might be—and it is one of those in which Government might throw in the weight of its powerful arm, with the greatest possible advantage. If the money expended on the encouragement of emigration were em-

played in training fishermen, and building boats, a permanent spring of labour, support, and industry would be opened to the Irish, which is now, comparatively speaking, choked up.

SWORDS.

LONDON and Dublin, like Shakespeare's players, have their "exits and their entrances;" but verily, in this respect, as well as in the parts which they enact in the great drama of the world, they present remarkable contrasts. If you start from the Bank, on Cornhill, for Birmingham or Manchester, you will have to travel at least five miles, before you see a single field, (except Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, and St. Martin's Fields,) or meet with a foot of unoccupied ground whereon to erect a cobbler's stall. On the other hand, take your departure from the Bank in College Green, for Belfast or Derry, and, in ten minutes, you will be in the midst of green fields, trotting along a wide and magnificent road, so smooth and tidily kept, that you rarely observe the track of a horse's foot, or the rut of a carriage-wheel! This almost total absence of travelling and traffic on the great northern road, surprised me a little, till I recollected that a rail-road was in process of construction on the same line, for which, no doubt, the Dublin and Belfast merchants were waiting, in order to commence their trade and travels on a grand scale! But if the roads are light, the tolls are heavy in the vicinity of the Irish Metropolis—the turnpike trusts appearing to act on a very clever and ingenious plan—that of collecting the regular sum-total for the day, whether it be from one or from one hundred vehicles! The first gate-keeper on this road could not change a half-crown piece for me, alleging that mine was the first toll he had taken that day!—This information must give an intense stimulus to the rail-road projectors in Ireland!

SWORDS, with its monastic remains, palatial turrets, ecclesiastic ruins, and venerable round tower, presents more features of antiquity than Dublin. But a river and a harbour will always kick the balance between places contiguous and otherwise equal. The abbey was erected by the famous ST. COLUMKILL, where a copy of the Gospels, written by himself, a rare treasure at that period, was long deposited. The round tower is 73 feet in height, and close, as usual, to a ruined church.

Turning down towards the coast, and within a couple of miles of Swords, we come to Portrane.

THE WIDOW'S TOWER.

“ Even from the tomb the voice of Nature cries—
Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.”

IN all ages and countries monuments have been raised to the memory of the dead. The motives which led to the construction of these were very various—but always amiable. National or individual gratitude—parental, filial, conjugal affection—veneration, friendship, love, esteem, have all contributed to the erection of these MEMENTO MORI'S, which stand as the best traits of human nature amidst the numerous and sad memorials of man's depravity and crimes!

Infinitely varied have been the forms and materials of these pious dedications to departed worth—from the lofty and marble-capt columns, down to the lowly tombstone—

“ With nettles skirted and with moss o'ergrown.”

But it was reserved for a lady of noble birth, the widow of a British senator, to conceive the idea of a monument to the memory of her deceased lord, that would survive the Pyramids

themselves, and transmit their joint names to the latest posterity—in the perfect model and dimensions of one of the finest of the ancient Irish **ROUND TOWERS**. This mausoleum, which is being built of the most imperishable materials, and with all the skill which modern art can supply—will necessarily outlive all its prototypes—but it will not, like them, preserve the impenetrable veil of mystery—nor remain mute to all the inquiries of the antiquarian. The Round Tower of **PORTRANE** will contain in its bosom the marble bust of Geo. Evans, Esq., formerly M.P. for the county of Dublin—and a more honest, independent, and liberal-minded member never sat in the British House of Commons! The tower is situated on rising ground a quarter of a mile from the sea, whose coast there is rocky, perpendicular, and cavernous. It commands a magnificent view of Howth, Dublin harbour, and the whole shore from Bray to near Drogheda. It is within half a mile of the family mansion, where Mrs. Evans resides during the Summer, and within two miles of Swords.

A thousand—perhaps five thousand years hence—the Tower of Portrane will probably be the only surviving representative of that ancient family of **ROUND TOWERS**, whose origin and pedigree have puzzled the antiquarian literati for nearly a thousand years past. At a still more remote period—after various revolutions, moral, political and physical—when wars, pestilence and famine shall have desolated the earth and blotted whole nations from its surface—some “savage clans or roving barbarians” may once more descend on the shores of Erin, from Scythian wilds or Scandinavian mountains, and gaze in wonder at the solitary fane, standing on the sea-beat shore, green with ivy, or grey with lichens. In vain will they interrogate the venerable but mysterious structure—and even when they shall have penetrated its interior, they will only find the bust of an unknown being, with an inscription in language totally unintelligible to them! But new antiquarians

will arise, and the founder of the tower, as well as the man to whose memory it was erected, will again be brought to light.*

FAIRY TALES.

THE popular belief in fairies, goblins, dæmons, kelpies, brownies, and other supernatural agents, is owing to many causes; but **IGNORANCE** is the fundamental one. Northern climes, long nights, and idleness, prove powerful auxiliaries to ignorance and superstition in the invention of tales of wonder, and in the narration of them afterwards. It is well known that the Highlanders and Hibernians are more firm believers in these supernatural agencies than the English, and I am thoroughly convinced that one of the most influential proximate causes of these superstitions and tales is disturbed sleep, or what may be termed **NIGHTMARE DREAMS**. The **INCUBUS**—that “*monstrum horrendum informe*,”—assumes more shapes than Proteus, and leaves more indelible impressions—mostly of the dolorous kind too—than even real and waking events. This merciless and tormenting intruder on the silent chamber and downy pillow, is almost invariably let into the camp by the agency of a domestic traitor—and that traitor is the **STOMACH**. Indigestion is the key by which the **INCUBUS** unlocks our closet door—pounces on his prostrate and sleeping victim—presses on him with the weight of an elephant—whirls him over rocks or mountains—chains him in dungeons—plunges him into

* Nations, like individuals, must, in the vast cycle of ages, die, to make room for new swarms of population. One deluge, at least, has denuded the earth's surface of its inhabitants; and others will succeed, when this globe can no longer sustain the myriads on its bosom. Some will escape—or if not, a new creation will come forth, to multiply and increase for millions perhaps of years, as their predecessors did before them. We have only to dig a few feet into Mother Earth, to see the unquestionable proofs of former revolutions.

the lake—or strangles him with a giant's grasp! These, and many others, are the feats of the NIGHTMARE—and these are the identical pranks which the POOKA, the KELPIE, and other mischievous imps are supposed to play among the glens of the Highlands and the bogs of Ireland.*

And why are the Irish and Scotch more subject to these forays of the tyrant nightmare than their neighbours of England? Look at their food—the half-boiled potatoe and the half-boiled oatmeal, and say whether *indigestion* be not the daily, or rather the nightly ally of the incubus? When the poteen and the Ferintosh had laid their disciples snoring in the ditch, or even in the hovel, the tortures and tricks of the POOKA or KELPIE were remembered next morning—transmuted into real occurrences, from the vividness of the impressions,—and narrated with such exaggerations and embellishments as the dreamer's imagination could supply. There is no doubt that these stories were worked up into a systematic form by the Bards and others, till the whole fairy machinery assumed a consistency, and was thus transmitted from generation to generation. What I contend for, then, is this, that many, if not most, of the fairy tales originated in *physical* impressions, especially during NIGHTMARE dreams, and were afterwards dramatised and chronicled in the legendary forms that have come down to us.

Thanks to the National Schools in Ireland, there is scarcely a child of six years of age, from Skibbereen to Lough Foyle, who

* The POOKA is generally represented in the shape of a wild horse, whose great object is to get a rider, when POOKA is in his glory. "Headlong he dashes through briar and brake—through flood and fell—over mountain, valley, moor or river, indiscriminately—up or down precipice is alike to him, provided he gratifies the malevolence that seems to inspire him. He bounds and flies, delighted by the distress, and utterly reckless and ruthless of the cries, danger, and sufferings of the luckless wight who bestrides him."—*Hall*.

does not scout the whole fairy mythology, from the Pooka to the Banshee, and laugh at the credulity of his father and forefathers!

This is a sign of the *times*, which has not been overlooked by every one. It is just possible that the schoolmaster and Father Mathew may one day stagger creeds of a graver character than the popular belief in goblins and kelpies! The apprehension of this result, felt rather than expressed, may probably actuate two great opponents of national education—those, on both sides, who prefer creeds without knowledge, to knowledge without creeds!

POTATOES WITH THE BONES IN.

WE are told that “there is reason in roasting eggs”—and there ought to be the same in roasting and boiling potatoes. But there will probably be few of my readers who can readily assign a *reason* why the all but universal custom among the poor of Ireland, is to only half boil their potatoes:—leaving the centre so hard that it is called the bone of the potatoe! Considering that this root constitutes nearly the whole of the labouring man’s food, it seems extraordinary that it should not be properly cooked, especially as the want of fuel is hardly ever felt in this land of bogs. It is my habit, whenever any unusual phenomenon presents itself to my observation, to endeavour to unravel the mystery myself before making inquiry of others. In the present case I stumbled on the true solution of the problem, and found it amply confirmed afterwards. There is scarcely a more indigestible substance taken into the human stomach than a half-boiled potatoe; and, to a moderately dyspeptic Englishman—such diet would be little less than poison. It is this very quality of indigestibility that recommends the *parboiled* potatoe to the poor Irishman! Rarely indeed have the labouring classes more than two meals of these in the twenty-four hours; and if they were well boiled, the pangs of hunger

would be insufferable during a considerable portion of the day and night. Custom, fortunately, is a second Nature—and custom has so reconciled the poor Irishman's stomach to this wretched food, that even the children complain if they find no "*bone in the potatoe.*" The simplicity of their diet—their exposure to the open air—their patient resignation to their fate, and many other causes, render them little susceptible to the miseries of dyspepsy, while the bones of the potatoes protract the period of digestion till sleep renders them unconscious of the gnawings of hunger! As a feather will often shew the direction of the wind better than a well-poised weathercock, so this simple fact demonstrates more forcibly the poverty of the Irish peasantry than a philosophical dissertation on the subject.

I may here remark that, although the children of the cottiers look chubby, and the people healthy on a potatoe diet, yet, when the Irish labourers come over to this country, and are employed in hard work, as navigators, &c. they are found unequal to the task, till they are fed for some days on bacon, bread, and potatoes. They are like horses taken from grass, and incapable of hard labour till fed for a time on hay and corn.

My talented young friend, Mr. Barrow, in his highly interesting Tour through Ireland, makes the following remarks :—

"A man with plenty of cows, sheep, pigs, and poultry, may make a virtue of abstinence from spirituous liquors; but the poor labouring potatoe-eater requires something to qualify the poverty of his food—something, were it of no other use, than to create an exhilaration of spirits, and cause a momentary forgetfulness of his deplorable condition. ' Blessings on the man, says Pat, who invented poteen—it brings one's heart into the mouth—it's better than an outside coat—it makes one spake out, and care not a fig for the Pope, the priest, or the devil.' "—*Tour*, p. 232.

Here Mr. Barrow introduces a stanza from an old Irish song in praise of, and addressed to, WHISKEY.

TO POTEEN.

“ Many’s the quondam fight we’ve had,
 And many a time you made me mad,
 But while I’ve a heart, it never can be sad,
 When you smile on me full on the table.
 Surely you’re my wife and brother,—
 My only child—my dad and mother—
 My outside coat—I have no other !—
 Oh ! I’ll stand by you while I am able.”

I quite agree with my intelligent friend that a glass of poteen would be useful to the labourer, as a digester to his potatoes with the bones in them, and who has neither animal food, fish, or condiments. But, alas ! the finest theory is not always the most practicable. Among a people so excitable and social as the Irish, there is no safe resting-place between total abstinence from whiskey and actual ebriety. There is no middle point or neutral ground, in the shape of *temperance*. The moment that a single glass of whiskey is swallowed, you throw a blazing *faggot* among dry wood—you introduce a piece of leaven into the mass, which will, almost certainly, cause the whole to ferment. FATHER MATHEW was fully aware of this fact, and well knew that it was much easier for his countrymen to practise tee-totalism than temperance. Besides, how are the poorest classes, the day-labourers, to procure whiskey (unless allowed duty free) when they cannot afford the smallest morsel of red-herring to relish their insipid lumpers ?

But the reasoning I have used is not merely applicable to the Irish, but to all those who have any disposition to intemperance in stimulating drink. They will find it infinitely more easy and practicable to abstain, *in toto*, from inebriating beverages, than

vainly try to steer a middle course. It is, "Aut Caesar aut nullus," with those who are inclined to the bottle.

It would be a consummation devoutly to be wished, if a duty on whiskey, amounting to a prohibition, and a heavy penalty were enacted on all those who had such spirit in their possession, without such duty being paid, so that encouragement were given to beer-brewing from barley. It is hardly to be expected that "tee-totalism" will always continue in Ireland, after the chief inducements to it are withdrawn. Brewing will then be found a far safer manufacture of stimulants for the Irish stomach than fiery Poteen.

CLIMATE OF IRELAND.

GREAT complaints are made by tourists of the damp and wet climate of the Emerald Isle. They will be astonished to learn that England is much worse off in that respect. We have the authority of Shakespeare (no mean one) that, in the latter country—

"The rain it raineth every day."

Now, from personal observation, I can state that it does not rain, on an average, more than six days in the week in Ireland, thus giving it a considerable superiority over Great Britain. In the Highlands of Scotland, every body knows that it *always* rains—except when it snows. Besides, if the tourist has a particular hydrophobia, he will find that, on the Eastern Coast of Ireland, from Cork to Ballycastle, there is not half so much rain as on the Western Board, from Bantry to Donegal. It must be admitted, however, that, along the latter range, it rains a great deal more than every day in the week—it rains almost every hour in the day!

But the Irish rain is not like the rain of any other country. It is often a kind of Atlantic steam or vapour, which penetrates

the clothes, but seldom injures the body. It acts like a tepid *shower*-bath, and is very beneficial to chronic rheumatism, gout, *sciatica*, &c. &c. There is, therefore, no occasion to travel to Silesia for the *water-cure* of Priessnitz, with his cold baths, his *sitz*-baths, and his wet sheets. All these can be had in Munster and Connaught at very little expense. Why, Father Mathew has, in a few years, effected more cures by *water*, than Priessnitz and his disciples in the whole of their lives! Look at the huge ugly German tub which the SILESIAN uses for his *sitz*-bath, as compared with the *illegant hip*-bath which you may have every day in Ireland, for two-pence per mile on the jaunting-car, while making and inditing your tour. Think of *that*, ye Cockney travellers, and fill not your pages with lachrymations about the climate of Ireland.

It must be confessed, however, that, in the southern and western counties, as Kerry, Galway, &c., the rain does come down sometimes, with a heaviness and heartiness, that wash away every particle of dust from your clothes, and even bleach your linen as white as if it had been in the stream of the Bann or Erne for a month! On such occasions it will go through your ordinary Mackintosh like duck-shot through a boat's sail. Yet the Irish cataract, like a fine shower-bath, has something bracing in its effects, and, with the mildness of the climate, wards off colds and rheumatism, which, in England or Scotland, would be the certain consequences of such duckings.

BAREFOOT AND BARE LEGS.

THERE are few subjects of greater wonderment to the Cockney tourist in Ireland, and even to those who suppose that they have surveyed the world from the summits of the Alps and Appennines, than the sight of men, women, and children, but especially

women, walking, working, talking, begging, or fair or church-going, without shoe or stocking. But a little travel, like a little learning, often leads to error. A wider survey of the immense regions of Asia, Africa, America, and the Polynesian Cyclades, would teach the home traveller that three-fourths of the human race go bare-footed and bare-legged. There are only two things that induce people to wear shoes and stockings—pride and cold. In Equatorial regions, where the temperature is high, the lower classes almost universally go barefooted. And if the better classes wear slippers or sandals, it is more for distinction than comfort. In extra-tropical climates, the cold, at certain seasons, leads to covering the feet and legs—but in Europe, custom and clime, though not universally, give employment to the cobbler and hosier.

It does not appear to have been the design of Nature, or Nature's God, that man should clothe the feet any more than the hands or face. Our first parents wore no shoes and stockings, and when they tasted the forbidden fruit, and were forced to wander abroad, they wore neither petticoats nor pantaloons; but merely a fig-leaf, which cost them nothing. Look at the ancient statues of men and even of gods. Observe the feet of the Apollo Belvidere and those of the Venus de Medicis. See how the toes are spread out to the greatest possible breadth, proving that no Wellington-boot ever jammed them close together, and crippled the free exercise of walking, leaping, or running. Who ever discerned the trace of a corn, a bunion, or a bump, on the feet of men or gods in ancient sculpture? See, on the other hand, the effects of pride and custom among the Chinese ladies (and sometimes imitated by ladies nearer home), whose feet are "cribbed cabined and confined" from infancy, till they become a shapeless mass of toes, tendons, and metatarsals perfectly unfitted for the purposes designed by Nature! The lower classes of the same

nation, and especially the Tartars, go barefooted, and allow the foot to expand to its utmost dimensions. Did Nature ever design horses to wear shoes? Certainly not—at least till they became civilized, like their masters, and had hard burdens to carry, and rough roads to traverse.

Now, in Ireland and in the Highlands of Scotland, the women, the boys, and many of the men go barefooted, not so much for economy, as for the ease and freedom with which they travel over their bogs and mountains. They can walk twenty miles in a Summer's day, barefooted, with less fatigue than they could ten miles in brogues and hose. A moment's anatomical examination of the human foot would convince the most sceptical that Nature never designed it to be girt with the tanned hide of a wild or domesticated animal—except as a defence against the frost and snow of a Hyperborean or rigorous climate in Winter.

None but those who, in the spring-time of youth, have bounded over mountain and moor—over hill and dale—over plain and morass, light as a feather, and elastic as a roebuck, can appreciate the pleasure (leaving aside the economy) of a shoeless life!

FIRING.

IN another publication ("CHANGE OF AIR") I have characterised the French fire as "easily kindled, rapidly consumed, and dearly paid for"—the bundle of wood costing a franc. In Ireland, the turf-fire is nearly as easily kindled as the French fagot—emits fully as much heat—and costs not one fiftieth part the expence. Where there is a chimney, the turf of Ireland does not produce nearly such a pungency of smoke as the French fagot does—and, if there were no chimney, the wood-fire would be intolerable. In Ireland, the peasant, at bed-time, rakes up the ashes over two or three half-burnt peat bricks, which remain alive and unconsumed

till morning, when they quickly relume a little stack of turf on the hearth, thus literally exemplifying the beautiful line of Gray—

“ Even in their ashes live their wonted fires.”

The sources of the French fires grow again, it is true, in the forests ; but so do the turf in the bogs of Ireland. Extensive as may be the coal-mines in England, when once exhausted, they can never again be replaced by the same material ; but the bogs will grow till they are all converted into cultivated fields by human industry, except what is necessary for the fuel of the peasantry. Till then, the bog is the only luxury which the pauper population enjoys. Whatever may be his other wants, and Heaven knows they are numerous enough, he has generally a few turf to warm his wretched hut, partly by the heat which it emits, and partly by a canopy of smoke with which it lines the roof.

The first formation and subsequent generation of bog is by no means clearly accounted for. Because in some bogs great trunks and roots of trees are found buried there, it is inferred that the destruction of forests was the origin and cause of the bogs. We find skeletons in old graves, but who would maintain that these relics are the origin and cause of the grave-yards ? We see that in thirty or forty years after a bank of turf has been cut, the hollow will become filled up again with peat-bog fit for a new crop. This takes place without the destruction of new forests. Again, we see bog-land on the summits of the loftiest and most barren mountains. It can hardly be supposed that woods or forests ever existed in such localities. Even the crevices of rocks in the face of perpendicular precipices present samples of excellent peat, as if the Irish atmosphere carried bog on its wings, and deposited it in every direction.

CHAPELS OF EASE.

OF all the deities, to whom temples were raised or incense offered, in the four quarters of the globe, CLOACINA had, and still has, the greatest number of worshippers. But as her devotees prefer private to public devotion, so no temples, fanes, or statues have been erected to her honour. It is true that Ancient Rome constructed for the use of this goddess those stupendous CLOACÆ beneath the foundations of the "Eternal City," which, some millions of years hence, may furnish ample food for antiquarian speculation, when no vestige of the Roman Capital shall remain above the level of the Campagna! But, in modern times, how desecrated are the sanctuaries of this modest and retiring nymph—even among some of the most polished and refined people of Europe! He who has travelled in France, Italy, Germany, and other countries, must have often been puzzled which of the two evils to prefer—the absence or the presence of temples defiled—not indeed by heresies and schisms; but by abominations that cannot be portrayed!

I am sorry to acknowledge that, in many parts of the Emerald Isle, the *absenteeism* of landlords is not the only one to be lamented. There is too often, in the rural districts, an *absence* of those temples in which the Jew, the Christian, the Catholic, the Protestant or the Dissenter might worship, without injury or violence to his creed or his conscience. I implore the great Liberator, therefore, as well as the Priesthood, to dedicate some trifling percentage of the Repeal-rent to the erection of "CHAPELS OF EASE" for the often houseless Cloacina. Let him recollect that, when this estimable goddess fled from the Eternal City with its fallen fortunes, and crossed the Alps, she found small encouragement among our polished neighbours the GAULS, and that she has long

fixed her head-quarters on the banks of the Thames, where at least 150 thousand temples are erected to her worship. I regret to say that many parts of the Land of Shamrocks, as well as that of Thistles, are greatly in want of Cloacinian Temples !

“ CURSE OF CROMWELL.”

“ Ready to wade through slaughter to a throne,
Or shut the gates of mercy on mankind.”

DROGHEDA, now a commercial and defenceless sea-port, was once a fortified town, and the scene of some of the most merciless butcheries that ever disgraced the annals of war, even in Ireland—perpetrated by the most sanctimonious hypocrite that ever blasphemed the sacred name of the Almighty to cover atrocities of which SATAN himself would have blushed to be the author ! Of all tyrants and murderers you may calculate on the Puritan and the Fanatic (when in power) as being the most bloodthirsty, in every age and country. CROMWELL was a masterpiece of religious hypocrisy and sanguinary bigotry ! He had one merit, however ; he attributed equally his victories and his massacres to the “ immediate interposition of Providence.” Alas ! how often has the holy name of the DEITY been invoked and profaned to cover fiendish actions !

At the siege of Drogheda, in 1649, the magnanimous general of a Republican Parliament outshone even himself in cruelty and blasphemy ! After butchering thousands in cold blood, who had laid down their arms, the sanctified Demon thus winds up his despatch to his “ praise God bare-bone ” Parliament !

“ And now give me leave to say how it came to pass, this great work is wrought. It was set upon some of our hearts that a

great thing should be done, *not by power or might, but by the Spirit of God*. And is it not so, clearly, *that* which caused your men to storm the breach so courageously, &c., and therefore it is good that *God alone* have all the glory!"

To be sure it was! This imp of hell set fire to the wooden steeple of the church, crammed with wretched fugitives, and as they fell blackened and lifeless corpses, the Puritan cried out that **DIVINE PROVIDENCE** had interfered, of course, to give success to his arms!

"From the same unquestionable authority—Cromwell himself—we learn that the murders were as cold-blooded as they were extensive; and continued long after the excitement of the contest had subsided. The hideous execution of the savage order for indiscriminate slaughter was continued during five days, with every circumstance of horror."—*Noble*.

The Parliament, on the receipt of this blasphemous epistle, describing the massacre, ordered a day of thanksgiving (first of November, 1649) to be set aside for addressing the Creator of the Universe, on this his *special interference*, in the murder of Drogheda! Yet this regicide and wholesale murderer—this worthy descendant of Nero and Eliogabalus—died quietly in his bed, under the protection of that Deity, whose name he had so blasphemously invoked!

It is no wonder that the "Curse of Cromwell" has passed into a proverb, or rather a malediction, among the Irish! The foregoing scene was only the first of a direful tragedy enacted in that unfortunate island by Cromwell and his generals!

TROPHIES.

“ Forgive, ye proud, th' involuntary thought,
If Memory o'er your tombs no trophies raise.”

JOURNEYING from Drogheda to Kells, we came to the side of a river, where an obelisk was erected on its banks. On inquiry, we found that this was the spot where King William crossed the Boyne, July 1, 1690, and defeated King James. The practice of erecting monuments commemorative of battles, sieges, and slaughters, especially among people of the same nation, has always appeared to me to have very little countenance in ethics, philosophy, or religion. Even the construction of the tall column to perpetuate the recollection of victories over our enemies, is of very doubtful policy—and certainly unsupported by the precepts of Christianity. The appeal to arms—the “ultima ratio regum”—is, at all times, a dire calamity. When this step is taken to decide the fate of contending factions in the same country, it is the greatest curse that offended Heaven can afflict on a guilty people! Can the commemoration of such events, by arches, statues, or pillars, conduce to future peace or harmony among nations or individuals? No man will answer in the affirmative! Do the tall columns in the PLACE VENDOMME and TRAFALGAR-SQUARE contribute to the harmony of Gaul and Albion? Does the pyramid on the banks of the BOYNE promote cordiality between Celt and Saxon? No, no! Do the precepts of the Divine Author of your Religion sanction such trophies? You dare not say yes! Oh, but such public monuments to heroic valour testify the gratitude of a nation to its distinguished warriors, and stimulate future heroes to imitate the example of the illustrious dead! Fine sentiments, no doubt, but not in accordance with the peaceful pre-

cepts of the Gospel. And, after all, these monumental records are far more likely to keep up hatred among nations and factions, than excite to heroism. The candidates for military fame require no such incentives as posthumous honours. A golden chain or a wooden leg—a gazette of promotion—a parliamentary vote—a pension or a peerage;—these are the tangible and operative stimulants to deeds of arms—and even without these, as in the case of common soldiers and sailors, the organ of pugnacity is generally so large, that men will seek the bubble reputation—“even in the cannon’s mouth.”

But trophies raised to the memory of those who have benefited not only their own country, but the whole human race, by arts, science, or literature, are free from all objection, and should be much more frequently seen than the pyramids and columns rising from soils fattened by the destruction of myriads massacred by the sword of ambition, or the fiend of civil war! How many hundreds has the very tune of the “Boyne Water” consigned to an untimely grave since the battle itself was fought! Perish such symbols of a nation’s woe—such sad memorials of a people’s strife!

ENNISKILLEN.

THE journey from Drogheda to Ballyshannon, on the Atlantic, takes us through some of the finest country in Ireland. At Kells, where we slept the first night, the survey of a round tower and a cluster of fine monastic and ecclesiastic ruins, by moonlight, afforded much food for reflection. This was once a place of great consequence; but now reduced to little more than a village. A temperance band played opposite the inn, to a late hour—its lively or melancholy airs being listened to with great earnestness and apparent pleasure by the collected villagers, who cheered the per-

formers, at the end of each tune. Two neat national schools, in one of which the band was placed, gave a cheerful aspect to the scene, as we contemplated it by full moon.

ENNISKILLEN itself is the INTERLACKEN of Ireland, and I wonder the comparison has not been made long ago. It is a neat and clean little town, nestling between two beautiful lakes, and on each side of the town rushes a crystal stream, pellucid as the "Arrowy Rhone." It is true that Enniskillen cannot boast of its pine-clad cliffs—its snow-capt alps—its glittering glaciers—magnificent cataracts—its Staubach, Giesbach, Richienbach ; but all these, and more, would the inhabitants of Interlacken and Thoun gladly exchange for the fertile fields waving with the golden grain, and the rich pasturages covered with herds, that everywhere surround the two finest lakes in Ireland ! The Loughs Erne, upper and lower, studded with nearly four hundred isles, of all sizes, are too little known to tourists, and even to the inhabitants of Ireland itself.

"Lough Erne, the admiration and delight of strangers, is scarcely known as an object of interest and beauty to the people of Ireland, and is rarely visited by them for pleasure. The nobility and gentry, who reside upon its shores, are, no doubt, proud of their charming locality, and boast its superiority over the far-famed lakes of Killarney. But Loch Erne will not thus be neglected or unappreciated much longer. Its beauties have been discovered and eulogized by strangers, who have taught us to set a juster value on the landscapes which Providence has given to our country."—*Dublin Penny Magazine*.

I will venture to say that there is scarcely a more beautiful drive in Europe than that between Enniskillen and Ballyshannon, along the banks of Lough Erne and the river which empties both lakes into the Atlantic. Ruined castles and Devenish Round Tower give an interest and variety to the scene, while the res-

toration of the latter to its pristine condition, conveys a more accurate idea of the original fire-temple than any description by words.

It is on a line drawn from Drogheda to Ballyshannon, that we clearly perceive the predominance of Scoto-Britannic over Celto-Milesian character. There is no definite or fixed line of demarcation, indeed, between the two Septs. They mix without amalgamating—they may become dove-tailed, but never fused together. It is true that the Protestant in the South of Ireland, and the Catholic in the North, experience some modifications of character, and especially of accent, by domiciliation among a Sept more numerous than their own; but still the Saxon and the Celt can never be confounded. They are *aliens to each other*, in blood, language, and religion!

Even on the line of the Erne, Ulster begins to exhibit unequivocally its peculiar features, as contra-distinguished from Munster—while Connaught and Leinster preserve something of a neutral ground, though with an overwhelming preponderance of the Milesian over the Caledonian. We see, as we enter Ulster, that the cabins become more substantial, comfortable, and water-tight—that cleanliness increases—that the pig and the cow are turned out of doors, and have separate quarters—that milk, or a scrap of fish or bacon is often added to the dinner of potatoes—that oatmeal, in some form or other, supplies the place of the potatoe, at breakfast and supper—that industry and economy are decidedly on the increase—that the flax (*linum usitatissimum*), gives twenty different kinds of employment to both males and females—as in pulling, steeping, spreading, scutching, hackling, spinning—and, lastly, weaving—that the clothes of men, women, and children, are less ragged and filthy—that the language is English, and the accent Scotch—that the Sabbath is much more strictly observed—that the Bible and Prayer-book are in far

more frequent use than in the South—that less wit and more wisdom prevails—that fiery excitability is softening down into sober sense—that much less of *reclaimable* land lies waste, though agriculture is almost entirely the support of the South; while arts, manufactures, and commerce are cultivated in the North—that calculation of the head predominates over enthusiasm of the heart—that mendicants are less numerous, and much less humorous—that bigotry, rather than superstition is in the ascendant—that *Catholicism* in Ulster, is as much abhorred as *heresy* in Munster. North of the Boyne and the Erne, we have no shillelaghs, “Repeal,” or Monster Meetings; but, in lieu thereof, we have Orange flags, “No Popery,” congregations of saints, and interminable sermons! Far to the North-east, we get entangled among tall chimnies, sable trains of smoke, belching steam, riant bleach-grounds, and the eternal click-clack of the shuttle.

These are a few of the characteristic features or phenomena that distinguish the Irish of the North from those of the South.

SALMON “BOUNCES.”

IRELAND having several great inland lakes, especially those of Erne, and the immense Lough Neagh—and the centre of Ireland being much higher than the coasts, the rivers descending from these lakes present several salmon-leaps, that almost deserve the appellation of waterfalls. Ballyshannon and Coleraine are two of the crack leaps, and nowhere do travellers draw longer bows than when they are describing the exploits of the scaly tribe in surmounting these formidable barriers of rock and water. The long “bounces” of the tourists, indeed, are only exceeded by the long “bounces” of the fish themselves, which are repre-

sented as springing over these foaming precipices, with as much ease and agility as a fox would bound over a sheep-fold! An idea may be formed of these salmon-leaps, by imagining that some great giant, like FIN MACOUL, for example, who having helped to build the Causeway from Antrim to Argyll, had emptied one of his carts laden with rocks and stones, of all dimensions, into the Thames at Richmond, thus forming a huge barrier from bank to bank, some twenty feet in height, and four times that in breadth at the bottom of the river. When the obstruction had raised the water behind till it began to pour over this great pyramidal dam, and descend on the London side, over a long slant, in foam and fury, we would have a good specimen of an Irish salmon-leap. The inferior or seaward slant, in the leap of Ballyshannon, is at least sixty or seventy feet in extent—that at Coleraine about as much. Now the salmon are described as coming up to the foot of the roaring cataract, and, after reconnoitring for a short time, making a bound right over into the smooth water beyond! To effect this, the animal must first leap to an elevation of more than twenty feet, and then fly, or at least progress, for forty or fifty feet more, in a horizontal direction, before it dares to venture on a plunge!! But the salmon, having no tours to *write*, though it has a great many tours and detours to *make* before it arrives at the placid lake—and not being supplied with fins, of the FIN MACOUL magnitude—trusts, almost entirely, to its tail, and scrambles or wriggles up the watery precipices as best it can, somewhat in the same way as SATAN is said to have passed a gulph of still more formidable character, partly by swimming, partly by wading, and partly by flying. The salmon picks its steps, as it were, up the rugged slant, sometimes swimming through the less precipitous gushes of blue stream—at others, springing over the points of rock that split the torrent into perpendicular falls of two or three feet—till at length it

reaches close to the summit of the barrier, and then leaps clean into the level water above. This feat accomplished, indeed, you see them springing out of the water, to a height of five or six feet into the air—but whether for joy, or for a fly, this deponent saith not.

This is the process, divested of romance and poetry, by which the salmon overcome the obstacles to their annual retreats into the smooth lakes. At Coleraine they have a wooden bridge across the summit of the leap, and, at certain seasons, weirs are placed, so as to allow the salmon to swim in, but prevent their getting out. The fish experience much less difficulty in their ascents of these break-waters than one would imagine at a first glance at the fall. There are, comparatively speaking, but few points where the water falls perpendicularly, and these points the salmon generally avoid;—seeking, in preference, the slanting portions, up which they can dart by the immense force of their tails. They even rest a little in the less rapid parts, or in the eddies, to recruit their strength for greater exertions in mounting the more turbulent and foaming sheets of water.

BUNDORAN.

FROM Ballyshannon, which is picturesquely situated on the side of a hill overlooking the Erne as it thunders over the rocks into the sea, we took a drive to Bundoran, one of the most celebrated watering-places on the Atlantic Coast of Ireland. We were told that a bed there, provided it could be procured at all, would cost at least five pounds per night! The little village is built along a kind of perpendicular wall that hangs over the sea, presenting only a scanty beach of sand, and even there I did not see a single bathing-machine. But the flat black rocks under the cliffs are hollowed out into baths, which the waves and tides, at high water,

wash well out, leaving them brim full of the briny Atlantic, clear as the bluest sky, and forming most magnificent dips for the invalid. The scenery too, of Bundoran, is very fine—the broad and boundless ocean westward, while towering cliffs and mountains rise behind.

DONEGAL.

TALK of Connemara or Kerry! This is the wildest of all the wilds of Ireland! Its huge mountains—its sea and land lakes—its perpendicular cliffs hanging over the roaring surge—its jutting headlands—its immense inlets resembling Mediterranean seas—its multitudinous isles and islands scattered along its shores—all bespeak some awful catastrophe—some stupendous convulsion, by water, fire, or both, that buried a Continent in the Atlantic surge, leaving a shattered angle, a mere fragment of it, above the deep—not indeed to tell the tale, but to shadow forth to the people of other and remote ages, the indications of some horrible tragedy!—

“ The reader must be referred to the map in order to form some idea of the peculiar character of the coast scenery of the northern districts of Donegal. It is utterly impossible to describe its surpassing grandeur, and our limits permit us only to notice its more leading and striking features. The natural wonders of the barony of Inishowen would alone supply materials for a volume. The stupendous hill-rocks and headlands that stand as barriers to the sea, are frequently covered by the spray of the Atlantic, dashed to a height almost inconceivable; miles upon miles of sandy deserts stretch along under the huge cliffs, without a single particle of verdure; ‘ hills and dales and undulating swells, smooth, solitary, and desolate, reflecting the sun from their polished surface of one uniform and flesh-like hue.’ Such are the

sands of Rosapenna. Caves of wonderful construction abound in all parts. One of the most remarkable is 'M'Swine's Gun,'—a prodigious cavity, into which the tide rushes with such force as to produce a sound louder than the report of any piece of artillery, and is said to be heard, at times, distinctly a distance of between twenty and thirty miles; occasionally the waters shoot up through a perpendicular shaft some hundreds of feet high into the air; altogether, perhaps, so extraordinary a natural marvel does not exist in the British dominions.

"Along this coast, too, is Torry Island,—inhabited by about five hundred persons, the greater number of whom have never visited the mainland; some years ago a few of its fishermen were driven on shore, and when returning to their island homes they took with them leaves of trees as the greatest curiosities they could show to 'their people;' here also is another Herculaneum—a town buried beneath the sand. Ruins of ecclesiastical structures, and of structures of ages far more remote, are to be encountered in every locality; places are pointed out where the sea-kings entered, and others where the druids held their most solemn rites; every spot has some tradition, there is scarcely a mile without a legend; and as the district is more primitive than any other portion of Ireland—the people adhering pertinaciously to their ancient language and their old customs—the county is immensely rich in stores for the antiquary, the historian, and the writer of fiction."—*Halls*.

We do not proceed far on our way from Ballyshannon northward, when a most malodorous effluvium salutes the olfactories of strangers, and puzzles them, not a little, as to its origin and nature. In the autumnal months, wherever we go in the North of Ireland this infernal malaria meets us. On looking around, we see either piles of black dripping flax that have just been dragged out of ponds—or the same material spread over the fields

to dry—and thence exhaling the most abominable stench that ever polluted the air of Heaven! One would expect that such masses of putrefying vegetable matters would spread disease and death in every direction. Nothing of the kind takes place! while the dreadful poison of the Maremma and the Pontine fens diffuses itself in the delightful breezes of Italy, no warning is given to the senses by the concealed but deadly foe, till the pestilent miasm has instilled its venom into the vital current, and sapped the foundations of health!

The drive from Strabane along the Foyle, northwards, is very pleasant—in some places beautiful, especially as we approach

LONDONDERRY.

As Enniskillen is the “Interlacken,” so Derry is the “JUNG FRAU” of Ireland—the maiden city. There she sits majestic on her lofty throne, crowned with a cathedral, and guarded by a church-militant—Warrior Walker, mounted on a tall column, with the Bible in one hand, but not now, a sword in the other. Derry and Limerick have earned immortal honours in history, by their bravery and devotion to opposite causes. Derry, with a handful of men, repulsed the Catholic forces, under King James—Limerick beat off the Protestant troops under King William. Limerick had the hardest fighting, even within her own walls and streets, in repelling disciplined and valorous troops:—Derry distinguished herself by gallant sorties beyond her gates. She had great advantages, however, over Limerick, in the strength of her walls, and the lack of discipline in her besiegers. Upon the whole, the balance of honour between the two cities, seems to be very nearly equipoised, and it is to be fervently hoped that the necessity for such exhibitions of heroism, as Derry and Limerick exhibited, will never again recur! It would be no great loss,

indeed, if the records of these exploits were buried in the Foyle and the Shannon!

The situation of this JUNE FRAU is very picturesque, and the view from the cathedral is romantic. The walls are in perfect preservation, and the ramparts of Derry are almost the only ones in Ireland that afford a fine walk round a whole city. But as compared with Belfast, Derry has a very dull appearance in the streets. A few guns still remain on the walls, and "ROARING MEG" among the rest; but I apprehend that she will never frighten another enemy, or cheer the spirits of another garrison.

One admirable custom I observed in Derry, or rather on leaving it—namely, that on crossing the long wooden bridge that strides the Foyle, on my way to Coleraine, the gate-keeper demanded double toll for my carriage! I asked him the reason for this? "Oh Sir, if you come back again, we will return you half the money." No explanation could I obtain for this most extraordinary tax on out-goers! But, on reflection, I would strongly recommend the hint to the Landlord Commission, and suggest the tax upon all absentees on leaving their native soil.

MATRIMONY.

WE have broken the fetters of slavery in the West—we are about to break the Spinning Jennies of the factory-girls in the North—and now some benevolent philanthropists, with Lord Brougham at their head, are engaged in the pious endeavour to lighten, or rather *loosen* the galling "*vincula matrimonii*," which have long bound together, in adamant chains, spirits the most repugnant—tempers the most uncongenial—and bodies the most dissimilar! Hitherto those horrible fetters on freedom, so opposed to the happy state described by Pope—

Where souls each other draw,
Where love is liberty, and Nature law,

have been so ponderous and massive that very few were able to cut them asunder—and these few only by hatchets, files, and sledge-hammers of solid gold! Lord Brougham, however, and his associate philanthropists, are said to have discovered a chemical process by which these chains may be so softened that a few strokes of a common hammer will knock them off, and thus liberate many hundreds, annually, from the direst yoke of domestic bondage. Some learned Theban, however, has evoked a talisman born in the dark ages, which, at one fell swoop, has torn away the chains of matrimony from hundreds and thousands in the Province of Ulster, by declaring the original marriage-contract illegal, and consequently void! The Dissenters here, are in a state of the utmost consternation, threatening an agitation more fierce and dangerous than the repeal agitation of the West!

But it is highly creditable to the Benedicts of Ulster that only one individual availed himself of the flaw in the marriage indictment, to repudiate his wife! If such a loop-hole had been discovered in England, how many thousands would have rushed to the opening! Yet the Ulster Dissenters not only disdained to take advantage of it, but spurned it with indignation, and raised their loud and unanimous voices against it! The Legislature, it is true, mitigated the evil, by putting a negative on the *retrospective* operation of the obsolete law, but left its prospective terrors and annoyances hanging over the people of Ulster. This, like all other half-measures, increased, rather than allayed the discontent, and added a new grievance to the list of unhappy Ireland's wrongs!

But I suspect that redress is not far off. No government, Whig or Tory, can afford to dispense with the countenance and support of Presbyterian Ulster. Although '98 can never return, there is a marvellous propensity in political opinions to revolve, like the earth, on their own axes, and turn up very much alike, though at

long intervals. The attachment of the Irish Dissenters to England is more owing to fear of Popery than love of Protestantism. Let not the Legislature or the High Church party offer insult to the religious privileges of the Presbyterians of Ulster, lest they assume the motto of their brother Thistles on the other side of the Channel—*Nemo me impune lacescit*.

While journeying North-east, especially between Derry and Ballycastle, we lose the music of the temperance bands, and get in exchange the chirping of the flying shuttle, wherever we go. Although the *weavers* of the North are better fed and better clad than the *peasants* of the South, yet they have a far less healthy aspect—far less brawny limbs—far less humorous countenances, than the Milesians. Their sedentary occupations, confinement within doors, and other causes, conspire to assimilate them, *physically*, with their factory brethren of Glasgow, Manchester, &c. But their insulated looms and solitary work render them infinitely superior, in a *moral* point of view, to the same class in England and Scotland, accumulated in mills and other manufacturing establishments, to the ruin of their minds as well as deterioration of their bodies.

At Coleraine, where we stopped a day, there is a large and a complete colony of hand-loom weavers, where the flying shuttle supplies the place of the steam-engine and machinery. But in the North of Ireland generally, there is hardly a cottage without a loom or two, so that agriculture and manufacture are not only carried on, as it were, under the same roof, but, for the most part, by the same individuals. Although this union of two vocations does not, perhaps, contribute to the perfection of either; yet, in a moral and sanitary point of view, it is, beyond all comparison, preferable to the factory-system.

COLERAINE WATERFALL.

THIS celebrated salmon-leap is about a mile above the town, and is worth seeing. The fall is not quite so great as at Ballyshannon, but has the advantage of a kind of wooden bridge over it, where one can stand and see the salmon working their way up the foaming torrent. I have already alluded to the exaggerations of tourists respecting the leaps which the fish take at these places. I do not believe that a salmon can possibly spring more than six feet out of the water at any time.

A part of the river Bann has here been turned out of its course to run through a sluice and work the machinery of a large mill, close to the waterfall. It is melancholy to see the walls standing, and the torrent uselessly running under the building, which is a complete ruin! Here is a magnificent WATER-POWER capable of working wonders, but without application to a single wheel! This is an emblem and illustration of Irish manufactories. Here can be no danger of investing capital. Antrim is as quiet as Middlesex; and, yet, except about Belfast, factories are rarely seen!

DALRIADA, OR THE GIANTS' CAUSEWAY.

WE now approach a locality the most remarkable, the most singular, of any that human eye has ever beheld on the surface of this globe—the romance of geology—the land of genii and giants—of “Antres vast” and cliffs terrific—of columns tall and fanes mysterious—of shattered spires and frowning ramparts—of broken arches, tottering pyramids, Titanic mounds, Cyclopean walls, majestic colonnades—emblems gigantic or grotesque of every thing that has been raised by human hands, but, in construction,

beyond the reach of human art! Wherever the eye wanders, we behold, as it were, a huge laboratory, a supernatural repository of materials for some incomprehensible undertaking by gods or demons, rather than man!

Oh, thou, whose soul the Muses lore inspires,
 Whose bosom Science warms, or Genius fires,
 If Nature charm thee in her wildest forms,
 Thron'd on the cliff, 'mid cataracts and storms;
 Or, with surpassing harmony array'd,
 In pillar'd mole, or towering colonnade,
 Seek DALRIADA's wild romantic shore—
 Wind through her valleys and her capes explore—
 Her torrents foaming down the mountain side,
 Rocks that in clouds grotesque their summits hide,
 Gigantic pyramids, embattled steeps,
 Bastions and temples nodding o'er the deeps,
 Aerial bridges o'er vast fissures thrown,
 Triumphal arches, gods of living stone—
 Æolian antres, thunder-rifted spires,
 And all the wonders of volcanic fires!

Here broken, shatter'd, in confusion dread,
 Towers, bridges, arches, gods and temples spread;
 Stupendous wrecks, where awful wildness reigns,
 While all th' ideal forms which fancy feigns
 Sweep the dun rack, and to the poet's eyes,
 In many a strange embodied shape arise!*

And not to the poet's eye alone do these and many other forms arise, while traversing this fairy land. Every one who has the slightest tincture of imagination, the least taste for the wild, the romantic, the wonderful in Nature, must be astonished, amazed, and delighted by the grand, the awful, and the mysterious scene that spreads itself out before him at the Giants' Causeway!

* Drummond's Giants' Causeway.

Ye cliffs and grots where boding tempests wail,
 Ye terraced capes, ye rocks, ye billows hail !
 Amazing scene, how wild, how wondrous grand,
 In circuit vast, the pillared shores expand !
 Great fane of God ! where Nature sits enshrined,
 Pouring her inspiration o'er the mind,—
 Mid pointed obelisks, and rocky bowers,
 And tessellated moles, and giant towers,
 She reigns sublime !

Those who have explored STAFFA on one side of the Channel, and the COLUMNÆ GIGANTIS on the other, must have come to the conclusion that these are merely the elevated extremities—(the “TÊTES-DE-PONT”)—of a huge chain of basaltic pillars stretching under the ocean from the coast of Argyll to that of Antrim. One portion of this stupendous bridge, or causeway, still stands in the midst of a boisterous ocean—namely, the Island of RATHLIN, exhibiting the same formation, and presenting perpendicular cliffs, of two or three hundred feet in height, to the foaming surge.

The Irish extremity of this mighty bridge, or partition, is on an infinitely grander scale than the Scottish. The pillars of Staffa are mere dwarfs compared with their brethren the “Irish Giants,” on the opposite shore. The basaltic columns of the Antrim coast rise to a stupendous altitude, and present a greater variety of grotesque, majestic, and fantastic figures than the clouds of an autumnal sky during a radiant setting of the sun ! But Staffa has been fortunate in having a FINGAL'S CAVE—and the “GREAT UNKNOWN,” among its poetical delineators. This most wonderful cavern, hollowed out of the basaltic isle, by the surges of ten thousand winters, presents such a close resemblance to a gigantic minster or cathedral, raised by the hand of Nature to the adoration of Nature's God, that the idea was instantly caught by the poet, and turned to an admirable purpose.

"Where, as to shame the Temple deck'd
 By skill of earthly architect,
 Nature herself, it seem'd, would raise
 A Minster to her Maker's praise!—
 Not for a meaner use ascend
 Her columns, or her arches bend;
 Nor for a theme less solemn tells
 That mighty surge that ebbs and swells;
 And still between each awful pause,
 From the high vault an answer draws,
 In varied tone, prolong'd and high,
 That mocks the organ's melody."

The terrific scene that presented itself, (but not to human eyes), when Nature upraised Staffa, the Causeway, and all the long line of intervening basaltic pillars from the burning bowels of the earth, must have been awful in the extreme! The molten rock probably converted the Hebridean ocean into a vast boiling cauldron, and filled the atmosphere with clouds of steam; thus joining the opposing cliffs of Caledonia and Hibernia by a gigantic bridge of crystallised basaltic pillars, whose pedestals were in the earth—whose capitals were in the air—and whose sides were washed by divided oceans!

How long this fire-formed barrier between two boisterous seas—this volcanic chain of connexion between two distant coasts, resisted the warfare of winds and waves, no record will ever be found! Nothing now remains on either of the shores, but enormous masses and countless myriads of basaltic columns, wedged into causeways, piled into cliffs, hollowed into caverns, bent into arches, and arched into temples!

Columns on columns piled! projecting here;
 Like some grey castle the tall rocks appear;
 There swelling on the sight, with gentle change,
 Slope the tall vista and descending range,

Till the dark surges and the curling spray
Close on the secrets of their onward way.*

It is no wonder that the superstitious peasant and unlettered fisherman should attribute the Causeway, which he sees projecting into the water, and visible for some space at the bottom of the sea in clear weather, to the work of gigantic, or even supernatural hands.

Yet oft the fisher, when the waters lie,
All calm beneath some bright autumnal sky,
Bending in curious gaze his eye profane,
Through the clear azure of th' unruffled plain,
Follows their course, and many a fathom deep,
Sees their light pillar'd forms around him sweep,
Bound the dark caves of Ocean to explore,
And join their brethren on IONA's shore.

Having visited and described Staffa, more than ten years ago,† I have no hesitation in giving the palm of superiority to the Giants' Causeway. The latter, indeed, compared with the former, is like a giant standing by a pigmy—a May-pole along side a walking-stick! Even Fingal's Cave, though more regular in its natural architecture, is far smaller and less imposing than the Grand Cave of the Causeway.

From Miss Henry's Hotel,‡ most romantically seated near the edge of one of the cliffs, we descended by a narrow, but not difficult path, to a rugged and rocky recess, where our boat and guide were waiting for us. There was not a cloud in the sky—not a zephyr breathing over the surface of the unruffled ocean. Nevertheless

* Palmer's Prize Poem.

† "Autumnal Relaxation in the Highlands and Islands."—1833.

‡ A lady now no more; but celebrated for her ultra sanctity, when alive.

there was a long and immense "ground swell," which came slowly rolling, at intervals of three or four minutes, breaking on the rugged rocks, with tremendous crash! Every third or fourth wave was a master one, rising several feet above its predecessors and successors, tossing the boat to a great height, and then leaving her in a profound abyss. Having got a few hundred yards from the shore, we rowed along the mighty basaltic range to the entrance of the grand cave, infinitely more deep, lofty, and tortuous than that of Fingal in Staffa. Into this we ventured, on the top of a high rolling surge, which roared along the rough and rugged sides with alarming fury, and a noise like thunder.

"Where yon dark shadowy rocks embower the wave,
Scooped in their mural height Dunkerry's cave,
As Fion's grot sublime, its arms extends,
And o'er the floods its dome high-arching bends:
A crimson zone its emerald walls surrounds,
Far, far within the hollow surge resounds;
Borne through the cleft's contracting sides we hear
Its echoes roll, where skiff ne'er dared to steer."^{*}

Our bold boats' crew did dare to steer into the very penetralia of this mighty cavern, though I confess I was by no means easy in my mind, as to their power of backing out again, or wheeling round in the narrowing windings of the cave, along the sides of which the surge was now breaking furiously, and the spray washing into the boat every half-minute! The cavern had now narrowed and darkened much, and we could scarcely see the distant entrance, when a man, sitting in the prow of the boat, fired off a musket, without warning, while the terrific thunder reverberated twenty times from sides and dome of the cave, with a deafening and stunning crash which I shall never forget! I

* Rev. Mr. Drummond.

would not advise timid females to explore the recesses of this cavern. When near the extremity, the boatmen, with great dexterity, first backed, and ultimately wheeled round, regaining the open day with safety.

We now pursued our survey of this wondrous coast, from the grand cave to Bengore head. The mighty and fantastic shapes which the rocks assume along this sea-board, might well kindle the poet's enthusiasm, and inspire his muse !

The Causeway, or rather triple mole itself, does not much attract the eye of the stranger, while surveyed from the cliffs above, or the ocean below. But when we land upon it, we are lost in astonishment.

———— Dark o'er the foam-white waves,
 The giants' pier the war of tempests braves,
 A far projecting, firm, basaltic way
 Of clustering columns wedged in dense array ;
 With skill so like, yet so surpassing art,
 With such design, so just in every part,
 That reason pauses, doubtful if it stand
 The work of mortal, or immortal hand !

The legend of the Giant's Causeway, we shall allude to presently. Meantime let us proceed eastward.

" Now round the mole, from Giants named of yore,
 Thy altar Nature, helm th' obedient prone ;
 How black, how firm, its adamantine sides
 Rise o'er the azure of the heaving tides !
 How proud th' indented bound of ocean lowers !
 What rocky theatres, and spires, and towers !"

" Ye heights of SPANIA hail !—for ever stand
 The strong terrific bulwark of the land !

What Muse, O PLEASKIN, in accordant lays,
To future times shall consecrate thy praise,
Thou noblest temple ever Nature's power
Built for her homage pure ?—In fancy's hour
Embodying fair the image of her mind,
She bade thy courts in circling beauty wind !
Row above row, with grandeur joined to grace,
Raised thy grey columns o'er their vermeil base ;
A solemn majesty around thee spread,
And with cerulean æther crowned thy head.
Most beauteous steep that shades the ocean tide,
The Muse's wonder and Ierne's pride."

" Then let me rove where Benmore's airy height
Aspires still nearer to the realms of light :
Gigantic steep, what massy pillars form
Thy breezy halls, thy palace of the storm ;
Waste, savage, wild, where not a blade of green
With cheerful tint adorns the solemn scene.
In vain the bee explores thy barren soil,
There blooms no flower to pay the wanderer's toil ;
But on thy fissured side, the Eagle proud
His eyry builds, and nestles in the cloud.
Those shattered rocks in waste terrific hurled
Around thy base, rent columns of the world ;
Thy splintery brow, deep-trenched through many an age,
Beneath the thunder's dint, and whirlwind's rage,
Stupendous wrecks, pre-eminently grand,
Declare that power whose high Almighty hand
Heaved thee from ocean.—Awe-struck as I gaze,
My soul is lost in mute adoring praise.
Since earth arose, majestic hast thou stood
Enthroned in tranquil grandeur o'er the flood ;
While states and empires grown to boundless sway,
Have withered, drooped, and perished from the day.
Thou too shalt fall, though seeming to defy
Th' eternal warfare of the sea and sky ;

Around thy base shall Dissolution twine,
And time's sure vengeance to thy center mine ;
The firm foundations of thy piers abrade,
And level with the surge thy proud facade."

I have not trespassed much on my reader's patience in this little volume, by the introduction of ridiculous and childish legends so plentifully scattered over every remarkable locality in Ireland. But I think I may claim three or four pages for the legend of the Giant's Causeway ; recorded as it has been by the elegant pen of the Rev. Mr. Drummond.

" From Albin oft, when darkness veiled the pole,
Swift o'er the surge the tartaned plunderers stole,
And Erin's vales with purple torrents ran,
Beneath the claymores of the murd'rous clan ;
Till Cumhal's son, to Dalriada's coast,
Led the tall squadrons of his Finnian host,
Where his bold thought the wondrous plan designed,
The proud conception of a giant mind,
To bridge the ocean for the march of war,
And wheel round Albin's shores his conquering car.

" For many a league along the quarried shore,
Each storm-swept cape the race gigantic tore ;
Each mighty artist, from the yielding rock,
Hewed many a polished, dark, prismatic block ;
One end was modelled like the rounded bone,
One formed a socket for its convex stone ;
Then side to side and joint to joint they bound,
Columns on columns locked, and mound on mound :
Close as the golden cells which bees compose,
So close they ranged them in compacted rows,
Till rolling time beheld the fabric rise,
Span the horizon, and invade the skies,
And, curved concentric to the starry sphere,
Mount o'er the thunder's path, and storm's career :

To Staffa's rock th' enormous arch they threw,
And Albin trembled as the wonder grew.

When first to Staffa's cavern'd shores they came,
They reared a palace of stupendous frame,
Worthy their chief, and honoured by his name :
Deep in the surge, the broad dense base they spread,
And raised to heaven the massy columns' head ;
High rose the rock-wove arch, and o'er the flood,
Like Neptune's fane the pillared structure stood,
Solemn, and grand beyond the laboured pile
Of Gothic fane, or minster's vaulted aisle.
Oft has its wild harmonious echoes rung,
As minstrels sweet to deeds of glory strung
Their deep-toned harps, or warrior chieftains strong
Raised the loud chorus of the martial song.
Now the lone sea-bird's melancholy wail
Sounds through the vault, and loads the murmuring gale ;
While thundering Ocean all his billows calls,
And rolls in foam along the fluted walls,
That back return such harmony of sound,
As if an hundred bards were ranged around,
Bowed o'er the columns, striving to disarm
The tempest's rage by music's sweetest charm ;
Or Ossian's thrilling harp, suspended high,
Trilled by Æolian minstrels' pensive sigh,
Awoke such notes as saints delighted hear,
Or angel spirits pour on mortal ear.

Now armed for war along their iron road,
Stern in their ire, the giant warriors strode ;
As files on files advanced in serried might,
How flashed their arms' intolerable light.

Then mighty deeds that giant race had wrought,
And bold beyond the muse's boldest thought ;
Had dared, perchance, with unresisted sway,
To force to Scandia's shores their onward way ;

Or like their earth-born sires, infuriate driven,
Had matched their arms against the might of heaven :
But deep dismay spread Albin's shores around,
When crouding frequent to each sacred mound
Of rocks, or crags that ne'er felt chisel's stroke,
By hill or glen, or wood of hallowed oak ;
Bards, Druids, Warriors, as their altars blaze,
For aid, for vengeance loud petitions raise ;
Three days thrice told, on Odin loud they call,
Each day sees thrice three human victims fall.

' Rise mighty Odin, rise in power divine,
And sink to Hela's gulf our foes and thine,
These sons of Frøst, whom mad ambition goads
To brave thy power, and scale thy blest abodes.'

Throned on dark clouds, dread Odin heard from far,
In icy realms beneath the northern star,
Where in Valhalla's courts his warlike train
Quaff the brown draught from skulls of heroes slain :
Deep-moved he rose, and soon with loud alarms
Heaven's pavements rang, as Odin rushed to arms.
Swift down the bow of many a fulgent dye,
Bridge of the Gods, th' immortal footsteps hie ;
Hail, sleet, and darkness, o'er his bosom spread,
The rush of waters roared around his head,
While wrapt in light'ning and devouring storm,
He swept the winds, a dim terrific form ;
Aloft in wrath his brandished arm he raised,
Bright in his hand the hissing thunder blazed,
While on the centre of the arch he stood,
And sent his potent mandate o'er the flood.

' Arise,' he cried, ' ye ministers of ire,
Ye hurricanes, ye floods, and red-winged fire ;
Arise, go forth in congregated might,
And whelm these impious toils in lasting night.'

Then livid fires the vault of heaven o'ercast,
High rose the floods, and furious howled the blast ;
Then Lochlin's Gods in might resistless came ;
Thor's mace impetuous smote the trembling frame ;
The sister fates, twelve dark tremendous shades,
Sang their dire spells, and waved their shining blades,
While Loke and Hela, from their chains unbound,
Shook to its rooted base the yawning ground :
Then tossed each isle, and cliff, and rugged steep,
Wild rolled the mountains like a stormy deep,
And crashing, roaring, thundering loud to heaven,
Down rushed the arch, in shattered fragments riven,
With horrid din, as if th' exploding ball,
And heaven's rent pillars mingled in their fall.

Deep in the dreary caves of ocean lie
The ponderous ruins far from mortal eye :
Yet each abutment of the structure stands
A proud memorial of the giant bands,
Through earth's extended realms renowned afar,
As great in peace, and terrible in war.
And then, if earth to heaven in arms opposed,
Might aught avail, in conflict had they closed
With Lochlin's gods, and Odin, taught to feel,
Had rued the dint of Fion's better steel.
But by enchanted spells unnerv'd they stood,
Fixed to the beach, till horror chilled their blood,
And total change pervading nerve and bone,
Hard grew their limbs, and all were turned to stone.
Now oft their shadowy spectres, flitting light,
Croud to their favourite mole at noon of night,
In fancy's eye, the curious toil pursue,
And all the tasks that pleased in life renew.
One, huge of stature, dark beneath the gloom,
Grasps in his brawny hand the mimic loom ;
One rides the lion rock ; in cadence low,
One bids the organ's beauteous structure blow ;

While far aloof on yon lone column's height,
Their Lord and Hero glories in the sight.

Thus grey Tradition tells the wondrous tale,
And Fancy's visions thus for truth prevail."

It has been my lot—my good or my bad fortune—to wander over a great portion of this earth's surface, and visit many of the most celebrated localities and wonders which it presents. Few of these have interested me more than Staffa and the Giants' Causeway, especially the latter; yet some have declared that they were entirely disappointed in both these natural curiosities! I have related, in my account of Staffa, twelve years ago, an anecdote of a gentleman who accompanied me to Fingal's Cave; but who sat down at the entrance, and remained there while we were exploring the Island. On asking him the reason of this apathy, he replied that he considered himself "a d——d fool for coming such a distance, and all to see a *whéen of great stanes*." It will scarcely be credited that one of our latest tourists in Ireland, compares the Giants' Causeway to the boat-pier at the Hungerford Stairs! If this does not "bang Bannagher," I know not what does! Had this traveller surveyed St. Peter's at Rome, he would, doubtless, have shrugged up his shoulders, and averred that it was a mere bagatelle, compared with the Burlington Arcade in Piccadilly.

Such was not the estimate formed of the GIANTS' CAUSEWAY by innumerable travellers, who had explored its singular scenery. I shall only quote one sentence from the talented Mr. and Mrs. Hall.

"Surely our account—poor and weak as it is—of the most singular, peculiar, and marvellous production of Nature, is sufficient to direct towards it the attention of the tourist, who seeks, year after year, the excitement and refreshment to be derived

from travelling. To what part of Europe can he proceed, with greater certainty of deriving from his visit more enjoyment or more information." Vol. 3, p. 175.

THE IRISH CORNICHE.

AFTER visiting the picturesque ruins of Dunluce Castle, and other lions of the coast, we proceeded to Carrickfergus by Ballycastle, Cushendall, Glenarm, Larne, &c. along a road which, I have no hesitation in saying, is equal, if not superior to, the Corniche, or celebrated new road along the Mediterranean shore from Nice to Genoa.

" Looking back towards the beautiful Castle of Glenarm, the whole scene was enchanting. Such a combination of fine coast scenery beggars all description. But we must pass rapidly onward along this delicious road—lamenting, almost at every mile, that we are unable to do it justice."—*The Halls*, vol. 3.

I was informed that two late ex-ministers passed along this beautiful road, by night, in the mail, to visit the Causeway! This was saving time with a vengeance!

It was on this road, between Ballycastle and Glenarm, that I passed a locality which reminded me of Auld Lang Syne. It is CARRICK A REDE, where a bridge of ropes is thrown across a yawning precipice to a little basaltic island, for the purpose of salmon-fishing. It is now some forty years, since I crossed a similar bridge in Shetland, stretching from a bold promontory of the main island to NOSS ISLAND. The Shetland bridge is different from the Irish. It consists of a basket in which you sit, and haul yourself over between two ropes, while the rolling surge foams against the rocks, 80 or 100 feet beneath! It requires good nerves to cross either of the bridges.

CARRICKFERGUS.

HERE is a little old town—with a little ugly castle—a couple of small inns—a few narrow streets—a sprinkling of third-rate shops—a miniature mole, protecting a tiny fishing-boat harbour—with mud to the East—mountain to the West—mills to the South—and the Mull of Cantyre to the North. Voila Carrickfergus. From this to Belfast, we are, unequivocally, in the land of long chimnies, white houses, and jet-black smoke, with the Cavehill on our right, and a large lough on our left. The scene altogether indicates wealth, industry, and manufacture.

BELFAST.

BELFAST is the Athens of Ireland—the Manchester of Ulster—the Glasgow of Antrim. It is the patron of letters—the seat of science—the mart of manufactures—the emporium of arts, trade, and commerce. It *is* (I believe) liberal in its politics. It *was* (I know) liberal—and “something more.”* In religion, it leans much more to Presbyterianism than to Episcopalianism; but has a large infusion of Romanism and Methodism, with several other minor *isms*, which would puzzle the Twelve Apostles, did they revisit the earth, to either define or understand! Wherever you turn in this metropolis of the North, you see indications of sober care and indefatigable industry in every countenance and every workshop. Were a Scot, who had never ventured beyond the boundaries of bonny Scotland, to be carried over the Channel in his sleep, and set down in Belfast, he would, after looking well around him, be a little surprised at his having overlooked this handsome city in his “ain countree.” And if an Englishman,

* Some of the happiest years of my life were spent in this town.

similarly circumstanced, were dropped from a ballæon into High Street, would, to a certainty, conclude that he had been landed in Glasgow. There is no town in Ireland, where the population has so rapidly increased, during the last fifty years, as in Belfast—and that without such an augmentation of misery, crime, or mortality, as might have been anticipated. But Belfast need not expect to escape the evils which steam and machinery, sooner or later, bring in their train!

SPINNING JENNIES.

BELFAST and the “Shore,” are the localities for factories and thread mills. In one factory alone, my worthy friend Mr. Mulholland, has a *harem* of only *five hundred* handsome girls! What an unconscionable Turk! In order that such a number of females may not keep their master in hot water, he keeps them in hot air, and, strange to say, all in full employment!

“They work in huge long chambers, lighted by numbers of windows, hot with steam, buzzing and humming with hundreds of thousands of whirling wheels, that all take their motion from a steam-engine, which lives apart in a hot cast-iron temple of its own, from which it communicates with the innumerable machines that the five hundred girls preside over. They have, seemingly, but to take away the work when done—the enormous monster in the cast-iron room does it all. He cards the flax, combs it, spins it, beats it, and twists it! The five hundred girls stand by to feed him, or take the material away from him when he has had his will of it. There is something frightful in the vastness as in the minuteness of his power. Every thread writhes and twirls as the steam-fate orders it—every thread, of which it would take a hundred to make the thickness of a hair!!”—*The Halls.*

Although these factory girls have not got their “ten hours’

bill,"—being obliged to work twelve hours out of the twenty-four—they are yet apparently healthy and happy.

On a first glance at an establishment of this kind, and at 500 young women busy at work, and earning good wages, one would be inclined to exclaim, what a blessing have steam and machinery conferred on Old England! But, on a closer examination, several startling considerations present themselves to the mind's eye. We find, on a little calculation, that these five hundred girls produce, by aid of the engine, as much work as five thousand could do without it:—thus throwing, as it were, four thousand people out of employment! It is said that Minerva sprang from the brain of Jove:—it is certain that the brain of man has given birth to a gigantic power, not, indeed, supernatural, but at least super-human, which is destined, in all probability, to become, one day, his master rather than his servant. This modern "Frankenstein," or more properly speaking, "FRANKENSTEAM," though yet in his infancy, casts all the exploits of fabulous giants into the shade! His progeny are already numerous, and have divided themselves into three distinct classes or branches, but all of the same nature, and all exhibiting similar Herculean might. One class have taken to the *road*, and work their huge velocipedes with tremendous force and swiftness. Another have chosen the *water*, and impel, by paddles, a thousand vessels, without the aid of oar or sail. But the third have located themselves in mills and factories, where, by the assistance of a few feeders, they whirl innumerable machines and myriads of spindles, performing more work in an hour than half a million of men would effect in a day! This factory FRANKENSTEAM has something malignant in his nature. He is a MOLOCH to whom the sacrifice of human life must be daily offered. He will not labour even ten hours a day, unless immolations of virgins and matrons are made at his shrine. He argues thus: "These Islanders cannot find a market for

their redundant manufactures, unless they can undersell foreigners abroad :—they cannot manufacture cheap enough for that, unless I work twelve hours a day :—I *will not* work so, without ‘ my pound of human flesh ’—without the daily sacrifice of human life on my altar.” This is literally the fact ! The population annually *increases*—employment does not increase in proportion ; nay, it *decreases*, in consequence of the constant substitution of machinery for manual labour. I hold it to be physically impossible that these two states or conditions can, for any length of time, co-exist, or run parallel. They must impinge or clash, and thus produce some violent crisis, endangering the social frame of society in this country !

A time will come—aye, and soon, too—when a rising competition on the Continent will render a twelve hours’ labour in our factories insufficient, and compel an extension to fourteen, or even sixteen hours, with a corresponding sacrifice of human life, health, and happiness to the Moloch FRANKENSTEAM ! Visionaries and enthusiasts may expect some undefined and unintelligible change in human affairs—some interposition of Providence—to rescue them from the approaching danger ; but the Almighty will not alter the laws that govern the world, to favour the cupidity of a grasping and money-making people !

The great mass of man and woman kind, from the first records of the world, have laboured for their bread in toil and misery ; and it is but too probable that their condition will deteriorate, rather than improve, as the earth becomes more and more covered with inhabitants. In respect to the females of factories, in this country, there is one, and only one measure that seems calculated to stave off the evil day—and that only for a time—the resolution of England to supply the Continent with *cheap* manufactures, in return for a supply of *cheap* bread to its own half-starving and hard-working inhabitants.

THE WARDS IN CHANCERY,

OR PAST AND PRESENT.

A LADY, far advanced in life, and with a most numerous offspring—children, grand-children, and great grand-children, almost innumerable, could trace her pedigree to a very remote antiquity. Many of them had been feudal barons of great wealth, power, and territorial possessions. But feuds and dissensions prevailed among them, and some of them called in the assistance of the stranger, who ultimately dispossessed them of most of their estates and castles, reducing them to a condition of vassalage. Wars, rebellions, and confiscations followed, and what little of the old lady's property remained, was thrown into Chancery, which completed her ruin, or nearly so. The scanty pittance doled out by the *Court* to the mother, and her numerous family, scarcely sufficed to keep body and soul together, and the greater part of them were obliged to earn their bread by the sweat of their brow—and that with difficulty. Some of the family, indeed, by intermarriages, and other means, acquired property; but, ashamed of their poor relations, they removed, generally, to other countries, and there spent their money, augmenting by their ingratitude the distress and penury of those they had left behind.

The aged mother and the wretched wards were strongly, almost bigotedly, attached to the faith of their forefathers, which was not that of the Court, and, from their scanty means, were obliged to raise a small stipend for pastors of their own persuasion; yet the flinty-hearted Court stopped out of their miserable allowance a *tenth-part* for payment of the Court chaplains! This was looked upon as great cruelty—insulting to their religion, and pauperising to themselves. They were even stigmatised by the

Head Master in Chancery, as "aliens in blood, language, and religion."

But as time rolled on, the wards multiplied amazingly :—Poverty appearing to render them only more prolific. The rising generation, however, did not forget their own and their aged parent's wrongs.—On the contrary, they felt them more keenly, and complained of them more loudly. One of her grandchildren was born with unusual talent, and became an eloquent orator. He studied the law, and was, or professed to be, a zealous disciple of the religion of his forefathers. He declaimed with great force against the injustice which his mother and his brother wards had received from the Court of Chancery. The Court was about to commit him to prison, for contempt, when several of the MASTERS were induced to look into the accounts, and fearlessly pronounced that the said wards had been unjustly deprived of many of their rights, on account of their religious tenets, and were entitled to redress. This declaration brought a great number of friends into the field, to advocate the widow's cause and that of her orphan children—and the consequence was, that the Court gave way, and the wards were emancipated from a considerable degree of thralldom.

Still the wards continued to multiply in numbers, but not to increase proportionally in wealth—while discontent rather augmented than declined. The Court would remit no part of the stoppages from her allowance for the pay of the State chaplains, nor give any thing for the support of her own clergy. This preyed upon her mind constantly, and not many years elapsed before the old lady evinced rather unequivocal symptoms of a disturbed intellect. The word "EXODUS" was frequently on her lips, both when sleeping and awake, and she soon afterwards began to hint to her friends that her name was "ISRAEL," [perhaps from some remote resemblance to her maiden-name IRNE]—that her children were, of course, the Children of Israel—that the Court of

Chancery was the Court of Pharaoh—and that she and her heritage were in a state of bondage and captivity under the King of Egypt. Her favourite grandson, the orator, patriot, and lawyer, was always considered by the old lady as a “Second DANIEL,” and was now transformed in her imagination into a second MOSES, who was to be the LIBERATOR of his brethren from the Egyptian yoke, and conduct them in safety to the Land of Promise. DAN was not slow to catch at this idea of his grand-mamma, and forthwith announced himself as the man who was destined by Providence to break the chains of the Court of Chancery—remove the suit of his tribe to another and domestic tribunal, where JUSTICE would be administered with impartiality, and all wrongs would be redressed. This LAND OF PROMISE was to be a most beautiful island—an ATLANTIS in the Western Wave—

“ First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea.”

No wonder that these “ golden visions and romantic dreams ” should subjugate the understandings, and turn the brains, not only of the “ Children of Israel,” but of great numbers of their neighbours, so that the illusion or delusion became epidemic, as it were, and thousands flocked to the standard of MOSES the LIBERATOR ! The Court of Chancery now became alarmed lest its authority should be deposed, its jurisdiction curtailed, and its business removed.

A council of all the great officers of the Court was now convened, and with the view of issuing a statute of lunacy against Israel and her son Moses, or, at all events, a “ *ne exeat Regno*,” two state physicians were requested to examine the parties, and report on their condition, and the proper remedy to be applied. The Court doctors, however, could not entirely concur, either as to the precise nature of the malady, or the proper mode of treatment. They agreed, indeed, that the disorder was a kind of

nondescript-mania or delusion—a species of CHANCERO-PHOBIA—but the elder physician, who had been an old army practitioner, maintained that this delusion was occasioned by inflammation of the brain, and that nothing but the strait-waistcoat and copious blood-letting would effect a cure. The younger MEDICO, who was somewhat smitten with homœopathy, argued that the intellectual obliquity was of a purely moral nature, and not to be removed by physical means, especially by the system of sanguineous depletion recommended by his brother practitioner. He thought that while Israel and her children were quiet, and only raved about their EXODUS,—their ATLANTIS,—their hatred of the SAXON, and of the Court of Chancery,—they might be safely allowed to expend their preachings and their excitement, without coercion, strait-waistcoats, or the lancet.* But as monomania sometimes took on a suicidal or homicidal character, he coincided in opinion with the other consultant, that all instruments of mischief should be taken from them, such as knives, forks, scissors, bodkins, penknives, knitting-needles, long corking-pins, spits, skewers, &c. &c. &c. by which either life or limb might be damaged by the Israelites. In addition to these precautions, it was deemed advisable to station a large corps of able-bodied KEEPERS at convenient distances, but out of sight, to be ready, in cases of emergency, to control the monomaniacs, and coerce them, if necessary.

* None of the doctors pronounced a direct judgment on the remote, or *predisposing* causes of the monomania; but only on the immediate or *exciting* cause, which they pronounced to be the orations of MOSES. They entirely overlooked—or rather they would not notice, the long-continued injustice and delays of the Court of Chancery—the deaf ear which the Court for ever turned to the prayers and petitions of the Israelites—but especially the extortions of the Court by levying heavy taxes for the support of chaplains whose sermons they could not believe or listen to.

It was, at first, proposed to brand, with a red-hot iron, the *foreheads* of the Children of Israel, in order that they might be easily recognized, wherever they went; but this badge of degradation was considered to be too cruel, and the mark was transferred to their *arms*, as more easily concealed.

Meantime Moses preached to the Israelites, with such force and eloquence, that tribe after tribe joined him in the cry of *EXODUS! EXODUS!* till his disciples far outnumbered the original tribes of Israel when they escaped from the iron yoke of Pharaoh! The ancient followers of Moses were a stiff-necked, turbulent, discontented, rebellious crew, as compared with those of the modern Lawgiver. If the *latter* held up his finger, the countless multitudes from Dan to Beersheba were as still and mute as the Dead Sea—or, on the other hand, with one universal acclamation, they made the vault of Heaven ring with their solemn vows of unlimited obedience and devotion! Perhaps so vivid, and, at the same time, so extended an enthusiasm was never before witnessed on the surface of this globe! It was not a political epidemic, like those which have often spread rapidly over communities. It was a delirium—a monomaniacal dream of an earthly Millenium, more extravagant than ever entered the imagination of a Tertullian or a Lactantius! The new ATLANTIS was to be free from wars, murders, feuds, or frauds. Its LAWS were to be the result of “absolute wisdom,” being generated in a “DOMESTIC CHANCERY,” where the quibbles of the long robe were to have no place. The land was to overflow with milk and honey—and the tenure of the soil was to be fixed and eternal as the laws of gravitation and attraction! No rich man, or elder of the people, was to cross seas and squander away his wealth among the Gentiles. All rulers and legislators were to be freely and openly elected from the people and by the people—the vote of the humble tiller of the soil being equal to that of the great man who cloathed in purple, and fed sumptuously every day.

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THE WARDS IN CHANCERY.

attracted by curiosity, or other motive, to listen to some eloquent lamentations of Moses. This gave dire offence to the Court, and the Chancellor immediately discharged them from their offices. Instead of intimidating others, as was expected, this imperious, not to say impolitic, measure, induced more, of the same class, to attend at the orations of the VERRES, and even to resign their situations in disgust, and join the banners!

The Leader of the Israelites now rapidly gained strength in popularity, and numbers; while contributions flowed into the exchequer more freely than ever. About this time, Moses ascended a high hill, where many of the Kings of Israel had lived in splendour, and were buried in pomp. And he called to his brethren to come and listen to his words. And such multitude immediately assembled on the hill, that they could not be counted. Moses pointed to the mounds of earth that enclosed the ashes of their Kings and Princes, and assured them that their spirits were hovering in the clouds above them, cheering them on to the liberation of their country! This assertion excited the utmost enthusiasm among the assembled thousands; while one of the HIGH PRIESTS of the tribe of DAN, denounced the wrath of Heaven against all those who faltered in the great and glorious cause, or accepted any boon from the Court, short of complete independence! A recent mound of earth on this hill was pointed to, where the bodies of their slaughtered brethren had, some time previously, been buried, for daring to resist the unjust laws of the Court of Chancery, and multitudes pledged themselves on bended knee, to avenge the manes of their unfortunate countrymen. Moses, emboldened by this Leviathan assemblage, travelled through the country—collecting myriads of the poor together, and promising them a speedy emancipation from the thralldom of the Court.

He now built a New Court of Chancery, on the banks of a river, at a short distance from the Old Court, and summoned three hundred "MASTERS IN CHANCERY" of his own tribe, to perform the functions of the Saxon Institution, and supersede its powers.

Meantime, the Old Court itself began to shew symptoms of alarm, especially when Moses announced that he would muster half a million of his followers under the very walls of the Court, and there bid defiance to its authority! This was not to be borne; and a POSSE COMITATUS was organised to disperse the multitude, if they attempted to disobey an Order in Council commanding the people to stay at their own homes. Strange to say, Moses, who was always a stickler for LEGALITY, instantly countermanded the assembling of the tribes, and ordered them all to obey even the *semblance* of law from the Old Court! The tribes returned to their hearths, in strict obedience to the proclamation.

It being now manifest that the HALLUCINATION had spread throughout nearly the whole of the people, and that the homoeopathic treatment prescribed by one of the Court Physicians, had proved totally useless, the elder, or allopathic doctor was called in and consulted. He stated that, having watched the whole proceedings of Moses and his brethren, he had no doubt in his mind that they were all insane. But he thought that if the ring-leader, the High Priest, certain of the Scribes, and a few of the Elders were rendered incapable of mismanaging their affairs by means of a Statute of Lunacy, their followers would probably return to their senses. Nothing short of this, together with the strait-waistcoat, and close confinement on bread and water, would be of the slightest efficacy. This advice was followed by the Court, and Moses, together with the High Priest, the Scribes, and chief leaders were cited to appear before a jury who were to

test their sanity, and decide whether or not they ought to be permitted to be abroad and at liberty.

Great was the astonishment of Moses and the tribes at this sudden and unexpected change from homœopathy to allopathy in their treatment. Peace and obedience to the laws, however, were proclaimed by the leaders, and the agitation of the masses apparently ceased—like the subsidence of the ocean waves, by the effusion of oil over their surface!

Strenuous exertions were made by Moses and his associates to evade or protract this jury-test, as though they entertained some apprehensions that their words and actions, in the height of their career, would not wear the appearance of perfect sanity during a calm inquiry. Their anger—perhaps grief—was greatly increased when they saw that all of their own tribe, who happened to be on the list of the panel, were struck off by the Court—thus diminishing the chance of the verdict being in favour of their soundness of mind!

At length twelve men of the new faith were impannelled, and sworn to decide the fate, or at least the freedom, of Moses and his brethren. The trial was long indecisive, the accused having called to their assistance several of the most eloquent orators in the land to advocate their cause, and prove to the world that they were as “*COMPOS MENTIS*” as the judges on the bench, or the jury in the box. One of these orators electrified the whole Court by his bursts of impassioned eloquence, and so carried with him the astonished and delighted audience, that had the jury been put on their decision at the close of his appeal, there can be little doubt that the verdict would have been in favour of the IERNIANS.

In the course of this solemn investigation, one of the most remarkable scenes took place that have ever presented themselves at any tribunal of the kind, since laws were first established for

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and even the Monarchy! He asked them could that be a "*Conspiracy*," which was publicly proclaimed, in open day, on hills and mountains—on plains and valleys—in crowded halls—and in squares, streets, and on house-tops, where the agents, spies, and informers of the Court were invited to attend, and provided with seats? True, he declared that his brethren were in bondage—that the descendants of the original lords of the soil were now servants of the stranger—hewers of wood, and drawers of water—that their trade, commerce, and handicrafts were all crippled or annihilated by the partial laws of their oppressors—that their religion was reviled and despised, though it was the original faith of their persecutors. Was the attempt to procure a *repeal* of these unjust laws any proof of insanity? If so, there was an epidemic insanity now prevailing over the land! What proof of insanity, during the nine months over which the impeachment was spread, did he exhibit, half so glaring or unequivocal, as that which the PERSECUTOR-GENERAL himself, produced in open court? Did he (Moses) or any of his brethren, break the peace, or incite others to do so? Did he not, on the contrary, in every address to his countrymen, exhort them to act peaceably and legally—to refrain from every word or deed calculated to cause riot or bloodshed? Was this the act of either a madman or a conspirator? But of what use could it be to address a packed jury who had gone into the box prejudiced against him, and fully persuaded that he was labouring under madness, and that, too, "with method in it." He was not tried by his peers—but by those who considered him and his brethren as ALIENS in their own native land! Yes, aliens in blood, in language, and in religion.

They believed him to be labouring under a delusion. Alas! it was the judges and jurors that were blinded by a delusion, and predetermined to find him insane, so that he might be de-

prived of his liberty! True, the State Physicians had certified that he was "*non compos*," on a particular subject. But are the doctors themselves exempt from monomania? Did we not see some of them affected by hydromania, or the water delusion—others with homeo-mania—a third with Mesmero-mania—and all of them exhibiting money-mania? What credit, then, can be attached to their decisions respecting the state of intellect in others?

He stood at that tribunal, composed wholly and solely of his enemies and oppressors, the real *aliens* of the land; and in the midst of seven millions of his brethren, the original proprietors of the soil, all of whom were carefully excluded, on account of their religion, from sitting in judgment on his trial!! From such a Bench and Jury-box it would be vain to expect either justice or mercy; but he reminded them that there were two other tribunals—those of HEAVEN and of POSTERITY, whose verdicts would not be swayed by the passions, the prejudices, and the animosities of his contemporaries; and would ultimately do justice to himself and his countrymen!

The Persecutor-General was determined to have the last word as well as the first, and made a long oration, with the view of obliterating the defence of Moses from the minds of the Court.

The Judges then had a long conference respecting the nature of the charge to the Jury. It puzzled them sorely to form a definition of monomania, for no two doctors agreed in defining the malady! But they experienced still more difficulty in connecting the partial insanity with the "conspiracy" in the indictment. They could not clearly ascertain whether the said "conspiracy" was produced by the sound or the unsound portion of the brain; yet, on this a great deal of the culpability rested.

The Chief Justice, MINOS, however summed *up*—or rather laid

down the law, in a tone and manner, that could leave but one impression on the jury respecting the sanity or insanity of Moses and his followers.

The deliberation of the jury lasted longer than was expected, considering the nature of its composition, the arguments of the Bar, and the Charge of the Bench.

VERDICT.

“ We find that *MOSES*, commonly called the ‘ Second DANIEL,’ labours under a malady, termed ‘ MONOMANIA AGITANS’—a dangerous species of delusion:—that he has been in this state since the *first of April* last, and during that period incapable of managing his affairs—and, finally, that the said malady is as highly infectious as the plague itself, and is communicable by personal contact, by the breath, or even by the pen, ink, and paper, which he uses.”

Immediately this alarming verdict was pronounced, MINOS put on his yellow, or orange-coloured nightcap—the signal of “ plague in the Court”—and sprinkled chloride of lime very plentifully over the Bench. But as the case was one of a very peculiar character, he deferred judgment for a few weeks, in order to take the opinion of the twelve judges in the upper world, and the Court of Chancery itself, as to the steps that ought to be pursued in such a perilous state of things.

During this long and important investigation into the state of mind of Moses and his followers, two or three occurrences took place shewing that monomania or *partial illusion* is really contagious. In the *first* place, there could be no doubt about the focus of infection—*MOSES* himself *fancying* that he was the saviour and Liberator of his brethren and country. In the *second* place, the Persecutor-General evinced, at one time, unequivocal

symptoms of mental delusion; for he *fancied* that he was on Wimbledon Common fighting a duel! *Thirdly*—Minos himself, towards the conclusion of the trial, lost or forgot the records of some years of his life—the latter years—and *fancied* that he was still *at* the Bar, instead of being *on* the Bench!

Fourthly, the jury appeared to labour under a *partial* illusion—for they *fancied* that the *opinion* of the Judge was the *law* of the land. They naturally argued thus:—"What is a JUDGE for, but to *decide* between right and wrong—between sanity and insanity? It was clear as the sun at noon-day, from the looks interchanged between the three judges (and three are as good as three hundred) that *they* considered Moses to be mad—and mad therefore *we* pronounce him *to be*."

But, notwithstanding that judge and jury determined Moses to be insane, and his insanity to be highly contagious, the Court permitted him to go at large through the land without let or hindrance, still harping on his monomania, and predicting that he would soon deliver his brethren out of the hands of Pharaoh and his Court! Stranger still—wherever Moses went, he was hailed with acclamations—fêted—feasted—and considered, even by thousands who had formerly been his enemies, to be in his perfect senses—and to be a victim to the Court! In fact, a general impression prevailed—no doubt erroneous—that Moses had not had a fair trial—that the Judge was partial—the Jury packed—and the law twisted! The Court flatterers laboured hard to prove that the two latter objections were groundless, but they seemed to leave MINOS to his fate—although he had evinced the most extraordinary zeal in the cause of the Court, and displayed the most heroic bravery in "charging" its enemies!

Although the "IDES of MARCH" were this year put off till the middle of April, thereby giving Moses and his brethren a great

immunity from imprisonment and extension of their liberty, yet the period at length arrived—

“ Big with the fate of *MOSES* and his Cause.”

We know the past and we see the present ; but shadows, clouds, and darkness are wisely spread over the future, into which the eye of man cannot penetrate. We are told that the history of the past is a pretty good index to the future ; but this is not the case. Man's nature, passions, propensities, indeed, remain nearly the same ; but the affairs of man are perpetually undergoing changes. Have the states and conditions of the Assyrians, Babylonians, Hebrews, Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans continued the same ? Has any one of them ever come round a second time to the same height which it had once previously attained ? History, therefore, is not a strict criterion of, or index to, the future. But even if it were,—a retrospect would open no very cheering prospect to the eye of the statesman, the philosopher, the philanthropist, or the divine, as far, at least, as *MOSES* and his *CAUSE* are concerned.

Good unexpected, evil unforeseen
Appear by turns, as fortune shifts the scene—
Some, raised aloft, come tumbling down again,
And fall so hard, they bound and rise again !

THE END.



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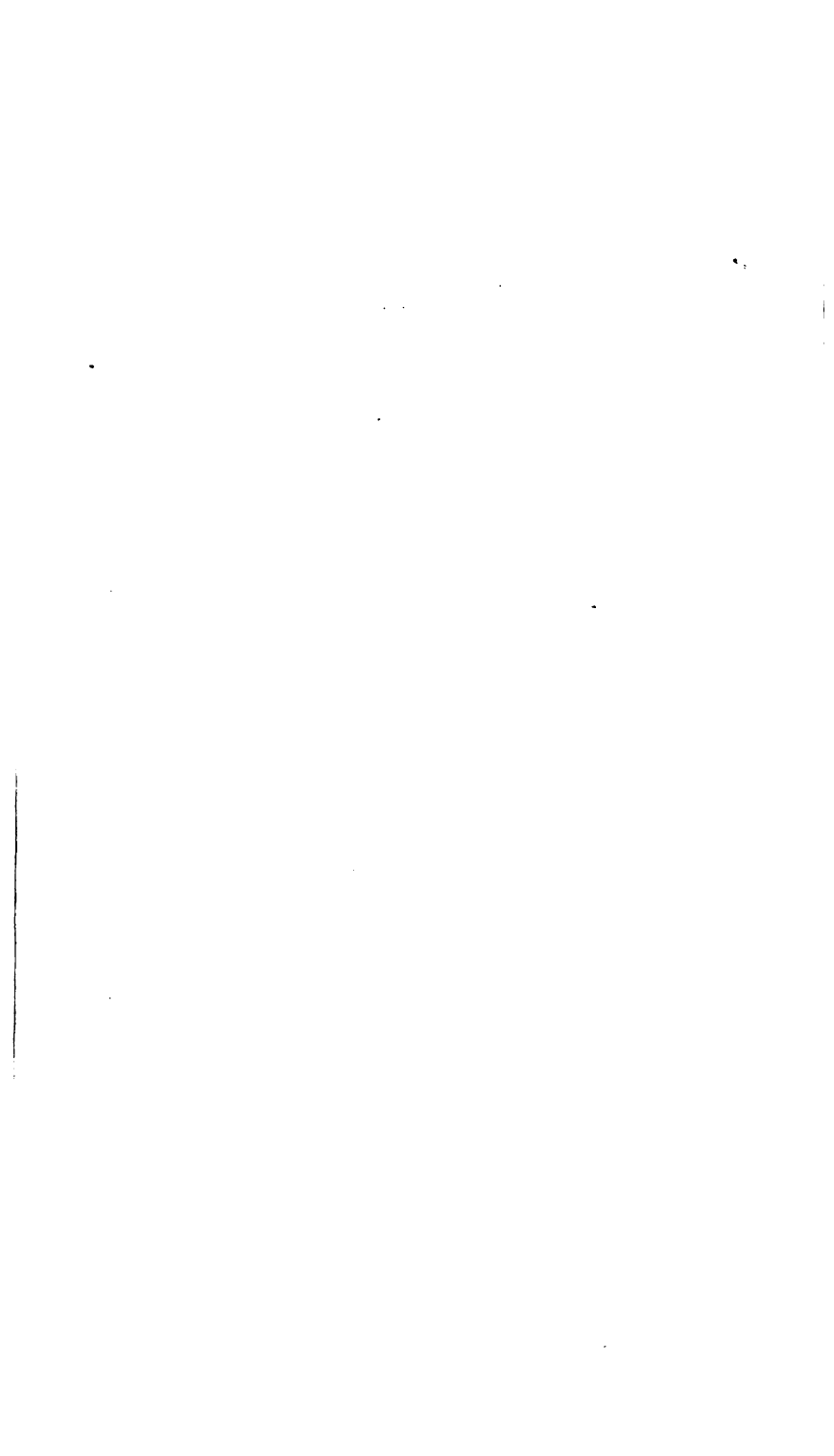
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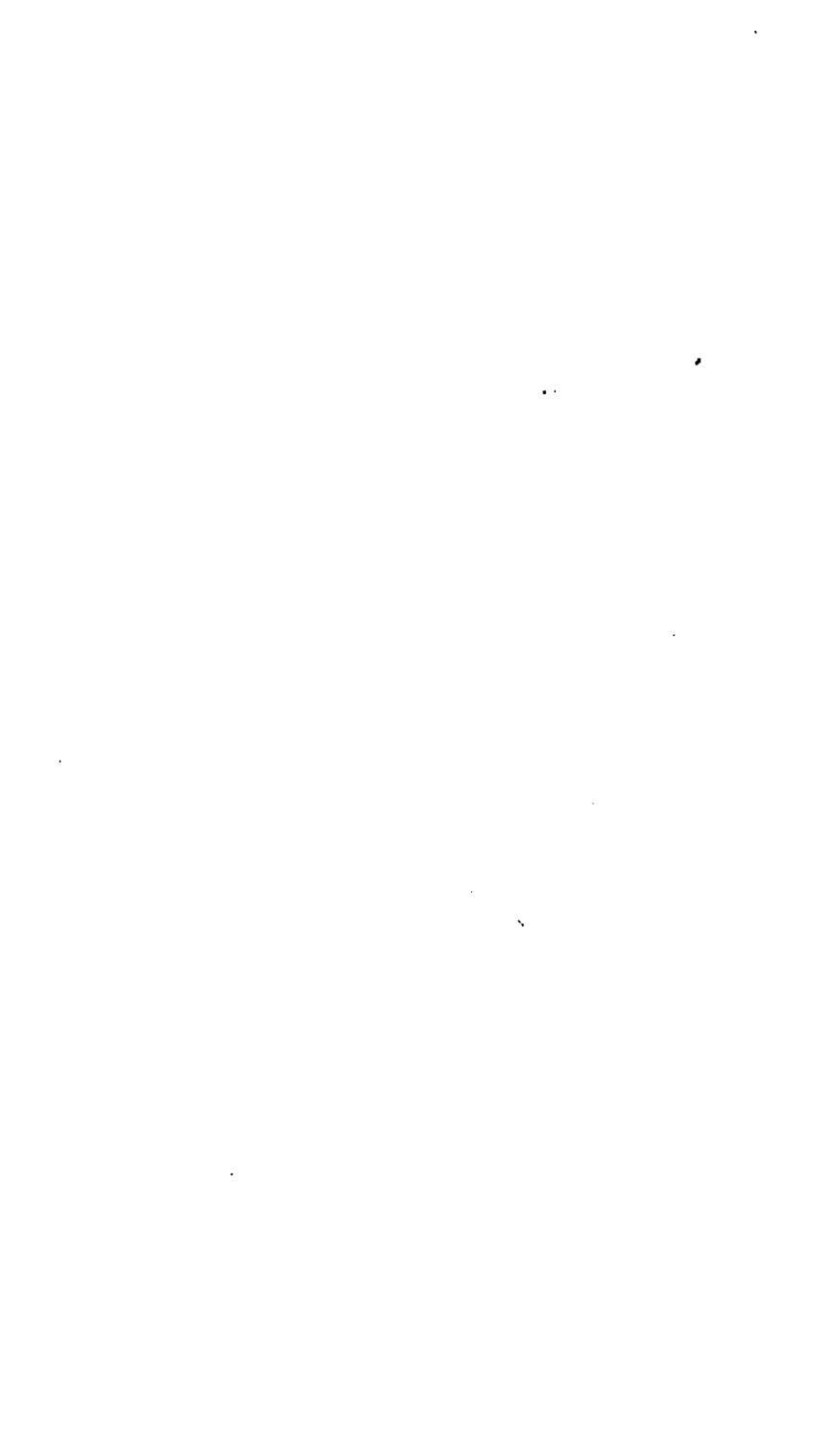
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